

Sight & Sound

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM MAGAZINE



March 11

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FILM
REVIEWED

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'Never Let Me Go'

The last British
Romantic:
Nicolas Roeg

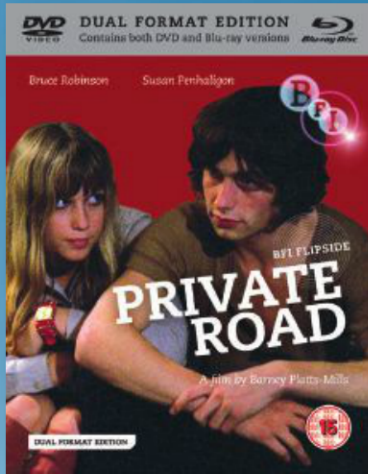
David O. Russell
on 'The Fighter'

Plus
Glove story:
boxing in the movies

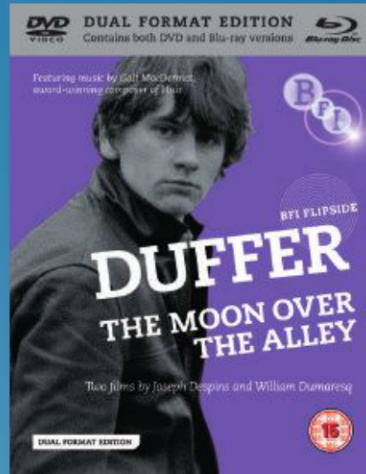
TRUFFAUT

THE BRITISH CONNECTION

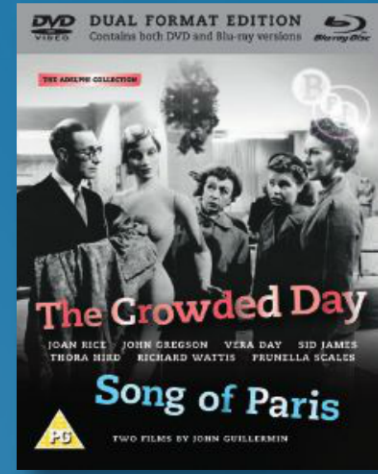
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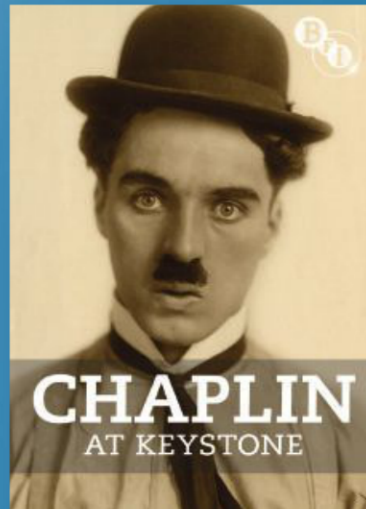
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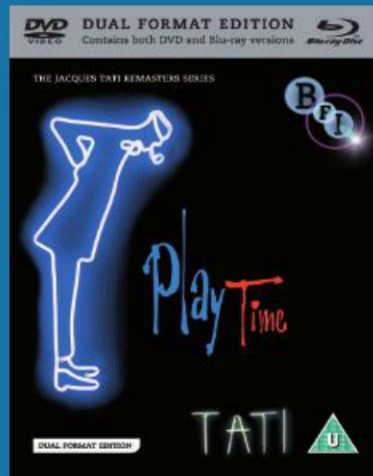


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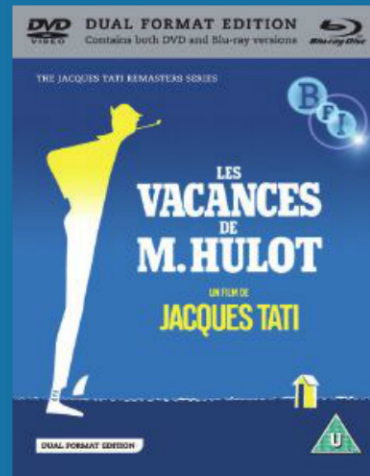


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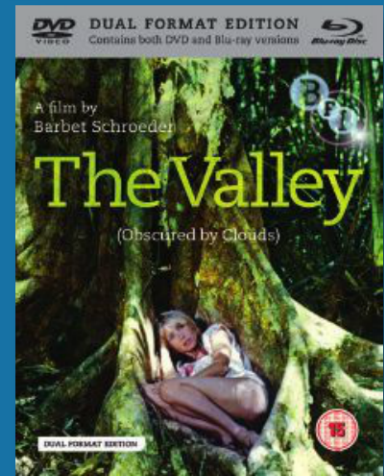
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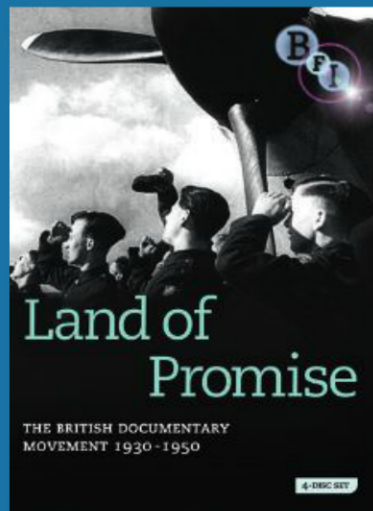
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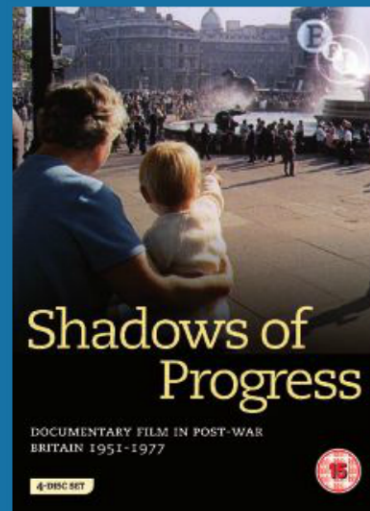
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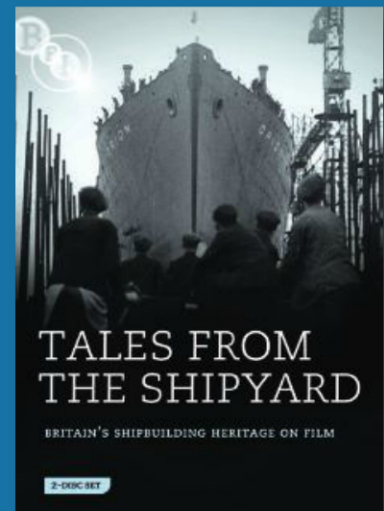
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Photograph of François Truffaut taken by Jeanloup Sieff in 1959
© Estate Jeanloup Sieff

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Welcome. As the Oscar contest heads for its final round, David O. Russell's much-nominated film *The Fighter* (far left and p.14), tracing the career of long-suffering boxer Micky Ward, offers a parallel to those similarly persistent directors who keep giving their all without ever receiving the awards they deserve. Nicolas Roeg (left and p.28) never won a thing at the Oscars or the Baftas, and yet the half-dozen films he directed from *Performance* on represent an unparalleled body of work in British cinema in terms of risk taking and breadth of imagination. Roeg cut his teeth as DP on *Fahrenheit 451*, and thus also has a claim to fame as part of the 'British connection' of cover star François Truffaut, explored on p.22. But the obstacles in the path of gifted filmmakers have never been greater than they are currently in Iran, where Jafar Panahi (p.32) is now imprisoned, not for a film he made, but for one he wanted to make. ➡ **Nick James**

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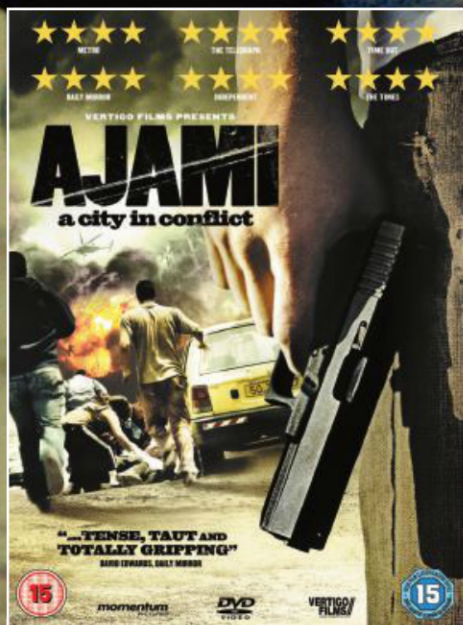
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NICK JAMES AUTEURED STATES



Our letters page this month is dominated by the BFI's plans for its library services, which come under question from the UK community of film academics and are defended in a BFI response. One

consequence of that debate – which I leave to the letters page (see p.96) – is that we have no room to publish a friendly letter of complaint from one William Emsworth. I'm sure Mr Emsworth won't mind if I quote from his missive, which in any case was sent in response to this column.

He begins: "Your magazine has a clear ambition to celebrate the artistic, intelligent cinema of the auteur while often favourably looking to those distinctive filmmakers working within what remains of the studio system. This is what sets *Sight & Sound* apart from other, more commercial film periodicals, and yet I find myself troubled by your unwavering bias towards the director."

The letter goes on to note our neglect of both last year's BFI/BAFTA campaign "to reappraise the contribution of the screenwriter" and a recent celebration of Edith Head's work as a costume designer. Our correspondent's hopes that "this imbalance would be addressed" were dashed by our plans for the coming year, as laid out in last month's editorial. He asks: "Where is the appreciation of the visionary cinematographers, the masterly set designers, the opulent costumiers, the pioneering sound designers, the generously artistic producers?"

We could plead mitigating factors on the specifics of this complaint (insufficient warning of events, the cinematography special issue we did in 2009...), but they would not alter its accuracy. Mr Emsworth is right, we should publish more about the other creative roles in the cinema – and we're happy to say that we will. In the meantime we commend our obituaries of cinematographer William Lubtchansky and production designer Robert F. Boyle (see p.44-45) to him.

Yet the fact remains that *Sight & Sound* is unquestionably – proudly, even – an auteurist magazine, one that follows the tradition established by the *politique des auteurs* that the director is the person with ultimate creative responsibility for the film. It's a tradition that thrives as much for the convenience of everyone

commentating on the cinema as anything else. But could it be any other way?

As it happens, I've spent more time on a film set over the past few months than ever before, an experience that made the huge efforts of all the key creative heads of department all the more obvious to me, because they're so much more visible on set than the director's. Her/his contribution is mostly performed *sotto voce* with the actors and cinematographer, yet of course it remains the decisive role. Only one thing might challenge that orthodoxy, and that is the convergence of film with television. In TV, the writer supposedly has more power and kudos than the director. Certainly, few people (except, of course, for *Sight & Sound* readers) care much who directed individual episodes of *The Wire* or *Mad Men*. But even in TV we have the new examples of Martin Scorsese setting the scene for *Boardwalk Empire* and Todd Haynes authoring the new HBO version of *Mildred Pierce*. These may

Sight & Sound is an auteurist magazine, one that follows the tradition that the director is the person with ultimate creative responsibility for the film

further confuse the issue of where credit is due.

And there are obvious examples in film, too, where contributions other than the director's stand out. It's hardly contentious, for instance, to suggest that screenwriter Aaron Sorkin deserves as much of the credit for *The Social Network* as director David Fincher; or that the tag-team interplay of Colin Firth and Geoffrey Rush in *The King's Speech* probably owes as much to their experience as it does to their director Tom Hooper. At the same time, one of the undoubted auteurs featured in this issue, Nicolas Roeg (see p.28), demonstrates the industry truism of 'working your way up through the ranks'. He started out as a camera assistant in the 1950s before becoming a DP in the 1960s, only graduating to directing via the opportunity to co-direct *Performance* with its writer Donald Cammell.

But Roeg would seem to be the exception that proves the rule. Few cinematographers (unlike actors and writers) even want to direct, let alone have made the successful transition. Perhaps they know which is the more pleasurable job.



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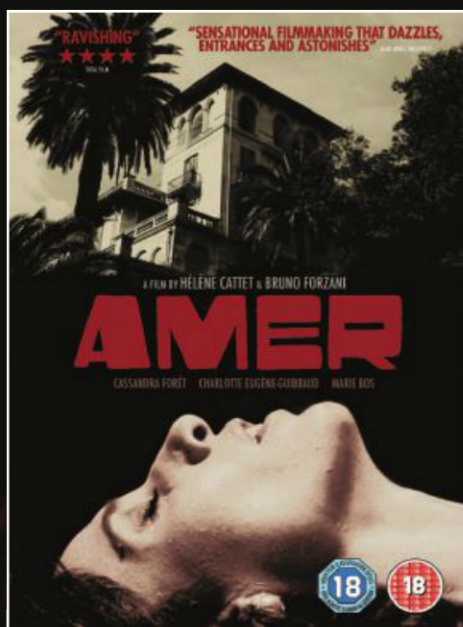
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THE BIGGER PICTURE



There she goes

This breathtaking image of the launching of a ship is taken from the documentary 'Fair Oriana' (1960), which plays at BFI Southbank this month as part of a short season entitled 'Tales from the Shipyard: Britain's Shipbuilding Heritage on Film'. Part of the BFI's ongoing mission to uncover neglected corners of Britain's film and industrial heritage, the season includes features such as Michael Powell's

'Red Ensign' (1934) and John Baxter's 'The Shipbuilders' (1943), and documentaries such as 'Launch' (1974, right), one of a selection of 'Tyneside Tales' which poignantly reveal just how central the shipbuilding industry once was to the north-east. The season runs until 22 February. 'Launch' is also included in an accompanying two-disc DVD collection, released by the BFI on 14 February.



Islands in the stream

Lucy Reynolds explores the imaginary archipelago of Ben Rivers's *'Slow Action'*

A fascination with worlds that exist beyond the accepted boundaries of civilisation pervades the films of Ben Rivers. "I've always been interested in remote places," he says, "places where you feel you are in a very isolated world, whether deep in a forest or on an island." This is not to suggest that the artist's engagement with the enigmatic outsiders and elemental wildernesses that populate his films is grounded in a nostalgia for pre-industrial ways of living, or expresses an escapist tendency on the part of his subjects. For Jake, the hermit woodsman in *This Is My Land* (2006), and the other seers of the forest depicted in Rivers's films, the seclusion of nature is not a refuge but a model for – and intimation of – the potentials of a post-technological age.

Although Rivers's sympathetic portraits of outsiders reflect an anthropological curiosity, and while the observational nature of his camera may place his work in the category of documentary cinema, his films are as much visions of some possible future as they are records of the present. Both sci-fi writing and anthropological studies have informed the ambiguous slip between fact and fiction in his films, revealing Rivers's awareness of cinema's unique ability to harness images of photographic realism to imaginative worlds. Indeed, the narration that runs through his most recent film *Slow Action* is based on a collaboration with the critic and sci-fi

author Mark von Schlegell, whose fantastical stories of interplanetary travel Rivers admires and feels have an affinity with the suggestive spaces he wants to conjure on screen.

A travelogue narrative recurs throughout Rivers's films, particularly in his journey across the snowbound regions of Scotland in *I Know Where I'm Going* (2009). In *Slow Action*, his singular acts of exploration take on more ambitious dimensions, seeking those distant forms of isolation embodied by the sea-bound form of the island. Rivers has been travelling among remote islands and exotic archipelagos in his imagination for many years, informed by books such as J.G. Ballard's futuristic novel *The Drowned World* (1962), alongside the imaginary voyages of Melville, Jules Verne and Samuel Butler, and the cinematic seafaring of Powell and Pressburger. A commission from Animate Projects and Picture This, the Bristol-based agency for artists' moving-image work, allowed him to realise his "dreams of islands", whittling his list down to the ten locations that were accessible enough for him to have some chance of filming there. Of those ten, *Slow Action* depicts just four, which appear as separate chapters in an island odyssey, equally allusive of Odysseus's fantastic voyage and of the field study, perhaps, of an ethnographic explorer treading uncharted regions.

In the gallery space at Picture This, the islands of *Slow Action* were presented as four simultaneous high-definition projections, their grouped but discreet screens mapping an archipelago of image and sound

navigated by visitors as they traversed the audio and spatial boundaries between screens. For its London premiere at Matt's Gallery, the film is a single 16mm projection, its sequential form calling for a different mode of onscreen voyaging. Viewers are carried on their journey by a linking voiceover from two narrators, female and male, recounting a mysterious curator's descriptions of each island's flora, fauna and political and social structures.

As we pass from the so-called Eleven to Hiva, Kanzaenashima and finally Somerset, it seems the objective is to decide whether any of these islands can be considered a Utopia. The blasted lava landscapes of Eleven, for example, support an unseen society of nocturnal beings; the detritus-strewn beaches of Hiva harbour rich plant life and fractious natives; the desolate island city of Kanzaenashima lies deserted; the wooded kingdom of Somerset shelters a primitive tribal society.

By setting these futuristic narratives to images of the contemporary world, *Slow Action* provokes an imaginative leap of perception on the part of the viewer, inviting them to read futuristic patterns into images that are clearly earthbound and contemporary, however remote. Thus the extraterrestrial can be glimpsed in the concrete shells of half-built houses on Lanzarote, the model for Eleven, or when a Polynesian family peacefully afloat on a fragment of polystyrene in Tuvalu is mistaken for a sub-species of Hivan society. Suspended between fact and fiction, Rivers's island exploration uncovers strange shapes in familiar landscapes, reading the present through the future.

■ *'Slow Action'* shows until 20 March at Matt's Gallery, London and can be viewed online at animateprojects.org



● Orson Welles's unfinished film *'The Other Side of the Wind'*, shot in 1972 and portraying the last hours of a dying film director (played by John Huston), is reportedly finally going to make it to the screen. The film has been locked in legal wrangles ever since it was shot, but negotiations have apparently finally broken the deadlock. Questions remain, however, over whether the raw footage should be edited. Welles (above) gave extensive editing notes to Peter Bogdanovich, but some feel the footage should be left in its raw state.

● Nuri Bilge Ceylan, the Turkish director of *'Climates'* and *'Three Monkeys'*, is finishing work on *'Once upon a Time in Anatolia'*. Details of the film are being kept under wraps, but it is reportedly Ceylan's biggest film to date, and has been shot on the Anatolian steppe in Turkey.

● Guillermo Del Toro is to direct a 3D adaptation of H.P. Lovecraft's story *'At the Mountain of Madness'*, about a geology professor who leads an expedition to the Arctic in the 1930s and uncovers something otherworldly. James Cameron is set to produce, with Tom Cruise or James McAvoy rumoured to be in the running for the lead role.

● John Sayles is adapting *'Girls Like Us'*, Sheila Weller's book about the early careers of Carly Simon, Joni Mitchell and Carole King, who all embodied the freewheeling early 1970s Laurel Canyon singer-songwriter scene.

● Meryl Streep is set to give her famed facility with accents a test as she is reportedly set to star as Margaret Thatcher in director Phyllida Lloyd's *'The Iron Lady'*, from a screenplay by Abi Morgan. The film also stars Jim Broadbent as Dennis Thatcher, Richard E. Grant as Michael Heseltine and Anthony Head as Geoffrey Howe.

● Alain Resnais is shooting his next film *'Vous n'avez encore rien vu'*. Based on a script by Resnais and Laurent Herbiet, it stars Mathieu Amalric, Lambert Wilson, Michel Piccoli and Resnais stalwarts André Dussollier and Sabine Azéma.

Science-fiction and anthropological studies inform the ambiguous slip between fact and fiction in Rivers's films



© BEN RIVERS

In the garden of trash

Lucy Walker shot her new documentary 'Waste Land' on the world's biggest rubbish dump, she tells Isabel Stevens

Penetrating closed cultures is the territory of many a documentary filmmaker, but Lucy Walker manages to get access to more of them than most, from Amish teenage rituals (*Devil's Playground*) to blind Tibetan children scaling Everest (*Blindsight*) to the highly secretive world of nuclear weapons (in the forthcoming *Countdown to Zero*).

"I like challenging subjects," she admits, and her most recent project *Waste Land* is no exception. Shot over three years, it follows Brazilian artist Vik Muniz as he collaborates with five *catadores* (garbage pickers), making portraits of them out of the items they salvage from Rio's ironically named Jardim Garamcho, the world's largest landfill.

For Walker, *Waste Land* is mainly "a study in portraiture. It's a portrait of Vik making portraits, through which we get portraits of the subjects. He does it through stills and garbage; I do it through moving image and documentary." Typically on film, art and artists are surveyed from a distance with narrated career overviews favoured over detailed



Garbage man: artist Vik Muniz at Rio's Jardim Garamcho landfill site

explorations of process, but the latter approach appealed more to Walker.

"I thought about films about artists and my favourite were those which revealed the artist struggling with one piece, rather than general biopics, which I wouldn't know how to make dramatically compelling," she says. "I was thinking about films like Victor Erice's *The Quince Tree Sun*, where the artist actually fails to make the painting. As the fruit on the tree grows, it keeps messing up his plan – I thought that was a wonderful film."

Unlike many artist documentaries, this was a true collaboration. "There was no project before we started

talking," Walker explains. Muniz had previously made portraits out of junk, while Walker admits she'd been convinced of the cinematic potential of rubbish dumps since visiting one in New York. The question she probes throughout the film is whether art has the power to bring about positive change. But while the story's uplifting nature means the film leans towards answering 'yes', doubts are also quietly revealed about what some may see as a dubious social experiment.

In the film Muniz professes his aim is to emphasise "the human factor" in his portraits. Yet Walker's film goes further, articulating the details of

catadores' lives and hopes. "Take Tiao," she says. "He's never been to school. He finds a book by Machiavelli. He takes it home and dries it because it's soaked in garbage juice. He reads it and digests it to the point that he can make this outrageously astute comparison between the fortified hilltop fiefdoms of 16th-century Florence with their private armies and the way the drug lords rule the *favelas* in 21st-century Rio".

But the film's most arresting presence is Garamcho itself, shot from all angles and – in one spectacular scene – at night. "Our production company insisted we had a big crew, but largely I left them on the bus," Walker recalls. "My style is very intimate. You can't get that with lots of people standing around. You're always trying to optimise your opportunity and it's frustrating when you can't manoeuvre to get the most interesting footage. Most of the time it was just me, the cameraman, an all-purpose assistant/translator and a sound guy who kept collapsing because the smell was so bad. We snuck into the *favela* to get shots of the kids there, but with a large crew, we'd have been attacked or stopped. You need to be light on your feet."

■ 'Waste Land' is released on 25 February, and is reviewed on page 77

THE NUMBERS

It has a voice!

Charles Gant on how 'The King's Speech' beat even its distributor's expectations

When it came to picking a release date for *The King's Speech*, UK distributor Momentum was torn between two slots with proven potential. September, explains distribution boss Hamish Moseley, had worked for *Pride & Prejudice*, *Atonement*, *The Queen* and *Calendar Girls*: "After a dearth of quality product in the summer, when you've got the Hollywood blockbusters, you can go there and feel quite fresh, and do really well," he says.

And then there's January, traditionally a great month for UK box office, albeit a highly competitive one. Momentum knew the downsides, having seen its January 2009 titles *Milk* and *Defiance* lose out to the mighty *Slumdog Millionaire*. On the

other hand, if you can grab that first weekend – and own it – the potential for a strong run through the awards corridor is hard to resist. Momentum lunged early for 7 January and held its nerve, despite head-on opposition from Danny Boyle's *127 Hours*.

Older cinemagoers were always going to be key to the success of the title, but this demographic is notoriously dilatory at seeing films, which presented a potential pitfall. "It was essential to get them to come out as early as possible," says Moseley. "We didn't want to be waiting until week three because every week in January there was just more and more quality stuff coming up behind us. *True Grit* moved back to February, but we still had *Black Swan* coming in and a lot of good titles."

Based on "bullish" box-office projections ("We were dreaming of millions in double figures, but planning for five to ten," Moseley

says), Momentum had a marketing war chest that allowed its outdoor campaign to kick off in early December and also ran to TV ad space around the Queen's Christmas Day speech. Free screenings with a range of media partners ran in December. "We wanted people talking about the film around the Christmas dinner table," says Moseley.

As 7 January approached, stonking advance sales saw confidence grow, but nobody predicted *The King's Speech* would have an opening weekend of £3.52 million – nearly double *Slumdog Millionaire's* debut of £1.83 million, and a record for a period drama in the UK. But with a huge opening number like that, would the box office prove more of a sprint than a marathon? Awards-bait movies often have slow and steady runs, but surely one starting from such a high base would see a drop-off? In fact, the picture grossed £4.40

Colin Firth at UK box office

Film	Year	Gross
commercial mainstream		
Mamma Mia!	2008	£69,166,922
Bridget Jones's Diary	2001	£42,007,008
Love Actually	2003	£36,800,418
Bridget Jones's Edge Of Reason	2004	£35,996,690
Nanny McPhee	2005	£16,492,769

upscale/arthouse		
Shakespeare in Love	1999	£20,814,996
The King's Speech	2011	£18,312,482*
The English Patient	1997	£12,809,287
Girl with a Pearl Earring	2004	£3,846,502
A Single Man	2010	£3,185,724

Excludes animation ('A Christmas Carol'), * gross after 17 days

million on its second weekend and £4.23 million on the third. As we go to press, *The King's Speech* looks on course for £40 million in the UK, and could even overtake *Bridget Jones's Diary* to become Colin Firth's second-biggest hit, after *Mamma Mia!*

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Out of the woods

What's the missing link between 'Tron', 'The Legend of Hell House' and a big blue alien? For **Joseph Stannard**, it's Disney's cult 1980 fantasy 'The Watcher in the Woods'

A girl sits alone in the woods, playing with her doll. An unseen presence approaches from behind. The girl turns. Her features gather into an expression of terror. She drops her doll and flees. As she runs, her doll is struck by a beam of blue light and bursts into flames. Roll credits.

That's how Disney's cult fantasy *The Watcher in the Woods* doesn't begin – at least, not since October 1980, when the film received a limited preview run in New York that culminated in its abrupt withdrawal from release. Instead, we are swiftly introduced to the Curtis family – Helen (Carroll Baker), Paul (David McCallum) and their daughters Jan (Lynn-Holly Johnson) and Ellie (Kyle Richards) – who take up residence in a country pile owned by the irascible Mrs Aylwood (Bette Davis). As it turns out, Aylwood's daughter Karen disappeared 30 years ago, and the matriarch's stern visage is softened by Jan's resemblance to her missing child. Through a series of uncanny events involving circles of blue light, near-fatal accidents and disturbing visions of the absent daughter, Jan comes to understand the truth behind her doppelgänger's disappearance – even if the audience isn't sure what on earth is going on.

Based on a 1976 novel by Florence Engel Randall, and directed by English journeyman John Hough, *The Watcher in the Woods* is a beautifully shot, well-acted (21-year-old Johnson is especially terrific) curio, an oddball artefact from the period in Disney's history when the studio was making a bid for relevance in the post-*Star Wars* landscape of mainstream cinema. This period also produced cult favourites such as *The Black Hole* and *Tron*, but neither of those can boast the decidedly troubled history – nor the eerie atmosphere – of this production. Unhappy with its initial reception, Disney recalled the film and embarked on a tortuous process of rewrites (there were reportedly 152 possible conclusions in the running) and reshoots that resulted in two variant endings, one of which made the final cut while the other, which was to utilise special effects to create an alien world, remained unfinished. Meanwhile, tales abound of tension on the set involving an irritable Bette



Where am I?: The Disney kids' horror movie 'The Watcher in the Woods' might seem an unlikely project for the 72-year-old Bette Davis

Davis, nervous executives and an embattled director.

Some critics have argued that *The Watcher in the Woods* mimics the tropes of the slasher film (albeit without featuring any actual slashing), particularly the point-of-view camera that stalks its female 'prey' through the woods. The title alone is enough to suggest something that could be found on the racks between *The Burning* and *The House by the Cemetery*, while the 'lost' opening sequence wouldn't have seemed out of place in the *Friday the 13th* franchise.

Producer Tom Leetch initially pitched the project as "our *Exorcist*" and the sense of a production straining against its limitations is palpable. In its widely distributed form, the film seems to be building towards an epic revelation that never materialises, and while the climactic ritual is staged with the intensity of a Hammer classic, the resolution takes place, in stereotypically Disney style, amid hugs and smiles. Nothing is lost and everyone gets their wish.

Tales abound of tension on the set involving an irritable Bette Davis and nervous execs

John Hough had already directed *Escape to Witch Mountain* (1974) and its sequel *Return from Witch Mountain* (1978) for Disney, demonstrating adeptness at exposing a young audience to paranormal chills. With this in mind, it's curious to observe how *Watcher* edges towards genuine terror before retreating back into Disney's comfort zone. Some blame studio executive Ron Miller for this inconsistency of tone, his reluctance to allow the film its darker elements resulting in a series of unhappy compromises. Journalist Scott Michael Bosco, an advocate of the film who worked on its 2002 Anchor Bay DVD release, claims it was Leetch who opposed Miller's interference,

while a cowed Hough backed away from confrontation. Even so, one can detect the directorial touch of the man who made the underrated 1973 horror *The Legend of Hell House*.

Then there's the issue of the big blue alien. Though cult film lore has it that the "Watcher" revealed towards the end of the original 1980 film was an unconvincing shambles, the reality couldn't be further from the truth. Watching the alternate ending – included on the now-deleted Anchor Bay DVD and available to view on YouTube – there's a considerable *frisson* generated by this blue-skinned, part-insect, part-reptile apparition with glowing amber eyes and swivelling mandibles. The creature's wing movement is admittedly a little Muppet-like, yet I can recall being utterly petrified by far less convincing monster effects in contemporaneous episodes of *Doctor Who*. For me, the Watcher represents an accomplished stab at creating something genuinely strange and non-human for the edification of a young audience. As a friend recently ventured, you could call it "Giger meets *Ghostbusters*".

But all this is academic. In the absence of a director's cut, the only complete version of the film we have is the 1981 theatrical release, without the big blue beast. It's all too tempting to consider what could have been, or indeed what briefly was, given that the original 1980 cut remains similarly out of reach. Nevertheless, even in its most widely viewed form *The Watcher in the Woods* is a haunting, unusual film, steeped in a strange magic that's only enhanced by the dense thicket of rumour and myth that surrounds it.

What the papers said



woods and gnarled tree stumps at the beginning, 'The Watcher

"It is not surprising, given the contradictory notion of a Disney horror movie, to find that, for all its atmospheric shots of misty

in the Woods' is really an anti-horror exercise. Everyone is nice, or rather turns out to be. That this is as much a fantasy world as 'Snow White', only more dishonest because of its attempts at naturalism, is confirmed by the total isolation of the setting and the extreme sketchiness of the adult characters."

Bill Marshall, 'Monthly Film Bulletin', September 1982



Rebel without a beard: James Franco as the young Allen Ginsberg in 'Howl'



Joint effort: 'Howl' co-directors Rob Epstein, right, and Jeffrey Friedman, left

Poetry in motion

'Howl' directors Rob Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman talk to Roger Clarke about their unique hybrid homage to Allen Ginsberg's 1955 poem

In 2002 the executors of the Allen Ginsberg estate had something weighing on their mind – the commemoration of the upcoming 50th anniversary of his poem *Howl*. What they didn't realise was that this project would eventually lead to a completely new kind of film, perhaps even a new genre.

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving, hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night, who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz...

What of the poem itself? *Howl* was a touchstone for a generation, the first public blast of a countercultural position that is now almost commonplace. Before Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs and the rest of the Beats entered the wider consciousness, there was this poem – and more specifically the public reading and court case that followed its publication. From the moment 29-year-old New Jersey poet Ginsberg – then without his trademark “pubic

beard” – read the poem out live, flower power, sexual frankness and civil disobedience were out of the gates. The venue was the Six Gallery in San Francisco and the date was 7 October 1955, the event subsequently immortalised in Kerouac's *Dharma Bums*.

Howl was published by Lawrence Ferlinghetti – who ran the City Lights bookstore in North Beach, San Francisco – with a cover design that remains unchanged after all these years, one of the very few instantly recognisable books on the planet. Most people saw in the poem a howl of indignation at conformity and consumerist culture and a lyrical exploration of madness and creativity, though it was the explicit reference to drugs and gay sex that drew the attention of the authorities. The police raided the store and the ensuing obscenity trial remains a benchmark ruling in American legal history. The edition has gone on to sell a million copies.

Neither Ginsberg's first reading nor the trial was filmed, and the *Life* magazine interview in which Ginsberg talked about the poem and the trial went unpublished at the time. These three invisibles are at the heart of the film *Howl*. After receiving \$5,000 seed money from Paul McCartney in its infancy, the project ended up with Oscar-winning documentary-makers Rob Epstein (*The Times of Harvey Milk*) and Jeffrey Friedman (Epstein's directing partner on subsequent projects including *The Celluloid Closet*). For years they tussled with the problem of how to make it: a short film would be too slight and a documentary too literal.

Meanwhile the anniversary came and went. The epiphany arrived when the duo came across an illustrated book of Ginsberg's poems by artist Eric Drooker, best known for his artwork on the covers of many a *New Yorker* magazine. “We felt like Allen left this cue: I've collaborated with this guy, I'm interested in his work,” recalls Epstein. They also found that students in their film classes responded more to the images. Yet this idea of a hybrid film – part animation, part reconstituted *Life* interview, part poetry reading and part court-case reconstruction – had its doubters. At the Sundance Lab Epstein and Friedman attended, half the people thought the proposed film was impossible.

When Gus Van Sant came on board as a producer, he suggested James Franco as star, and Franco's involvement attracted the money. A lifelong fan of the Beats, the actor was about to start a graduate program at Columbia on the subject. “He always imagined he would end up playing Jack Kerouac or Neal Cassady,” says Friedman. All he needed to resemble the young Ginsberg, though, was “a little bit of prosthetic work – just the ears,” says Epstein. “On a bad day for James and a good day for Allen” they look, against all odds, not dissimilar.

.....
On a bad day for James [Franco] and a good day for Allen [Ginsberg] they look not dissimilar

Eight recordings of Ginsberg reading his poem were trawled over, although interestingly the earliest one, with Ginsberg declaiming in a monotone, was not used. “We mainly used the 1976 version – one part from the 1982 recording and two parts from the 1976 one,” says Friedman. Visuals were drawn from Ginsberg's remarkable photographic legacy (which remains the most lucrative part of the estate) and Robert Frank's 1959 short *Pull My Daisy*. Trial transcripts were used for the courtroom scenes, which are enlivened by performances from Jon Hamm (fresh off playing Don Draper in *Mad Men*) as the defending attorney and Bob Balaban as the conservative judge. Despite some puzzled early reviews, the film seems to have found an appreciative audience in the US, with 50 prints doing the rounds.

As both *Artforum* and *LA Weekly* have mentioned, perhaps the most interesting thing about *Howl* is that Friedman and Epstein have actually invented a new genre. Can it be true? Certainly the film has no real precedent in terms of form and style. But all agree that introducing the poet and godfather of counterculture to a new generation is a very good thing indeed.

“I often wonder what Allen would have thought of new technology,” muses Epstein. “Would he have thought it another form of Moloch?”

We'll never know the answer, but we all agree Ginsberg would have been tweeting, every day.

■ *'Howl'* is released on 25 February, and is reviewed on page 62

A question of class

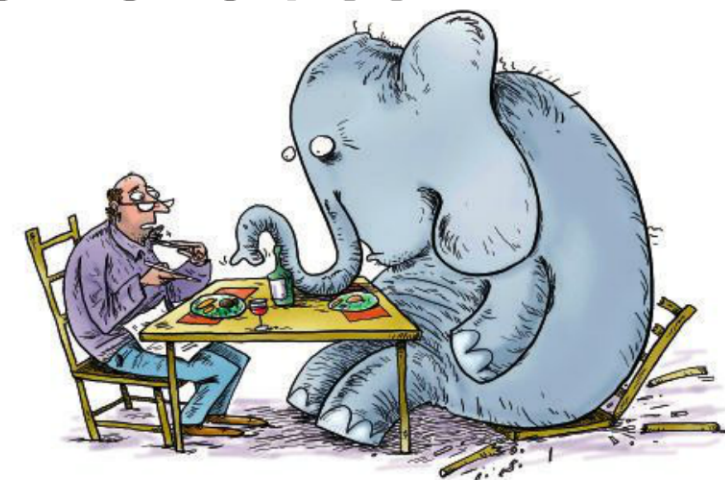
On 2 January Nigel Pargetter, a much-loved character in the UK's long-running radio soap *The Archers*, fell off a roof and died. Major holidays and times of family happiness have always been zones of extreme danger in Soap Land: death and destruction are more frequent visitors than Santa or the Easter Bunny. But Nigel's death plunge – accompanied by a scream more suited to the forests of Transylvania than the placid village of Ambridge – struck me as remarkable in at least one respect: it is the first instance I can recall of a middle-class character falling prey in so dramatic a fashion to soap's seasonal scythe.

Maybe it's something to do with the medium: middle-class characters are in the majority in *The Archers*, as one assumes they are in its audience. In television soaps, by contrast, middle-class characters are at best occasional visitors, usually in the form of cads, bounders, conmen and, when the storyline calls for it, professionals. Where US soaps – *Dynasty*, *Dallas*, *The Hills* – tend towards the aspirational, British soaps portray a world of working-class solidarity, riven by base instincts but saved by a sense of community.

Oddly enough, this very British tendency has found its way on to the big screen as well. When the time came to make the transition from documentaries to features in the early 1960s, the flag-bearers of the Free Cinema movement, politically radical but middle-class to a man, headed north in search of the true soul of the nation, bringing back such tales of working-class life as *A Kind of Loving*, *This Sporting Life* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. Metropolis dwellers reacted as though they had discovered a lost tribe.

Of course, the absence of middle-class drama has never been absolute – nothing is. But when actor Tom Hiddleston speaks excitedly, in the press notes for Joanna Hogg's new film *Archipelago*, about his first encounter with the script and about the surprise of discovering "an English film about people that I knew and understood", I knew at once what he meant. I had the same reaction to Hogg's first film, *Unrelated*.

Indeed, when I met the director shortly after seeing that film, one of the first things I said to her was that it reminded me of *Sunday Bloody Sunday*. She looked puzzled (there is, after all, no obvious similarity), so I muttered something about "the unspoken" – about how, in both films, as much is conveyed by details of



Class is the elephant in the room of British culture. It can blind us to things that seem self-evident to non-British viewers

behaviour and silences as by dialogue. She still looked unconvinced, and she was right to be so, because I realise now that what I was actually talking about was class.

Class is the elephant in the room of British culture, ubiquitously present yet rarely talked about. And it can blind us to things that seem self-evident to non-British viewers. Andrea Arnold's films, for example, are treated as social realism here not because they are realistic (they aren't) but because of where they are set. The elephant makes it difficult for us to see anything else.

Perhaps as a result, British cinema seems more comfortable plunging into the past or visiting the artificial garrets of Bridget Jones Land. Which makes all the more striking those rare post-war moments when British middle-class characters have been able to play out real dramas in settings for which the filmmakers do not feel the need to apologise – *Brief Encounter*, *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, *Accident* (the latter, of course, directed by an American). And now, of course, Hogg's two films.

Hogg, in particular, shows no sign of apologising about the middle-classness of her characters and, as a result, has hit a kind of mother lode. Much of the power of her films – beyond the bracing formalism of her shooting style – comes, as Hiddleston says, from the unexpected presence of the familiar. Take the two key scenes in *Archipelago* based around a meal, one in a restaurant, one in the rented holiday home. The table setting enables Hogg to pin down her characters through the conventional surrendering of freedom that comes with a meal (since it is, in middle-

class circles, rude to leave the table before everyone has finished). This gives her extended licence to explore the tiny nuances of gesture and oblique conversation by which we, the British middle classes, negotiate our way through life, smothering unpleasantness in the process. In *Unrelated*, where meal scenes also play an important role, the idea of the rented holiday house (again!) – a little pool of Britain in the middle of Chiantishire – fulfils a similar function. The 'real' world of everyday middle-class life, in which habit and routine prevent issues from bubbling to the surface, is represented in both films by telephone calls from characters whose absence plays a major role in the narratives.

I have, I know, banged on a lot here about class. To be sure, Hogg's films do very much give voice to a social group recently underrepresented on the big screen. But the fact that this is so notable says a great deal about British cinema. Class is quite simply not an issue, say, in Rohmer's *Ma nuit chez Maud*, where dialogue plays a similarly oblique role. Nor with Chabrol's characters is class all that significant – they are bourgeois, but that's to say little more than that they're French. Truffaut's recurring character Antoine Doinel started out working-class but, once grown, became effectively classless. And so on through the classics of European cinema.

In Britain, though, when the middle class appear on the screen, we experience the shock of the ordinary. Those elephants – once you admit that they're there, they can really spoil your day. ♦ Nick Roddick

● **Glasgow Film Festival** again hosts a selection of the best recent cinema, alongside retrospectives devoted to Meryl Streep and Ginger Rogers, a strand focusing on recent Scottish cinema, and masterclasses. This year's edition is dedicated to imprisoned Iranian filmmaker Jafar Panahi. Various venues, Glasgow, 17-27 February.

● **The Pan-Asia Film Festival** screens a selection of new films from across Asia, from Iraq to Japan, including Hong Sangsoo's 'Hahaha' and the Chinese film 'The Rice Paddy'. The festival opens with the UK premiere of Trần Anh-Hùng's adaptation of Murakami's 'Norwegian Wood' and closes with the award-winning Taiwanese film 'Au Revoir Taipei'. Various venues, London, 2-13 March.

● **Julie Walters: As Seen on TV** presents a selection of the British actress's best work for TV, including many of her collaborations with Victoria Wood, her appearance alongside Jim Broadbent in Jack Rosenthal's 'Wide-Eyed and Legless', her Mo'Nique in 'Mo', and other celebrated roles in 'My Beautiful Son' and 'Ahead of the Class'. BFI Southbank, London, until 26 February.

● **The Hippodrome Festival of Silent Cinema** is a weekend celebrating silent film in the oldest purpose-built cinema in Scotland. Lovingly restored to its former art-deco glory, the Hippodrome Cinema is located in Bo'ness on the Firth of Forth. Acclaimed silent-film pianist Neil Brand leads a programme of classics, rarities and workshops. The Hippodrome, Bo'ness, 18-20 March. See www.falkirk.gov.uk/silentcinemafest

● **Forest Row Comedy Film Festival** has a programme that includes recent releases and silent classics such as Buster Keaton's 'The General' (below) – screening with live music by Olivier-award-winning composer Terry Davies (and others). The festival also includes filmmaking and animation workshops, Q&As and an exhibition. Forest Row Village Hall, Forest Row, Sussex, 17-20 March. See forestrowfilmfestival.org



BLOW BY BLOW

*Based on the true story of American welterweight 'Irish' Micky Ward, 'The Fighter' drags the boxing movie out of the shadow of 'Raging Bull' and into the age of HBO, says **Kim Newman**, while overleaf **James Bell** talks to director David O. Russell*



SIBLING RIVALRY

Like many a boxing movie, 'The Fighter' focuses on a pair of brothers, here Micky (Mark Wahlberg, above left and facing page) and Dicky (Christian Bale, above right)

The *Fighter* may be an ordinary biopic, but as a boxing movie it's unusual – for the simple reason that, broadly, it's in favour of the sport. For 'Irish' Micky Ward (Mark Wahlberg), a welterweight career is an opportunity to get out of his bad neighbourhood, away from his smothering family and achieve a generally better life that will not involve any of the usual traps of movie boxing: brain damage, being murdered for failing to throw a fight, the wiles of a *film noir* siren, the humiliation of a career doomed to peter out in defeats, or that one knockout punch too many that leads to a last-reel death in the ring. In the film, Micky's older brother Dicky Eklund (Christian Bale) has already fouled up his own shot at a boxing career, after the momentary high of knocking down Sugar Ray Leonard (or did Leonard slip?) in a fight Dicky eventually lost. Dicky slid into crack addiction, but there's no suggestion in the film that he turned to drugs to deal with the pain of boxing-related injuries or because he got mixed up with the wrong crowd during a brief period of fame and sudden prosperity.

The movies may love boxing as a subject, but they don't – on the whole – love boxing. Even the *Rocky* films are more ambivalent than is generally remembered, both about the sport and the idea of winning in general. In the 1976 original, Rocky Balboa (Sylvester Stallone) starts out as a punch-drunk loser cynically exploited by his show-boating opponent Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers), while the film's radical, almost un-American notion – redacted in the sequels but resurrected in the 2006 comeback *Rocky Balboa* – is that it's all right to lose on points if you go the distance. The ➡



The Fighter Boxing movies

◀ wilder entries in the series bring on boxers who are gaudy maniacs like Clubber Lang (Mr T) in *III* (1982) or the Frankensteinian steroid monster Ivan Drago (Dolph Lundgren) in the Reagan-friendly *IV* (1985), which ended Rocky's string of bouts with variously demonised black opponents and put him on an international Cold War stage; here Apollo Creed even dies in the ring, battered by the Russian tank.

Traditionally, screen boxers who win when they are supposed to lose – a reliable boxing-movie finish – are liable to be shot down in an alley outside the arena, like Robert Ryan in Robert Wise's *The Set-Up* (1949), John Garfield (who shrugs off the threat with “everybody dies”) in Robert Rossen's *Body and Soul* (1947) or David Keith as the superhero's dad in *Daredevil* (2003). The other way of losing by winning is the trauma of being responsible for the death of an opponent, which drives John Wayne to quit the ring and retreat to Ireland, where fighting is less complicated fun, in John Ford's *The Quiet Man* (1952).

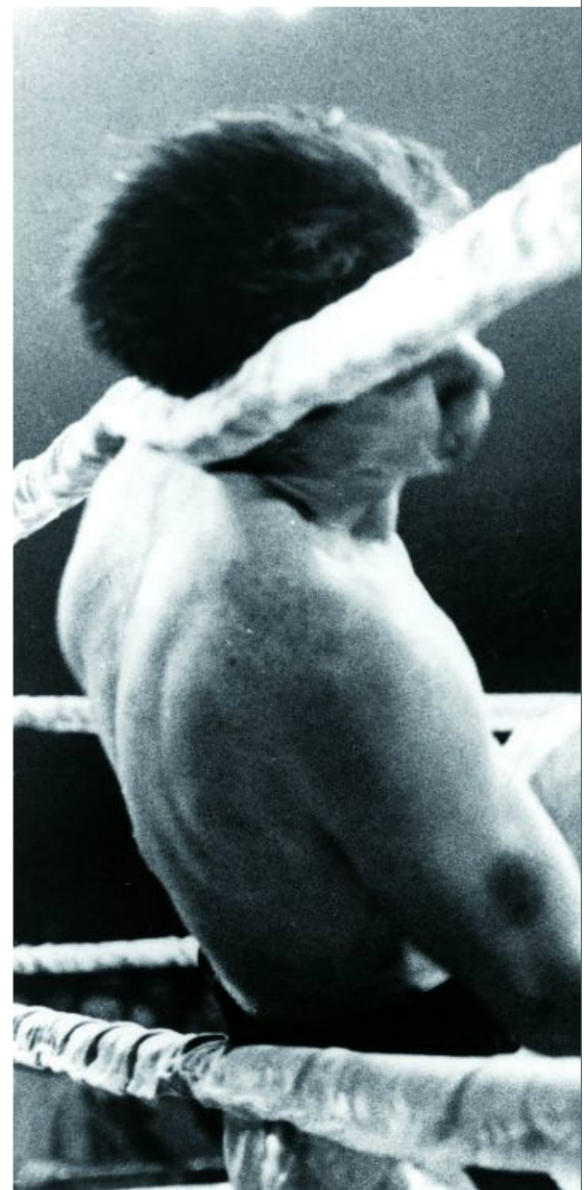
Usually in films, the best a boxer can hope for is estrangement from everyone who loves him, long-term physical damage and transformation into a bloated palooka doing a terrible nightclub act, as demonstrated by Robert De Niro as Jake LaMotta in Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull* (1980) – the film to which *The Fighter* is almost a riposte. *Raging Bull* may be an empathetic depiction of a monster, but LaMotta is a monster nonetheless; Scorsese clearly feels more deeply for brother Joey (Joe Pesci), who supports Jake but receives the brunt of his irrational, towering jealous rages. According to the tagline for Mark Robson's 1949 *Champion* (another boxing tale of brothers, in this case monstrously ambitious Kirk Douglas and sensitive, lame Arthur Kennedy), “This is the only sport in the world where two guys get paid for doing something they'd be arrested for if they got drunk and did it for nothing.”

Raging Bull climbs in the ring to give a close-up view denied the coliseum-like audiences at

matches, showing every blow as it lands, stressing violence over victories as blood, sweat and mouthguards explode out of heads (Jake always goes for the face, especially when told an opponent is good-looking) and bodies take extreme punishment that must inevitably take its toll. The boxing in *The Fighter*, by contrast, is rawer and less stylised. The film makes a lot of Micky Ward's style, which is to seem not to be putting up a fight and let the other boxer wear himself out, only to deliver devastating blows when the time comes. This is a variation on the rope-a-dope stratagem Muhammad Ali used against George Foreman – presented as a canny, well-prepared tactic in the documentary *When We Were Kings* (1996), but a last-minute surprise improvisation in Michael Mann's print-the-legend biopic *Ali* (2001). As a fighting style, Micky's is high-risk, but *The Fighter* doesn't get into that – Dicky is the film's ruined, self-abusing character. (As someone once memorably quipped in the news-themed UK sitcom *Drop the Dead Donkey*: “Now, the boxing debate. Repeated blows to the head: good for you or not?”)

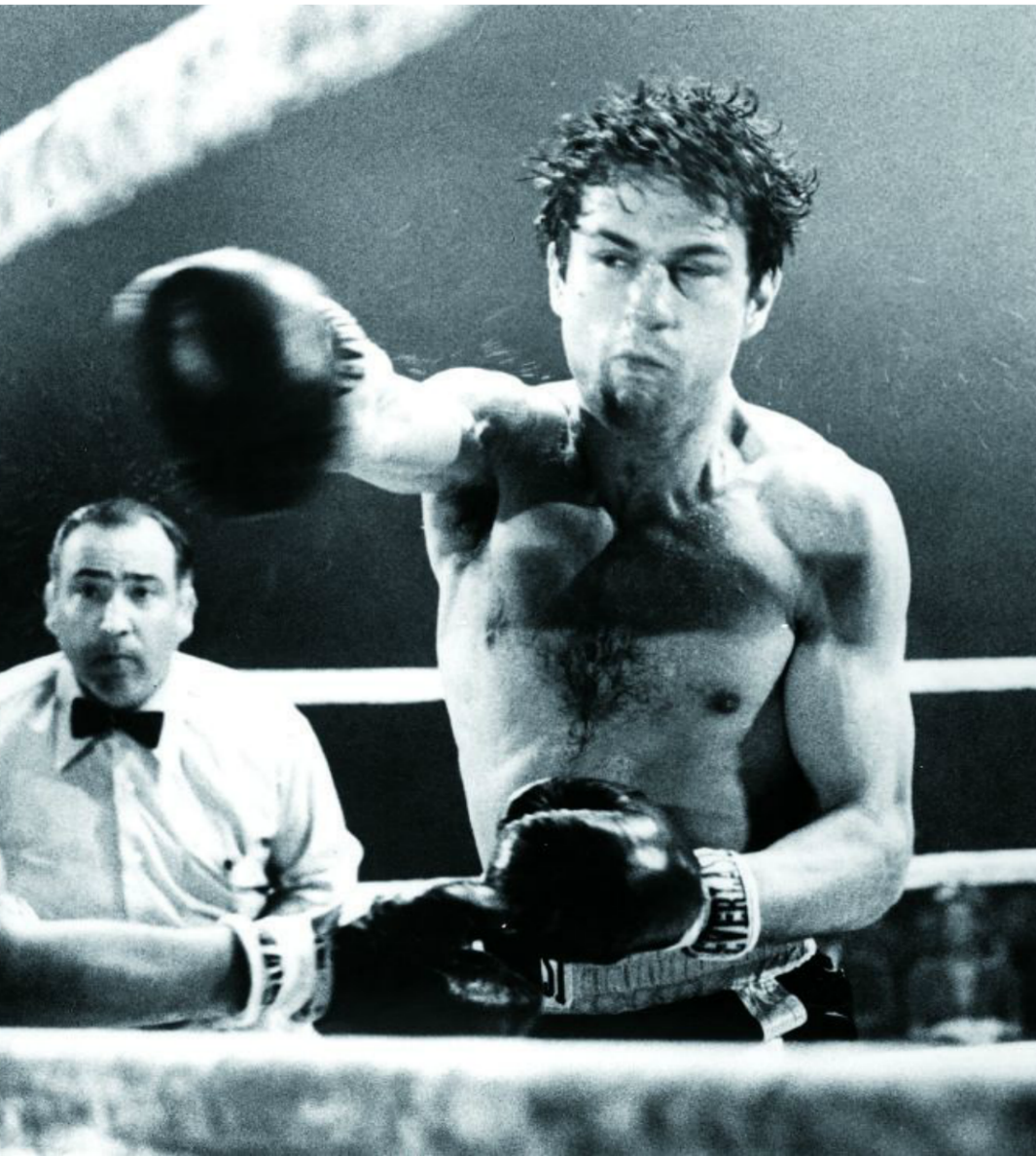
Micky Ward doesn't even get caught up with the sort of smoothly exploitative, mob-connected manager endemic in boxing movies ever since *Kid Galahad* (1937), if not even further back. When Micky's mother Alice (Melissa Leo) – who has been mismanaging her less favoured son's career, abetted by a chorus of harpie-like daughters – warns him that the new crowd he has hooked up with are Vegas hustlers who'll use him up and spit out the corpse, she would in almost every other boxing movie be right. In the sort of pugilist quickies turned out by Warner Bros in the Golden Age of Hollywood, boxers' mothers are invariably saintly figures. But here Alice is a self-interested monster who would rather her son suffer terrible physical and mental punishment than break away from her apron strings.

Alice and Dicky have landed Micky with the reputation of being a “stepping stone”, a fighter other fighters beat as a warm-up to a title shot,



KNOCKOUT
In ‘Body and Soul’, far left, Charley Davis (John Garfield) is doomed, but in ‘Ali’, left, the boxer hero ultimately pulls through

In films like 'Raging Bull', the best a boxer can hope for is estrangement from everyone who loves him



BORN TO LOSE
'Raging Bull', with Robert De Niro as Jake LaMotta, above, and even Sylvester Stallone's 'Rocky', right, are generally cynical about boxing



eternally staying in place in the rankings (a pushover wouldn't be any use as a stepping stone) while others get ahead of him. They even put him in the ring with a slugger from another weight class, a hulk fresh out of prison, when a promised easier opponent can't box through illness and a match has to be fought if anyone is to get paid. There's a rapprochement towards the end, but still *The Fighter* turns traditional Hollywood wisdom on its head: here, boxing is good and the ethnic neighbourhood (Micky fights under the name of 'Irish' Micky Ward) is bad. Set in Lowell, Massachusetts (Dickie was billed as "the Pride of Lowell"), the film parallels Ben Affleck's recent *The Town*, which deals with another blue-collar community overshadowed by Boston – except that here, there doesn't even need to be a tradition of organised crime to trap a hero with broader horizons.

Sparring partners

The relationship between boxing and the movies stretches back well over a century, to the very dawn of the medium. As far back as 1891, *Men Boxing* – featuring a couple of studio employees putting on the gloves and sparring – was among the first Kinetoscope shorts made by the Edison Company. Within a few years, boxing films were almost a staple of the new medium, mostly in the form of simple records of a round or two from exhibition matches (*Corbett and Courtney Before the Kinetograph*, 1894) or regular bouts (*Leonard-Cushing Fight*, 1894; *Young Griffo v. Battling Charles Barnett*, 1895). In 1897, Enoch J. Rector set up three adjacent cameras to chronicle *The Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight*, and incidentally created what is arguably the world's first feature film, a record of the 90-minute bout. Just as audiences who would never see Sarah Bernhardt or John Barrymore on stage got to see them in movies, boxing matches were now available to crowds much larger than could fill the arenas.

It's easy to understand why boxing should be privileged in cinema. Look at antique newsreels of football matches and you see grey, indistinguishable figures comically running about a distant field; even the plainest Edison-style camera-plonked-at-ringside set-up of a boxing match offers characters who can be identified, punches that plainly hurt and outcomes that can still be understood. Boxing movies are identified with baying, bloodthirsty crowds and foley effects created by hitting melons with a sledgehammer, plus the ring of the round bell and the referee's count (often distorted to give the POV of a fighter whose senses have been addled by repeated blows to the head). But the boxing match worked perfectly well as silent spectacle too; the two fellows in the shorts don't need to speak, after all, to show an audience what they are made of. No wonder Chaplin, Keaton and every other physical comedian to follow got round to filming a comedy bout – with

◀ silly little men running away from hulking opponents who are somehow beaten at the final count.

In successive decades, the cinema lost its position as the mass medium best able to broadcast boxing beyond the arena to the immediacy first of radio and then of TV (though 'simulcasts' of big fights are still sometimes shown in picture houses). The commentator's urgent, punch-by-punch babble, developed when the wireless carried all the big bouts, became as much a part of the soundtrack as the blows and the bell. In recent years there has been a further change in the relationship between the sport and the moving image with the rise of cable and pay-per-view events. This has increased the air of showbizzy desperation – perhaps best conveyed in the pre-fight, single-shot wheeler-dealing of the opening act of Brian De Palma's *Snake Eyes* (1998) – and inspired a kind of counter-programming in the rise of films about less official, more brutal forms of combat, from the bare knuckles of *Fight Club* (1999) to the 'mixed martial arts' positioned as a successor to boxing in David Mamet's *Redbelt* (2007).

The US cable network HBO features heavily in *The Fighter*, which deals uncritically with the way such outfits dominate sports coverage in general and boxing in particular. Dicky is followed by a TV crew he tells everyone is making a documentary about his comeback, but which is actually shooting a harrowing account of his drug addiction (which in real life subsequently aired on HBO); but even this somewhat cruel misdirection is seen as more to do with his motor-mouth self-delusion than any exploitative prurience on the part of the documentarists. Director David O. Russell and his DP Hoyte van Hoytema shoot the film's fight scenes in a manner that evokes the way HBO presents boxing, just as the domestic scenes adopt that scruffy, edgy *vérité* look found in *High on Crack Street: Lost Lives in Lowell* (1995), the documentary that featured the real Dicky Eklund.

There are fight fans who find Micky Ward's style boring, and compare his career-highlight 2002/3 bouts with the similarly stoic Arturo Gatti (which don't feature in the film) with the 1960s toy Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robots, in which two plastic robots just batter each other. In Russell's film, Dicky's loose-limbed, flap-mouthed, jittery manner of fighting and living is contrasted with Micky's more controlled, purposeful approach. Dicky's a loser, but his style is much more suited to cinema – indeed to entertainment. Going *Machinist* gaunt again, with addict's teeth and a bald patch, Bale gets to bid for Best Supporting Actor nominations, while Wahlberg (who produced the project and brought in Russell, with whom he'd previously worked on *Three Kings* and *I [Heart] Huckabees*) plays sober sister and holds the film together.

But in spite of their differences in style, Micky and Dicky are both creatures of their network. Significantly, the only cable outfit to get dissed in *The Fighter* isn't HBO but a non-sports rival: Micky's sisters try to write off the threat of his equally tough, opinionated girlfriend Charlene (Amy Adams) by characterising her as "an MTV girl" – which prompts her to ask, "What does that mean?" Neither brother, however, ever wonders whether they are 'HBO guys', and whether that might not – in the end – be even more telling.

SHOOTING INTO THE LIGHTS

David O. Russell tells **James Bell** about capturing the rawness of the ring, and the contrasting acting styles of his stars

James Bell: You wrote or co-wrote all of your previous four features – 'Spanking the Monkey' (1994), 'Flirting with Disaster' (1996), 'Three Kings' (1999) and 'I [Heart] Huckabees' (2004). This is the first time you've directed from somebody else's script. Was that an issue for you?

David O. Russell: It was new for me, but I always have to become involved in shaping the script – as I did on this. It's just the only way I know to make a film. I got very involved with Scott Silver [one of four credited screenwriters] in shaping the film in a direction that was quite different from what I inherited. I saw some of the humour in these characters, and I also saw it almost as an emotional suspense story, where you could feel the heartbeats that played from scene to scene.

The women became more important in the draft that evolved, in the sense that to me it was really a story about a bleached-blond mother and seven bleached-blond sisters managing, loving and fighting over these two brothers, one of whom [Dicky Eklund, played by Christian Bale] is a colourful former luminary of the town, the other a very quiet man [Micky Ward, played by Mark Wahlberg]. And then this sexy, red-headed bartender [Charlene, played by Amy Adams] pulls the quiet brother away from the family, and the family react as a gang. That is what turned me on about the picture. All the emotional material was in that.

Also, using the HBO documentary [*High on Crack Street: Lost Lives in Lowell*, which featured the real Dicky Eklund] as a framing device developed from the earlier script. The documentary was a big deal for the town – it became a notorious scandal. They were initially very excited about it, and then very ashamed.

JB: In light of that, did you feel any pressure from the family or from other residents of Lowell to depict them in a certain light?

DOR: Well, it is a very intense thing to have a story made about you. They were excited that it was happening, but there was some concern. The sisters would show up and say, "Why is she playing me, I'm prettier than her?" Dicky of course was very concerned because he had done all of this bad

stuff. I just said to him, "How could it possibly be worse than the HBO thing? We can only go up from there." Mark [Wahlberg, who also produced the film] felt very strongly about getting the boxing right, because he felt Micky would respect that.

JB: Until his girlfriend Charlene comes along, Micky is bullied by his family. He's a fighter in the ring, but in everything else in life he's a placid observer.

DOR: That's sort of how Micky does everything. That's even how he fights – he'll take five punches to get one. We've all known that personality, the stolid person who will never open his mouth and complain. There's something beautiful about that, even if it makes you scratch your head. When it's in combination with a lot of other volatile forces – which in Micky's case is everybody in his family – it somehow creates the crucible from which powerful things can spring.

Charlene was a character I developed quite a bit in the writing because she is pivotal. She's a very formidable person in real life. I remember interviewing her for research in a hotel lobby in Lowell, and she stood up in the middle of the interview and said, "I got to go." I realised that other members of the family had come into the lobby for their interviews. The hairs stood up on the back of her neck, and she said, "I can't be in the same room as these people." To this day there's this brewing, bubbling tension between them.

JB: The boxing film of course has a long history. Did you find yourself poring over earlier films?

DOR: Mark was the more obsessive about watching old boxing movies. I'd seen most of them, though the two that I was most inspired by were *Raging Bull* and *Rocky*. But we really thought we were doing something new, or we wouldn't have wanted to do it. We shot the fights in big sections that were choreographed after Micky's fights, and we used the actual commentary from those fights – we didn't re-record it. We shot in these long takes so that Mark, who's a real athlete, and the fighters – and they are real fighters – could just go and fight and flow. It gives it this different, real feeling.

Then the smaller fights, when Micky's coming back, were more stylised. But that made sense because those fights were smaller, and by then you're more inside Micky's head, thinking about his brother when he's in prison, and asking if he's going to build his confidence back.

JB: Compared to the stylised fights in 'Raging Bull', for instance, which take on this almost spiritual dimension for De Niro's Jake LaMotta, the fights here look very raw and real, as though we're watching them on late-night TV. There are the harsh bright lights, and the fighters look fleshy and sweaty.

DOR: I like shooting up into the lights because that gives it this rawness. We used the actual data cameras that were used in the period, 1990 to 91.





RINGSIDE SEAT

David O. Russell, below left with Christian Bale, shot the boxing scenes in 'The Fighter' in long takes, with Mark Wahlberg, above, up against real boxers

We had an HBO crew that used six of those datacams, and we had two of our own cameras. The datacams gave a raw look to it. It looks like a real HBO fight from the time, which was what I was going for.

I also focused on the stuff that happens around the fight – like the girl falling over the ropes, or a fight breaking out in the stands, or a family bickering in the corner – to ensure it was like a three-ring circus. In the archival footage that we used of [Dickie's] 1978 Sugar Ray [Leonard] fight, I love looking at the people in the audience almost more than looking at the fight itself.

We were saturated in the people and the place, and that's why I shot the film with Hoyte van Hoytema, who shot *Let the Right One In*. This was his first US film, but we got on very well. He'd done a TV series in Sweden called *How Soon Is Now?*,

'I wanted to feel like you're there, and to have many depths of focus, picking out people in the background of the frame'

which was handheld, black-and-white, and kind of feels like Hamburg in the early 1960s. That was the feeling I wanted for *The Fighter* – to feel like you're there, and also to have many depths of focus, picking out people in the foreground and the background of the frame, with a lot of movement.

There's a sweatiness too. *Let the Right One In* is very cold and very Swedish. This film is very red – you feel a lot of blood in their faces, very much like ruddy Irishmen or Englishmen, or white working-class Americans. The redness was key. When they toned that out at the DI [digital intermediate] process, I said, "What are you doing?" I think that's a Swedish habit: go for the cold stuff! But that feels less intimate, and what you feel when you're with these people is a frankness, a directness and an intimacy – they're not cold and held back, they're right there. There are always so many of them that there's always some laughter or argument, or cigarette or clinking of drinks. You feel like you're caught in this moving circus.

JB: Mark Wahlberg and Christian Bale have very contrasting acting styles – each seems to come from a different school of American acting. Did you have to work to find a balance between them?

DOR: I like the contrast. As a director you're a bit of a father, and you have to work the way each of your charges works. It's actually the most efficient way, because if you try to make one actor work the way the other does, then it's not going to work.

Mark – being more of the John Garfield or Spencer Tracy or James Cagney school – brings his authentic, rumpled, gritty realness to whatever he does, but it's always going to be a large measure of himself in the character, and this one especially, because Mark is one of nine children from a similar family to Micky's, and from the same area. He had met Micky when he was 18. Mark's family also had members who'd been in prison. Having known Mark all these years, I know that deal, I know his family. We had this reservoir of texture to work with.

Christian works by inhabiting the character, so he hung out a lot with Dicky Eklund. Christian tends to be more of a private person, and Dicky is very public and talks all the time to everybody. Christian was just in character all the time, in those work boots and shorts, with the messed-up teeth, walking round everybody like he's a mayor. What you do with Christian is help him find the rhythm and the level at which he's going to do it. For Christian and myself the big decision was: how much is too much? Because too much and we couldn't understand what he was saying, as Dicky talks a blue streak all the time.

It was the same thing with Alice, the mother [played by Melissa Leo] – again, in real life a very large character. You pull it down, but in doing so you have to convince them that you're not taking away from them, to reassure them: "Believe me, you're still a very large character!"

JB: Were you concerned that Bale's extrovert performance would draw too much attention away from Wahlberg as Micky?

DOR: No. That's the real-life dynamic between those characters. Micky's lucky if he gets one word in. You need both – it's like the yin and the yang. You don't have the movie without either one of them – it's the combustion that creates the drama. You need Mark doing those moments that anchor the film, which are interior and on his face, where you see his emotional life roiling. I love the line where Dicky says, "It's just you in the ring, so don't blame me." And that's true, but it's also true that Micky was the sum of everything outside, and he brings that environment into the ring.

JB: How have the family reacted to the film?

DOR: Well, only Micky and Dicky have seen it. Micky said he loved it, and Dicky said, "I wish I was him." It was a matter of getting Dicky to a place where he could see that he had been portrayed in a very human and loving way, which I think he feels now. It's always going to be a thorn in your side to have any of your foibles replayed, but like Dicky always said, "Without me there's no movie."

■ *'The Fighter' is released on 4 February, and is reviewed on page 56*

Reader offers

COMPETITIONS

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- a. Leather and Lace
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- c. Kinky Boots



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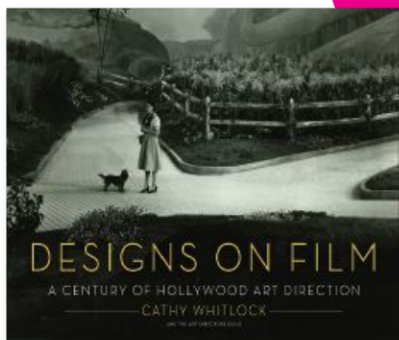
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David Fincher's *The Social Network* was arguably one of the most talked-about movies of 2010. Charting the rise of Mark Zuckerberg and his legal battles, this portrayal of the man behind the Facebook phenomenon topped the *Sight & Sound* list of the films of 2010 and is a strong contender for Oscar success.

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- a. The West Wing
- b. Studio 60 on the Sunset Strip
- c. 24



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WIN

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To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. For which film did Humphrey Bogart win an Academy Award?

- a. To Have and Have Not
- b. The African Queen
- c. The Big Sleep



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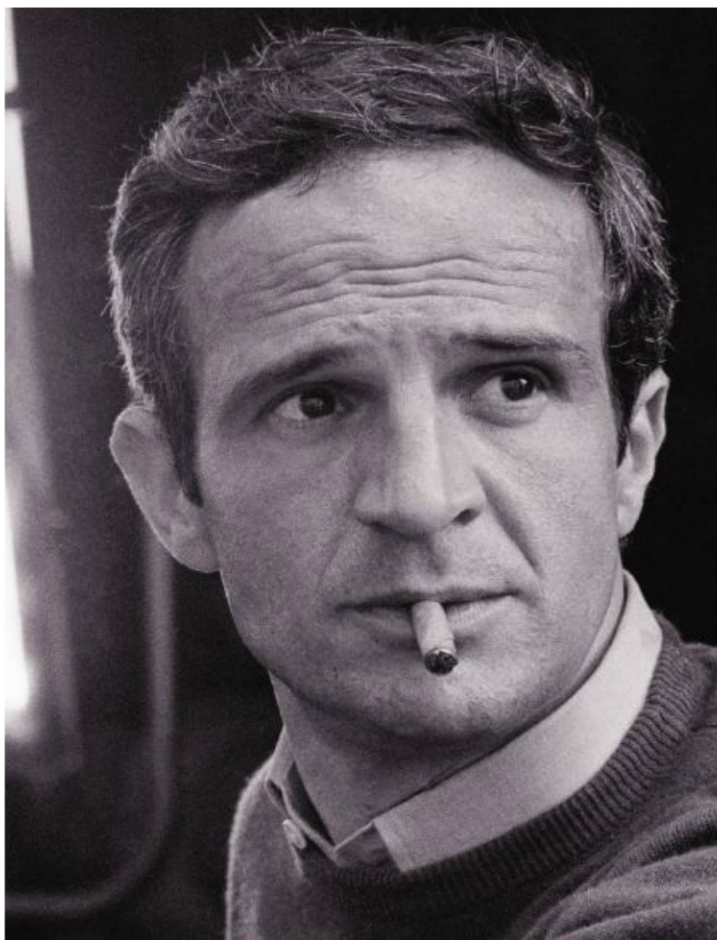
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MAKING WAVES
François Truffaut, left, was the first of the New Wave directors to make a splash in the UK with his debut 'The 400 Blows', whose closing images, facing page, still resonated nearly half a century later in Shane Meadows's 'This Is England'

François Truffaut famously commented on the incompatibility between the words 'British' and 'cinéma'. But how did that apply to his own brand of cinema in particular? Catherine Wheatley charts the director's changing critical fortunes on these shores, and overleaf David Thomson celebrates the Anglo-French romance of Truffaut's neglected 1971 love story 'Anne and Muriel'

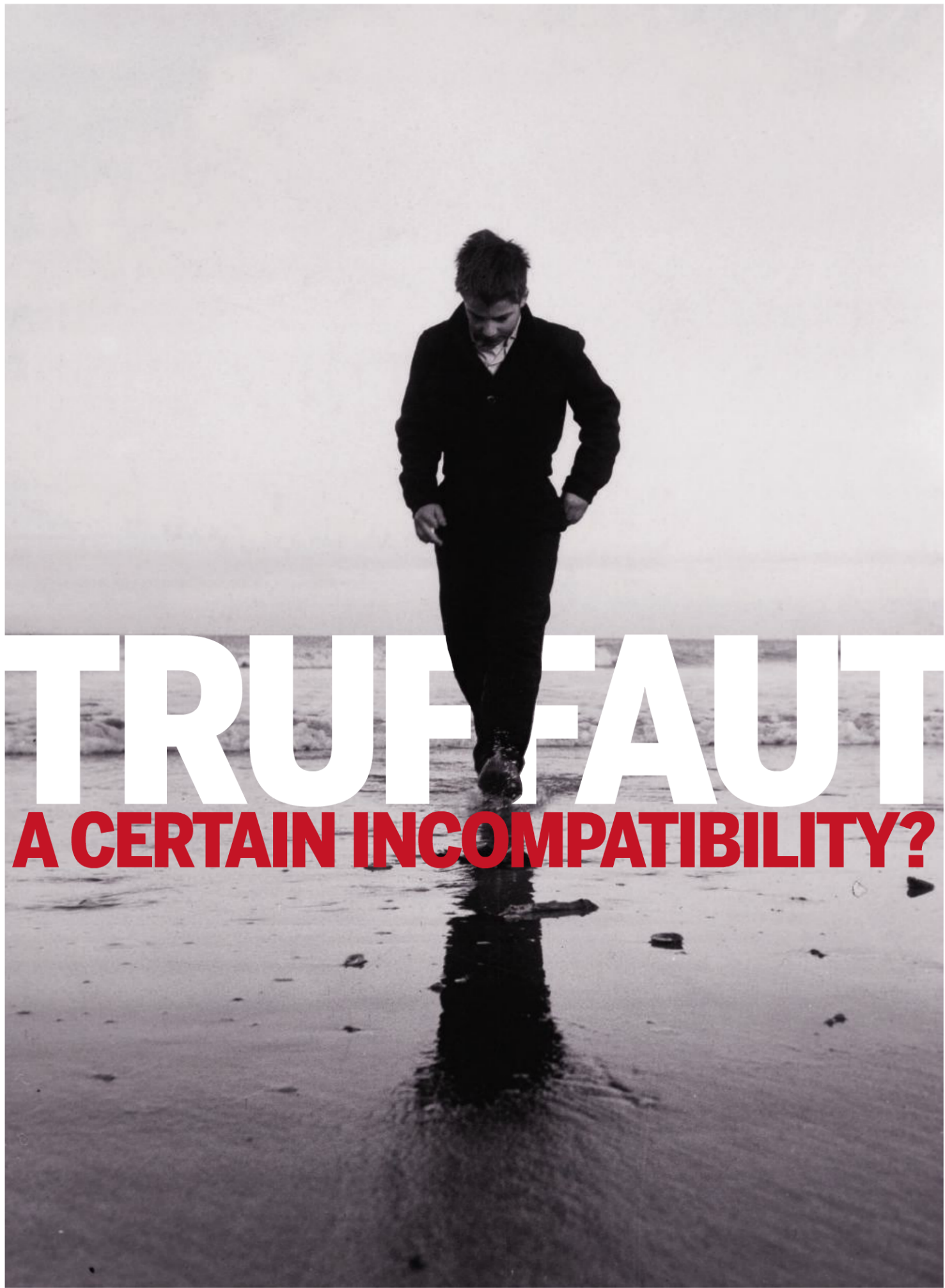
Have the British never quite forgiven François Truffaut? His seminal essay on the French "cinéma de papa" may feature with deserved predictability on film-studies courses from Exeter to Edinburgh; the monochrome posters for *Jules et Jim* (1962) may adorn the walls of student poseurs across the country; and *The 400 Blows* (*Les quatre cent coups*, 1959) may well still pop up at film-society screenings on a bi-monthly basis. But it's his infamous comment to Alfred Hitchcock that arguably continues to define contemporary attitudes to the filmmaker in Britain. Some 50 years on, the collective consensus still seems to be best captured by Stephen Frears's dismissal: "Bollocks to Truffaut!" Were he alive today, the Frenchman might well rue the day he made the tentative suggestion that there might be "a certain incompatibility" between the words "British" and "cinéma".

Poor Truffaut – the joker in the *nouvelle vague* pack. The most cinematically avaricious and, in his own way, experimental of the directors who came out of the *Cahiers* groups, his films are by turns haunting, hilarious, sad, silly and ever surprising. But while the other members of the 'big five' have seen their critical standing cemented over the decades, time has been less kind to the man who launched a million undergraduate essays and whose jarring, jaw-dropping use of freeze-frame still has the power to stun newcomers to his work. For the politically minded, Godard is the go-to guy; Varda, the feminists' pick. Rohmer gets the sentimental vote and Resnais the formalist, while Chabrol seems the preference of genre fans (and, for that matter, Hitchcockians, irrespective of some inventive attempts at emulating the great man on Truffaut's part).

Despite the enduring influence of his rallying cry to the French film industry in his 1954 *Cahiers* article 'Une certaine tendance du cinéma français' (without which, not only film criticism but even filmmaking might be an altogether different beast today), Truffaut doesn't even receive much credit for his writing these days, having been conferred the status of 'disciple' to Bazin's messiah. Today, his comment that in the future the number of spectators a film has "will be proportional to the number of friends the director has" seems sadly ironic, yet appropriate enough for such a contradictory man: a school-bunking cinephile who worshipped classic literature; a staunch advocate of realism whose idol was the supreme stylist Alfred Hitchcock. In Britain at least, Truffaut is a man surrounded by good acquaintances, but with seemingly few true friends.

And yet of all the *nouvelle vague* directors, Truffaut is the one who extended the hand of friendship across the Channel. It was he who spearheaded the *nouvelle vague*'s arrival on these shores, before going on to film both in England and in English, while showing a special appreciation of English actresses: Julie Christie in *Fahrenheit 451* (1966), Jacqueline Bisset in *Day for Night* (*La nuit américaine*, 1973) and the two leads of 1971's *Anne and Muriel* (see sidebar p.25). From the early days, Truffaut's friendships with Lindsay Anderson, David Robinson and Gavin Lambert were integral in launching a *Cahiers*-inspired auteurist movement in Britain. It was as part of Anderson and Robinson's 1958 Free Cinema programme at London's NFT that British cinephiles had their first glimpse of what the programmers plugged as a "French renewal", in the form of Truffaut's short *Les Mistons* (1957) and Chabrol's first feature *Le Beau Serge* (1958). And if the honour of the first New Wave film to receive a UK release goes to Chabrol's *Les Cousins*, it was *The 400 Blows* that brought the wave crashing down on the British public and restored the reputation of French cinema among the critical establishment.

The film received unilateral praise when it opened at London's Curzon cinema in March 1960, with Truffaut heralded as the great white hope of a national industry whose golden age was thought to be long past. As *The Daily Telegraph's* Campbell Dixon put it at the time: "If he continues to develop, this young man may play a great part in restoring the prestige the French screen has lost since the triumphs of Clair and Carné, Clouzot and Clément." Indeed, such was the excitement surrounding the film that even British *Playboy* ➤



TRUE FAULT

A CERTAIN INCOMPATIBILITY?



LES ANGLAISES
Truffaut cast
Jacqueline Bisset in
'Day for Night', above,
and Julie Christie in
'Fahrenheit 451', far
right, while 'The Story
of Adèle H', right, was
shot in both English
and French versions



◀ magazine saw fit to make it the only foreign film they reviewed that year.

Who could live up to that burden? Was it any wonder that despite its playful, tragic eloquence, Truffaut's second feature *Shoot the Pianist* (*Tirez sur le pianiste*), released in Britain in 1960, was judged "not quite in the same class as his first" by the critical majority? Or that, while the Curzon was able to run *Jules et Jim* for a "phenomenal length of time", later films such as *Silken Skin* (*La Peau douce*, 1964) and *Fahrenheit 451* failed to see similar success, so that by the time *The Bride Wore Black* (*La mariée était en noir*) appeared at the Curzon in 1968, critics were united in their disapprobation, with Alexander Walker describing the film as "one of the year's major disappointments"? *The Times* offered an illuminating critique, describing it as "a lightweight film with no pretensions to doing anything but entertain", and concluding that while "from anyone else it would be delightful, from Truffaut it is really not good enough".

Meanwhile the director himself was experiencing his own form of disillusionment with *la perfide Albion*. In an uncharacteristically bitter tirade to *Films and Filming* in 1964 he complained: "The films I have made have been bought for less in England than they were in Switzerland, Belgium and Canada. This seems to me normal. The British public regards the cinema as a show based on collective reactions, like the theatre. This does not help the career of intimate films in which the spectator absolutely must feel alone vis-à-vis the film. A material proof of this theory is that while all over the world the spectator is plunged into darkness, in Britain cinemas are obliged by safety regulations to remain over-lit, almost like theatres."

According to Truffaut, all the Brits were interested in were "family films, comedies or spectacles". He may have had cause to reconsider this blanket condemnation of UK exhibition the following year when, in London to film the notoriously ill-fated *Fahrenheit 451*, he discovered to his

delight that the NFT was screening a Renoir retrospective. However, this was but a brief respite in what he described as a "punishing" experience in "gloomy" London, a place that reminded him of school (which, coming from such an infamous truant, was harsh criticism indeed). The critics returned the compliment, dismissing *Fahrenheit 451* as an unmitigated failure, all the worse for having been made in English by a man who did not speak the language.

Fall from grace

But worse was to come, as in the 1970s Truffaut's films found themselves subjected to the then current trend for dubbing. Columbia-Warner, the UK distributor of *Day for Night*, at least released the film in both dubbed and subtitled prints (whereas in the United States the film had been shown uniquely in a dubbed print) and let exhibitors choose which they wanted to screen, with the vast majority opting for subtitles. A justified success at ▶

ENTENTE CORDIALE

The story of a Frenchman in love with two English sisters, 'Anne and Muriel' is among Truffaut's most sombre – and most literary – films. By **David Thomson**

Spoiler alert: This feature reveals the film's ending

Truffaut called his 1971 film *Anne and Muriel* (*Les Deux Anglaises et le continent*) "a sorrowful film, possibly even wallowing in its own misery, but sincere". The previous year, his love affair with Catherine Deneuve had ended. Seriously depressed, he entered a clinic for a sleep cure, and took one book with him: Henri-Pierre Roché's *Les Deux Anglaises et le continent* (1956). He knew the novel already, because he had had such success with Roché's *Jules et Jim*. He seems to have set out on this new project to wipe away depression, and he shot it in a hurry, falling in love with one of his two British lead actresses, Kika Markham. Still, it's a dark picture with disturbing emotions, not as poised or pretty as *Jules et Jim*, and the darkness found box-office failure.

The girls are the Brown sisters, Anne (Markham) and Muriel (Stacey Tendeter), and they live in north Wales (a location rediscovered in Normandy), in a grey house on a cliff-side; it's pale green outside, with rich blues and browns inside. A French youth, Claude Roc (Jean-Pierre Léaud), visits them. The trio play games indoors and out. They argue over words and ideas. Immense attraction flows. Claude believes he is in love with Muriel. The girls' mother, Mrs Brown, decides he must lodge in a neighbour's house, and that separation locks the love in place. But Muriel declines him. "No, never," she says, and then she withdraws "never". Mrs Brown settles the confusion with Claude's mother (the fathers are dead). Claude goes back to Paris and breaks off with Muriel. At which point, she decides she was his "wife".

Time passes – it is one of the best films about the passage of time. Anne arrives in France to be a sculptor. She and Claude have an affair. She sees other men. Muriel comes to Paris. She and Claude are together again. But then Anne tells her about her own affair with Claude. Muriel storms away and Anne dies of tuberculosis. Then Muriel returns to France and she and Claude are lovers for one night. She came to make love, and to bury it. Later still, Claude the novelist writes about it all.

Truffaut and his scriptwriter Jean Gruault called their story "the Brontë sisters meet Marcel Proust", and it is a film of words and letters: we see the Roché novel with Truffaut's handwritten notes on it; we hear the director's narration, the germ of Claude's novel; and there are recurring issues of translation. Apparently the English actresses were taken aback by Léaud at first. He seemed restrained and inward. They wondered if both sisters would fall for him so deeply, and they have a point. These women deserve a more interesting Claude.

But an essential to *Anne and Muriel* is its lack of tidiness. Muriel – onanistic and repressed,



BROWN SISTERS

In Truffaut's film, contrasting siblings Muriel (Stacy Tendeter, left) and Anne (Kika Markham, right) both fall in love with the same Frenchman

"untamed" but nearly an invalid, withdrawn yet controlling – is never explained or healed, except that her masked power could be something she clings to in competition with the prettier and more social Anne. This is an intricate study of siblings, in which Truffaut's initial hope – to hire actresses who were sisters – may have lingered from his affairs with both Françoise Dorléac (whom he directed in 1964's *Silken Skin*) and her sister Catherine Deneuve.

We know Truffaut's famous estimate that "women are magic", but it's a tricky proposition. In her 1978 book on Truffaut, Annette Insdorf wrote: "To the question posed by numerous males in Truffaut's films, we can add 'are women mad?', 'are women vulnerable?', 'are women more complex than the men assume?'" But if women are magic – or more extreme – do they depend on men who are watchers, suckers or shy?

There are overwhelming women in Truffaut: Catherine (Jeanne Moreau), of course, in *Jules et Jim*; Julie (Moreau again) in *The Bride Wore Black*; the elusive seductress (Deneuve) in *Mississippi Mermaid*; Adèle H (Isabelle Adjani) – and don't forget the wife (Nelly Benedetti) in *Silken Skin*, or even Bernadette Lafont from *Les Mistons* and *A Gorgeous Girl Like Me* (*Une belle fille comme moi*, 1972). Some of these are killers or self-destructives, and some seem underachieved. Adèle H feels to me more a scheme than a human being, and I never think Moreau quite gets or wants to get *The Bride Wore Black* (whereas in *Jules et Jim*, her assurance,

her rapid shifts of mood, are so instinctive they lead the movie). But Truffaut steadily identifies with men drawn to women, yet often bewildered or destroyed by them and by their urge to see beyond male designs.

In 2000 Ian MacKillop published an invaluable book, *Free Spirits: Henri-Pierre Roché, François Truffaut and the Two English Girls*, based in research at the Roché archive. He points out that in the novel Anne does not die, and he wonders why Truffaut made that change. Do movies need to be more decisive? Is it the pay-off to Anne saying, "My mouth is full of earth" – supposedly the last words of Emily Brontë? Truffaut was intrigued by the gap and the bond between Charlotte and Emily Brontë (though which is which in this film?). But for the director this was also a work made out of despairing passion, or a despair with passion.

There's a startling scene where Muriel at last gives herself to Claude; we see a bed steeped in blood, and the camera sinks into its magma. Truffaut was seldom so explicit, and over the years that scene has become more painful. It matches Muriel's black vomit when she hears about Anne and Claude. The film's commercial reception was so poor that Truffaut was persuaded to cut it down, from 132 to 108 minutes, and he was urged to lose the bloody bed. But he would not give it up.

Anne and Muriel has remained with me better than most Truffaut films. It is a period piece that feels true, but the period is not laid on like cream. The Georges Delerue score is heartfelt, and not allowed to be ecstatic. Psychologically this is a modern story, despite characters from before World War I. Muriel is more interesting than Anne, but Anne is more natural. Muriel is always laying down the law, then breaking it. Anne is like the flow of water. They are sisters, but from Bresson and Renoir. It is a story about how dangerous love is, and the wounds it leaves.

Truffaut and his screenwriter Jean Gruault called their story 'the Brontë sisters meet Marcel Proust'

■ The restored 132-minute cut of Truffaut's 'Anne and Muriel' screens on 20 and 25 February at BFI Southbank, London



KNOCKED DOWN
Even Truffaut's second feature 'Shoot the Pianoist' was dismissed as 'not quite in the same class as his first'

The films of the man who demanded that cinema should 'resemble the person who made it' are full of sensitive, fragile male heroes

the British box office, the film was one of the most profitable of 1973, prompting *The Spectator's* film critic to make the remarkable claim: "Truffaut's films just get better and better." The same could not be said, however, for Truffaut's subsequent release *Mississippi Mermaid* (*La Sirène du Mississippi*) which, despite having been made in 1969, was not released in the UK until 1974. Following two one-off screenings at the Edinburgh Film Festival and the National Film Theatre, it was picked up by that arthouse stalwart the Everyman, Hampstead, and shown for two weeks as part of a Truffaut season; but since there was no subtitled print in existence and the cinema could not afford to title the film themselves, it was the US print that was shown – a version that had been cut by 14 minutes and suffered from insensitive translation and crude dubbing. Although the more responsible critics were scathing of what had been done to *Mississippi Mermaid*, (Sight & Sound's Jan Dawson called it "grotesque" and Alexander Walker "vile"), the film, admittedly not generally viewed as one of Truffaut's best in any case, was dismissed as a resounding failure by all but the most generous or wilfully perverse critics. (Indeed David Thomson cites it as one of his three favourite films of all time in the 2010 edition of *The New Biographical Dictionary of Film*.) If the dubbing wasn't wholly responsible for the film's catastrophic reception, at the very least it didn't help.

In what might have been an attempt at wresting back control, Truffaut took a rather radical tack for his 1975 film *The Story of Adele H* (*L'Histoire d'Adele H*), released in the UK in 1977: drawing on techniques that had been employed within popular genre cinema for some time, he shot the film simultaneously in French and English, with the same cast. (Indeed, the film saw something of an *entente cordiale* reached, since the person responsible for the English translation of the script was none other than Jan Dawson.) Opinion on the finished product was, however, mixed. To Walker's mind, the experiment had failed, with lead Isabelle Adjani appearing "handicapped" by "having to chew up and spit out mouthfuls of English". Others thought it trod a neat line between subtlety and dubbing. Either way, Truffaut did not repeat the strategy, nor did it catch on as standard practice among European auteurs.

Day for Night notwithstanding, the decade witnessed Truffaut's fall from critical grace. While Godard's *Le Gai savoir*, banned in France but screened at London's ICA in late 1969, was whipping up a critical frenzy over its philosophical and political implications, heralded in the press as "no less than a breakthrough in the art of cinema", Truffaut stood accused of producing exactly the kind of 'quality' films he had once railed against. His films – critical failures, but reasonably popular hits – were exactly the kind of safe fare that could sustain a retrospective on the newly inaugurated BBC2 *World Cinema* slot, with over half of the films screened in 1978 being Truffaut's. The blatant commercialism of 1980's *The Last Metro* (*Le Dernier métro*) was the final nail in the coffin: it may have been a smash at the box office, but as far as UK critics were concerned it was, alongside Louis Malle's 1987 *Au Revoir les enfants*, an axiom of the ultimate demise of the *jeune cinéma français*.

In fact Malle offers an interesting point of comparison: like Truffaut, he too languishes in British critical neglect. His work seems similarly ephemeral, indefinable, hit-and-miss, skipping with no overarching schema from the New Wave neo-noir of *Lift to the Scaffold* (*L'Ascenseur pour l'échafaud*, 1957) through the high-kicking, crowd-pleasing *Viva Maria!* (1965) to the slight, melancholy lyricism of *Milou en mai* (1990). He too was a favourite of the TV channels and the middlebrow arthouses. And yet Malle somehow avoids the critical snobbery so often levelled at Truffaut. Why?

One answer may lie with the respective attitudes of these directors to their work and their audiences. Malle was peripheral to the *nouvelle vague* and happy to remain so – the cat that stalked alone, going his own way. Truffaut, by contrast, has always seemed so earnest, lacking Malle's *louché*, give-a-damn attitude – or for that matter Chabrol's hauteur, Rohmer's spiritualism, Resnais's obscurantism or Godard's rudeness. (It's curious that despite Godard's infamous capriciousness – having stood up the NFT not once, but twice – we've never given him much of a hard time.) The other directors of the *nouvelle vague* all seemed, in their way, too preoccupied with their art to care about their audiences; with Truffaut, on the other hand, it's all too obvious how much he does care. The films of the man who demanded that cinema should "resemble the person who made it" are full of sensitive, fragile male heroes who love a little too much and who are, more often than not, drawn to women who will always elude them. There's an almost masochistic tone to them, echoed in the director's eternal pursuit of a reputation that remained tantalisingly beyond reach.

The British critical narrative of Truffaut reads his trajectory analogously with that of his most iconic hero, Antoine Doinel (as played by Jean-Pierre Léaud in *The 400 Blows*, two shorts and three subsequent features): the damaged young misfit who grew into a sallow, callow and feckless member of the bourgeoisie (now there's realism for you!). But perhaps Truffaut never did quite grow up or fit in. His – perhaps naïve – idealism is there in his impassioned speech on the steps of the Cinéma-thèque Française in 1968; it's there in the heartbreaking tenderness of *L'Enfant sauvage* (*The Wild Child*) in 1970, and in his ongoing pursuit of the goal of making films that are beautiful, meaningful and (whisper it quietly) entertaining – even as his colleagues drew ever greater plaudits for their increasing esotericism. What Truffaut really lacks is that most British of qualities, stoicism. On this side of the Channel, we've never been big fans of wearing our hearts on our sleeves. Perhaps that's why there's a certain incompatibility between the words 'Britain' and 'Truffaut'.

■ A Truffaut retrospective screens at BFI Southbank, London, throughout February and March. A new print of 'Silken Skin' is in cinemas now; 'Day for Night' is rereleased on 18 February. The documentary 'Two in the Wave', about the relationship between Truffaut and Godard, is released on 11 February, and is reviewed on page 76. There's more on Truffaut's British connection online, including Nicolas Roeg on working with him on 'Fahrenheit 451', www.bfi.org.uk/sightandsound



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NICOLAS ROEG

THE LAST BRITISH ROMANTIC

*Emerging from an era of hedonistic experiment, no director better epitomised the risk-taking mood of 1970s British cinema than Nicolas Roeg. **Nick James** looks back at the impact of Roeg's extraordinary run of early films*



GETTY IMAGES/O

For all sorts of reasons, Nicolas Roeg is the great conundrum of British cinema. Through one long golden period that takes in *Performance* (1970), *Walkabout* (1970), *Don't Look Now* (1973), *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (1976), *Bad Timing* (1980) and *Eureka* (1983), he was the one British director whose work could be as haunting, imaginative and visionary as anything produced by the New American Cinema or the world's most lauded auteurs. His films since then have been, to say the least, patchy. This means that when producer Jeremy Thomas proclaims Roeg to be "Britain's greatest living filmmaker", it's not hyperbole, but an acknowledgement freighted with might-have-beens. For me Roeg's bumpy later career is a symptom of a wider cultural tendency in British cinema: the gradual disappearance of ideas about culture, the Romantic and the uncanny from British cinema narratives.

That original run of Roeg films is all the more remarkable because it happened during a period of extraordinary creativity in the cinema. Having experienced a drop in popular interest as the 1960s ended, the Hollywood studios were just about to discover a new generation of 'movie brats' influenced by New Wave European cinema. The British, for a moment, had no populist commercial Californian lodestone to sail by, and so a unique kind of British cinema came to prominence, as never before or since. This loosely connected wave of filmmaking evolved partly as a response to a well-known collision of contemporary urges: 'Swinging London', the Beatles, the sexual revolution, drug culture and the economic empowerment of the teenage westerner. High culture became entangled with pop culture in ways that would come to be described as postmodern.

I have already argued in these pages (*S&S*, June 2009) that Harold Pinter and Joseph Losey were key progenitors of this new brand of UK of cinema with *The Servant* (1963) and *Accident* (1967). But a patchwork of other influences are also relevant, such as Kenneth Anger's *Magick Lantern Cycle*, Polanski's *Repulsion* (1965), Antonioni's *Blowup* (1966), Hammer's horror films and Richard Lester's Beatles films. Roeg would become the more whimsical exemplar of this kind of British art cinema, while Ken Russell was its jolly provocateur (the tragic young director of *Witchfinder General*, Michael Reeves, might have made a third), but Lindsay Anderson's *If....* (1968) also feels part of the moment. The films of these directors at this time were alike only in being unafraid of seeming pretentious or experimental, and in tending to assume an absorption in the arts as necessary to modern life, while sharing a desperate need to be iconoclastic. In other words, they were Romantics.

Creative excess

The cinema being released in art and repertory houses at the end of the 1960s was similarly born out of a heady atmosphere of risk-taking and creative excess. In the three years it took to make and release Roeg's first two features as director, *Performance* (shared, of course, with Donald Cammell) and *Walkabout*, the following titles could be seen at UK cinemas: Visconti's *The Damned* and *Death in Venice*; Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* and *Straw Dogs*; Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*; Werner Herzog's *Fata Morgana*; Bertolucci's *The Conformist* and *The Spider's Stratagem*;

John Boorman's *Leo the Last*; Buñuel's *Tristana*; Ken Russell's *Women in Love*, *The Music Lovers* and *The Devils*; Altman's *MASH* and *McCabe & Mrs Miller*; and Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. Of course there's a deal of self-indulgence in amongst that international mix, yet those few years still seem a time of astonishing creative fecundity, one that's to be envied in our present era of self-censorship and anti-intellectualism.

But that's not to say that Roeg's films are especially intellectual. He is more an intuitive than an analytic figure, and some would say that a blunting of intuition, allied to an aversion to interference, partly accounts for the lack of great projects in the latter part of his career. As he has said of himself: "I shoot a lot of stuff. I think that's probably come from not having gone to film school. Things work themselves out. You've lost the showmanship thing, the fairground barker, come-see-what's-inside aspect of filmmaking when you try to plan everything for the audience."

At the mention of Roeg's name, a flood of indelible images springs to mind: the half-glimpsed figure in the red coat reflected in the waters of a Venice canal reminding reluctant psychic Donald Sutherland of his drowned daughter in *Don't Look Now*; David Bowie removing his contact lenses to reveal alien eyes, thereby scaring his playmate Candy Clark out of her mind in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*; lost schoolgirl Jenny Agutter's naked swim in the outback – an abiding memory for an entire generation of then adolescent straight boys – in *Walkabout*; and in *Performance*, James Fox's gangster in a hippie wig under the influence of magic mushrooms being teased

CROSSING THE BOUNDARY

Roeg – seen opposite with David Bowie on the set of 'The Man Who Fell to Earth' – directed solo for the first time on 'Walkabout', below

and taunted by Mick Jagger and Anita Pallenberg as they deconstruct his machismo.

Roeg's place in the pantheon of those years is of special interest to me because it coincided with the high point of my time as an art student. I was then a Roeg fan, not involved in writing about film. So I was surprised to find how severely some critics assessed his work. Three main issues tended to dog his critical reputation: his origins as a cinematographer who'd worked his way up through the industry; his constant use of 'polar contrasts' of images; and the dispute about his input into that seminal film *Performance* – a work that seems crucial to the rest of his filmmaking career, and yet which critics seem determined to credit mostly to the film's co-director Donald Cammell.

True, Cammell was the screenwriter and prime mover of that film's Borges-influenced story of gang enforcer Chas (Fox) who, on the run from his own boss, holes up in a labyrinthine house in Powis Square, Notting Hill owned by reclusive former rock star Turner (Jagger). The scion of a well-connected family, Cammell was the one who could unite all the disparate elements required for that peculiarly resonant cultural moment – from rock stars to rich bohemians to gangsters out for a touch of glamour. It also seems that Roeg had little to do with the final stages of cutting the film in the US, since he was already away preparing *Walkabout*.

But Roeg, who was the older man by six years, had already been working as a cinematographer for the best part of a decade, for directors as varied as Roger Corman, Richard Lester and François Truffaut, so we can be sure that the stunning look of *Performance* was mostly down to him. Furthermore, the film's games with narrative structures, fragmented images, weird synchronicities and correspondences would be carried much more



BE STILL: POSTERS AND DESIGNS (C)

Nicolas Roeg



ALTERED STATES

Left to right: Anita Pallenberg, James Fox and Mick Jagger in 'Performance'; David Bowie as the alien in 'The Man Who Fell to Earth'; 'Don't Look Now'

senses the tragedy, but is too late to help her. His mistrust of his 'sixth sense' will later lead him again to disaster.

One of the problems with using the shock value of such intercutting – Roeg's stock-in-trade – is that the next generation will always push the boundary further. In a notably rigorous 1974 assessment of Roeg's potential published in *Jump Cut*, Chuck Kleinhans argues that, "at times Roeg's fascination with visual antonyms" – with cutting, say, from the Aboriginal boy throwing some slaughtered kangaroo on an open fire to a butcher in England cutting up meat – is "almost bludgeoning". When it comes to the famous finale of *Don't Look Now*, when Sutherland's character is meeting his grisly end at the hands of the dwarf in the red mac, and all the portents and visions he deliberately ignored come flooding back to him, you can see Kleinhans's point; but at the same time the sequence stands as one of the most astonishing passages of pure cinema anyone has ever put together. In the face of such kinetic power, Kleinhans's insistence that such associative techniques be employed to achieve some more cogent level of psychological analysis seems moot.

The obvious parallel to Roeg's cinema at the time was that of Ken Russell. Without Russell – his reverence for genius, his vision of sex as the principal creative drive, his shouting to the rooftops about the power of great art in such deliriously over-the-top films as *The Music Lovers* (1970), *The Devils* (1971), *Savage Messiah* (1972) and *Mahler* (1974) – Roeg's films would have felt much more isolated from the cultural mainstream. To see those Russell extravaganzas now is to be thrown back on Kazuo Ishiguro's idea in *Never Let Me Go* (see p.39) that art as a creative mode of employment could be seen as a distractive dream sold wholesale to the baby-boomer generation.

Yet one thing I still love about the British cinema of that period is its earnest desire to show off erudition. In *Bad Timing*, Roeg's semi-Freudian poetic analysis of *amour fou* between two American expatriates in Vienna, one is encouraged – as in Godard

– to catch the titles of books left lying around (that touchstone of the Romantic, William Blake, features, as does Paul Bowles's *The Sheltering Sky*) and to reflect on the Klimt and Schiele paintings they admire in galleries as being resonant with their own self-destructive romantic impulses. Is the film all set up so that Roeg can cut between sex scenes and trauma-resuscitation scenes? Possibly. Sex and death, those book-ends of the Gothic, are the constant contrast here.

What's astonishing about this Romantic vein of British cinema is how quickly it died away. By the time *Bad Timing* was released in 1980 (the same year as *Gregory's Girl* and *The Shining*), the Thatcher government was in power, the Goldcrest assault on America was under way (*Chariots of Fire* was released in 1981), the advertising boys (Alan Parker, Adrian Lyne and the Scott brothers) were looking to make films in America, and Terry Gilliam and the Pythons were deflating all sorts of pomposity in the field of costume drama – thereby perhaps inadvertently making way for the anodyne Merchant-Ivory/*Brideshead* school of heritage chic. Roeg had yet to make *Eureka* (and Russell to confront his Romantic demons head on in 1986's *Gothic*), but the game was already up.

Since then the dominant form of homegrown British creative cinema has been a poetic social realism that finds its roots in the work of Ken Loach and the reaction against Thatcherism. It has many flowering offshoots, from Shane Meadows's *This Is England* to Andrea Arnold's *Fish Tank* to Paddy Considine's forthcoming *Tyrannosaur* – fine films all. That there is a form of Romanticism inherent in these films is unquestionable, but it is one of small gestures, of limited asides.

What I'm lamenting is a more large-scale imaginative kind of cinema in love with the idea of the arts as redemptive in and of themselves, rather than as a means to tell redemptive stories. Watching these 1970s British Romantic films, you see they are connected to the similarly Romantic cinema of Powell and Pressburger, which was such a strong influence on 'movie brats' like Martin Scorsese and Francis Ford Coppola. Despite the valiant efforts of Derek Jarman to develop art cinema using more modest means, at some point in the 1980s the connection was broken. The brilliant early cinema of Nicolas Roeg, contradictions and all, has yet to find its successor.

■ Sight & Sound presents 'The Roeg Legacy' on 22 March at 18.10 at BFI Southbank, London. Nick James leads the investigation into Roeg's contribution to the art of film, with guests including writer and cinema programmer Jason Wood and screenwriter and Roeg collaborator Paul Mayersberg

successfully into Roeg's subsequent work than they were into Cammell's own rather distraught directing career, which resulted in only three further features in as many decades. Whether Roeg was more crucial to *Performance* than it's fashionable to acknowledge or just very quick on the uptake hardly matters when you review what he went on to achieve.

The impact of *Performance* and Roeg's first solo film *Walkabout* – their ability to startle us – may have been slightly blunted by the decades of Brit gangster movies and music videos they influenced, yet they remain impressive, and not merely because they're so beautifully composed. *Walkabout* is partly a powerful Green elegy for an Australian outback seemingly on the brink of ruination, and partly a prelapsarian adolescent vision. A demure 14-year-old schoolgirl (Agutter) and her voluble little brother (played by Roeg's young son Luc) are abandoned in the desert, where they are rescued by a young Aboriginal boy undergoing his initiation into manhood. Though radical playwright Edward Bond loosely adapted the screenplay from a novel by James Vance Marshall (in the process changing the reason for abandonment from a plane crash to their father's failed attempt to murder his children before committing suicide), the resulting film uses dialogue sparingly, mixed with banal radio commentary as a burbling connection to a sense of domestic normality in the face of awesome nature.

The Romantic British cinema of that time loved things as corny as the brilliant sunsets one now finds in such television series as *Human Planet*. There are many shots in *Walkabout* of then unfamiliar-looking outback fauna – lizards, toads, snakes, spiders – which one can now view either as repetitive or as a powerful attempt to approximate the world-view of the Aboriginal boy, with his respect for what he has to kill. The film's climax is almost a work of performance art: the Aboriginal boy performs a day-long death dance which seems to pen the girl into the half-ruined house he's led her to, and then, apparently, dies.

Pure cinema

Roeg's next film, the high-culture supernatural thriller *Don't Look Now*, opens with tragedy in the bosom of an English idyll. Two children, a brother and sister, play in the huge garden of a nicely appointed country house while, inside, their father (Sutherland) and mother (Julie Christie) are absorbed in cultural pursuits. Trying to retrieve her ball from the pond, the little blonde girl in the shiny red mac falls in and drowns, just as a mysterious red figure in a photographic slide her father is looking at suddenly seems to bleed. The father

What's astonishing about this Romantic vein of British cinema is how quickly it died away in the 1980s

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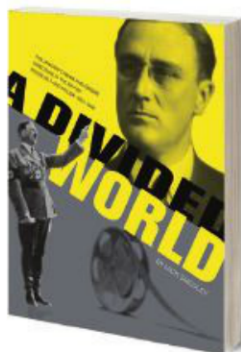
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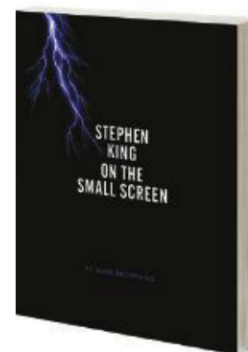
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Following the Iranian government's imprisonment of leading filmmakers Jafar Panahi and Mohammad Rasoulof, their colleague and compatriot Rafi Pitts has responded with an open letter to President Ahmadinejad. **Gabe Klinger** talks to Pitts about the case

JAFAR PANAHİ

THE GREEN BADGE OF COURAGE

Born in Iran in 1967, Rafi Pitts left for London in the midst of the Iran-Iraq War and has lived in Europe on a more or less permanent basis since 1981. He has made four features in Iran, most recently *The Hunter* (*Shekarchi*), which is released on DVD in the UK this month. Involved from the outset with the new Iranian cinema that developed in the 1990s, Pitts is closely associated with many of the country's most prominent filmmakers. I phoned him at his home in Paris on Christmas Eve. Right away he knew what I was calling about.

On 20 December, the Iranian filmmakers Jafar Panahi (*The Circle*, *Crimson Gold*) and Mohammad Rasoulof (*The White Meadows*, *Iron Island*) were both given six-year prison sentences and banned from making films for 20 years. Panahi had been embroiled in legal complications since July 2009, when he and several others were arrested at the cemetery in Tehran where the musician and elections protester Neda Agha-Soltan is buried. He was later released, only to be arrested again in March last year, along with Rasoulof and others. Most were released, but Panahi remained inside. At that time, Panahi expressed solidarity with other political dissidents who he felt were unfairly imprisoned. His sentence was extended.

On 18 May, during the Cannes Film Festival, it was announced that Panahi would begin a hunger strike in protest at the unfair treatment he and other prisoners had received. About a week after, he was released on bail. In November, Panahi and Rasoulof were in court for a hearing, and in December the official sentences were handed out, on the grounds that Panahi and Rasoulof had begun to prepare for the making of a "propaganda" film "against the Islamic republic", and that their intention to do so was a "crime against the country's national security".

Pitts's response has been to write this open letter to President Ahmadinejad, which he hopes will be published in the Iranian media.

In solidarity with Jafar Panahi and Mohammad Rasoulof, we suggest to all filmmakers and members of the film industry, regardless of your country or borders, religion or politics, to support our fellow filmmakers by not working for two hours between 15:00-17:00 (local time in Tehran) on the 11th of February 2011, the date of the 32nd anniversary of the Iranian Revolution.

To Mr Ahmadinejad,

In 1979 there was a Revolution. In fact the commemoration, the 32nd year of our Iranian Revolution, is on the 11th of February 2011. The reason you need to be reminded of this is because I feel that you have forgotten the reasons why this all happened. Maybe I'm wrong, maybe you need to explain yourself. Maybe you have your own definition of our Revolution. In which case I feel you should respond to the question: Why do you think we had a Revolution in 1979?

The time has also come to clarify your reasons for wanting filmmakers to be put away. Your reasons for wanting to kill a life, a career, in the name of our Revolution, or maybe I'm asking the wrong question: Is it all about your re-election?

A very close friend, Jafar Panahi, one of our most important filmmakers, for whom I have great respect as a person and admiration as a filmmaker, is being imprisoned by your government, by your law. He is sentenced to six years for wanting to make a film. A film he hasn't even made. Six years in prison on an idea for a film. On top of it all, as though that wasn't enough, he is sentenced to 20 years of not being allowed to make another film and 20 years of not being able to leave his homeland.

Another important young director, Mohammad Rasoulof, is being convicted with the same sentence. His

SILENCED

Iranian filmmakers Jafar Panahi, facing page, and Mohammad Rasoulof, below, have both been imprisoned by the Iranian government



crime: working with Jafar. They are both punished for caring about their fellow man. Punished for wanting to understand the events of June 2009. Punished for caring about the lives that were lost in the conflict due to the elections. Although, need you be reminded, all candidates had been given permission to present themselves by the regime. The choices were very clear and indeed legal. Jafar Panahi and Mohammad Rasoulof made their decision alongside the majority of our film industry. It became the Green Movement. The right was given to us.

– Do you think there is anything wrong in wanting to understand why people died in our last elections?

– Do you really believe that our country is unaware of the violence the election results caused?

– Is it a crime for Panahi to want to make another film?

– Is it a crime for Rasoulof to question reality?

– Is it because filmmakers want to hold up a mirror on what has happened to society?

– Are you afraid of a point of view that might contradict yours? In which case, please answer the question: Why did we have a Revolution?

Rafi Pitts, Paris, 24 December 2010

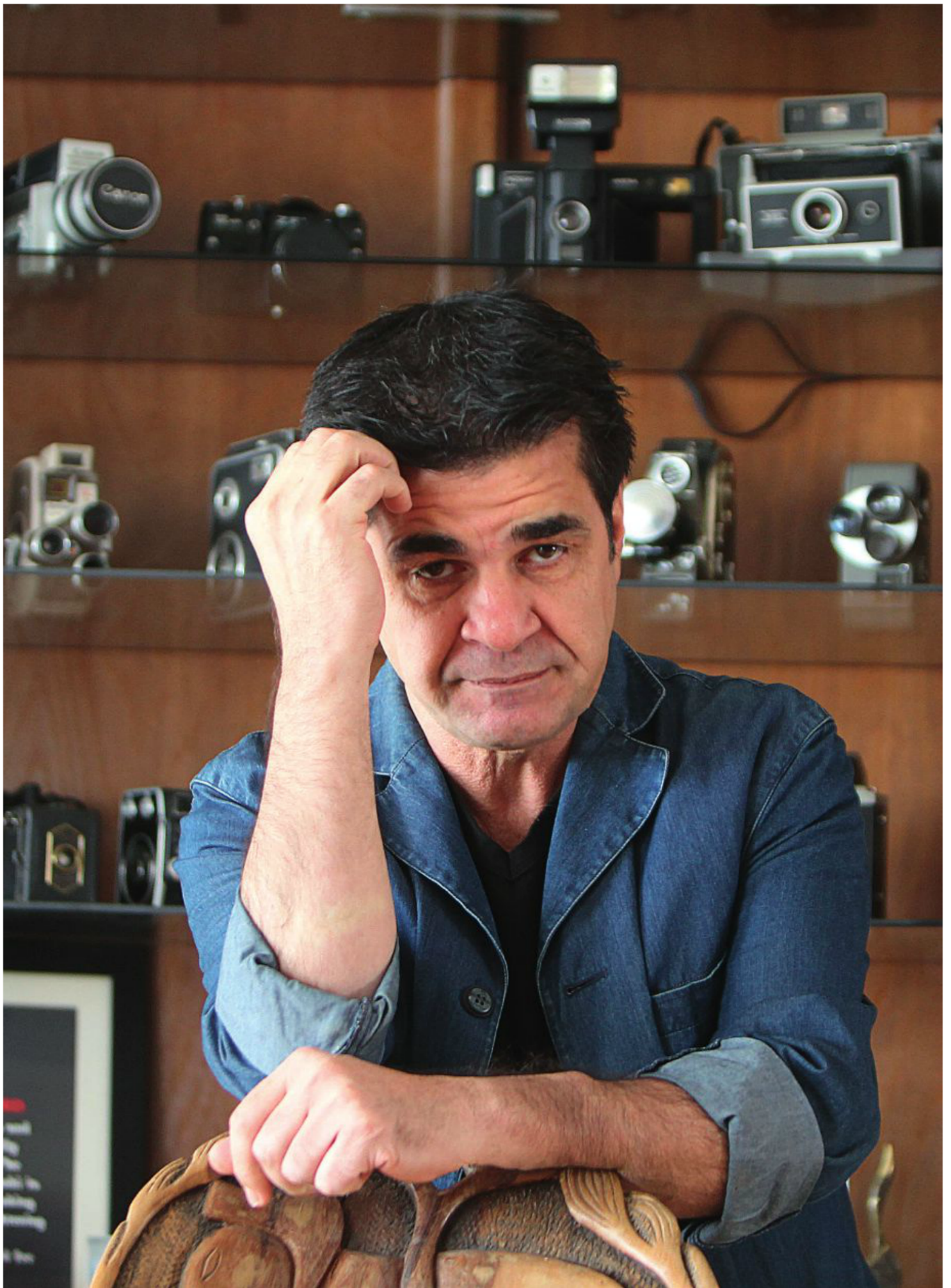
What follows is the conversation I had with Pitts about the recent developments in the case of Panahi and Rasoulof, and about Iranian cinema in general, and the uncertainty that faces many Iranian filmmakers.

Gabe Klinger: Since the premiere of 'The Hunter' in Berlin last year, you've been touring with the film non-stop. I guess most of us take the privilege of travelling to film festivals for granted.

Rafi Pitts: At every screening the first thing I say is, "I'm a very lucky person to be standing here in front of you." Most Iranian filmmakers can't do that. This makes me feel so uncomfortable. I'd been dedicating several screenings to Jafar before the sentencing even happened.

GK: I remember a night in Rotterdam when we were spilling out of the Hotel Central in the middle of the night, and we ran into Panahi on the street. The two of you talked for a long time.

RP: We started out together, you know. The first beautiful memory I have of Jafar is Cannes 1995, when he was presenting *The White Balloon*. We were living in the same room together, and I would translate for him. It was his first film and the first time he left the country. We were there for the entire festival, and the different phases we went through, the different ways he was seeing the world – it was beautiful. At that time Iranian cinema hadn't become anything big yet. It was just



◀ a year after Kiarostami had shown *Through the Olive Trees*. It was a year when everything was still gentle in the Iranian film industry, and all of a sudden Iran was becoming a part of cinema! You could easily say Jafar kicked it off with his Camera d'Or for *The White Balloon*. Even though Kiarostami's films were being shown, *The White Balloon* was the first major Iranian film to win a prize since [before] the revolution. Back then we were complaining about the state of things, but today it's a hundred times worse.

GK: You were talking to Panahi about the conditions in which films such as yours are shown in Iran. You mentioned that your film *'It's Winter'* (*Zemestan*, 2006) was only shown on one screen in Tehran.

RP: This is a modern form of censorship that Jafar was always against and I was always for. That was what we got for making films that were critical – I mean, this was during the reform period, before Ahmadinejad arrived. The authorities would say, "Oh, we allowed them to show their films." I was always happy with one screen. Even if a small group of people saw the film, the fact that it was being shown in the country was enough for me. Jafar didn't like it because it felt as if they were giving permission for us to make these films, but in reality they weren't.

It's very hard. How do you change things? How do you move things forward? Jafar is a raging bull – it's the reason I like him so much. He just goes for it. He's very courageous, whereas I tend to believe that we need to be diplomatic. But today it's all gone beyond that. I mean, it's no longer a question of talking about how to change things, because now the question is: how can we exist at all? Fifteen years ago we were younger, more enthusiastic, like something was going to happen. And here we are. It's hell.

GK: It's as if what you were doing all along was creating a precedent for the current regime to react against.

RP: Iran has become very young. The second wave of post-revolution Iranian cinema was just about to happen. You had a film like [Bahman Ghobadi's] *No One Knows About Persian Cats*, with a different point of view on cinema, a different way of showing things. When I was doing *The Hunter*, everyone on the set felt excited about being aggressive and about saying things more directly than when we made *It's Winter*. Everyone was more excited – you could feel it. I was on the set of *Persian Cats* and it was the same atmosphere. But at that time you maybe sensed that it was a small group of people who felt this way. Then the riots broke out and we realised that, no, it's a huge country that feels this way. And then everything stopped.

In Iran, at the time, I would never have been able to make *The Hunter* and Ghobadi would never have been able to make *Persian Cats* had people in the film industry not thought the Green Party was going to take over. Everyone thought that Iran was going to open up. For six months there was a state of euphoria, people wearing green, dancing in the streets, getting ready...

GK: Most of your films have been shown on one screen in Tehran. But *'The Hunter'* did not get shown at all in Iran.

RP: I got the no-screen treatment.

GK: So was that the official cut-off?

RP: Yeah, but not only for me. It was everybody, unless they were state filmmakers.



'People need to realise that we're all in the same boat in fighting for the freedom to express ourselves.' Rafi Pitts

If you look at Jafar's films, there are no slogans. No one is saying do this or do that. It's just trying to hold up a mirror. And so, when the regime is aggressive towards us, it makes us angry. It's as if we were public enemies. But we're not. We're just trying to say, "Look what's going on." When Jafar gets angry – when any of us gets angry – it's because they're not looking at us for who we are.

GK: Is there a precise issue we can pinpoint to explain why the Iranian government acts this way?

RP: If you look into the history of Iran you can see where the paranoia comes from. You're looking at a country that's 70 per cent under the age of 30, so they weren't born during the revolution. When the war with Iraq took place [1980-88], they were kids. Whereas the other 30 per cent – and I'm giving you broad strokes here – were there for the revolution and took part in the war. The people governing Iran took part in the eight-year war – a violent war, a million Iranians died. From this trauma comes the idea that anyone who wants to question the government must be against the government. Anyone who wants change must be against the martyrs who sacrificed themselves.

But the young people, who are living in dire straits, feel that change has to come, as any young person would feel in any part of the world. But the people governing want to move backwards. The regime thinks that we're the enemy. But how can that be? Iranian filmmakers changed the world's perception that Iran was a violent, dark place after the revolution.

GK: Do you think the timing of Panahi's sentence is coincidental, or is this a big strategy to make him a symbol?

RP: Definitely he's a symbol. The timing of the whole thing is chosen very carefully. The anniversary of the revolution is coming up, and this is very important. In Iran people are not allowed to demonstrate. So what can we do? Did we have a revolution to put filmmakers in prison? If that's what the revolution has become, then Ahmadinejad should define it! They should say it in the open so the majority of us can hear it instead of pretending otherwise. They're violating human

rights, without a doubt, but they're also violating the Iranian constitution. Jafar defended himself by citing the constitution and asking the judge about his right to express himself.

GK: Let's talk about your letter.

RP: I tried to write it carefully enough for an Iranian journalist to be able to publish it without facing censorship, but chances of it being published are still very slim.

GK: You've made a very civil proposal.

RP: Iranian filmmakers are in the storm and others are in the sunshine. The idea is that everyone stops shooting for two hours to think about what's happening. People need to realise that we're all in the same boat in fighting for freedom to express ourselves. Cinema doesn't have borders. Jafar and Mohammad going behind bars is like all of us going behind bars.

The date I've proposed is the anniversary of the revolution, which also happens to be during the Tehran and Berlin film festivals. So it's a very active moment for the film community.

GK: People are wondering, perhaps naively, why Panahi and Rasoulof – with their international connections and fame – hadn't left the country earlier.

RP: I remember when Jafar and I did our first Cannes. By the end of the week he wanted to go home. Even though it was Cannes, he still wanted to go back to Tehran. For Jafar that's where he's always wanted to make films. Leaving his country would also mean no longer making films. What he has to say is over there, and he'll pay any price to say it. I think Jafar will never leave. Exile is easier for some of us, for others not. For me it's easier because at least I speak several languages.

GK: What would happen to you if you went to Iran today?

RP: I have no idea. This is the problem. If someone said to me that I'd get a year in prison and that I could go on with my life afterwards, I would go back immediately. But I don't know what the consequences would be now. I've made a film. Jafar and Mohammad haven't even made a film [so recently], and they got six years. No one expected that. So what's next? How much further will they go? If only the law was clear. Censorship has always existed, but we've worked within those boundaries, and sometimes even beyond those boundaries. When you break a rule, the consequence is simple: the film is not allowed to be shown. Now, out of the blue, six years!

GK: There's an appeals process. Do you think that will change anything?

RP: Let's hope. The Iranian way of doing things is to live by the day. We never foresee the future. That's what keeps us going.

GK: What can Iranians as well as the international community do?

RP: When something like this happens there is no solidarity among Iranian filmmakers. What the regime has done is to intimidate the film industry. But the only way to combat it is to stick together. They can't put the entire film industry in jail. But outside the country we need to stick together too. I've got nothing against petitions, but now it's going to be about direct action. That's why if there's a two-hour halt in cinema production worldwide, it becomes an issue that everyone is concerned with. Everyone is sacrificing something. I think they will feel the echo of that in Iran.

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In envisioning the alternate Britain of 'Never Let Me Go', music-video maestro Mark Romanek finds his aesthetic match in Kazuo Ishiguro, the Anglo-Japanese novelist. **Henry K. Miller** talks to the director and **Nick James**, overleaf, to Ishiguro

REMAINING DAYS

Spoiler alert: this feature and the accompanying sidebar give away important plot points

Mark Romanek made his debut at Sundance a quarter of a century ago with *Static* (1985). Shot in the Arizona desert, it concerns a young man who claims to have invented a portal that lets him see into heaven, but through which others can see only the stuff of the title. Shaded by the Cold War and the rise of the religious right, and clearly the work of an original eye, it found favour in London, where it was hailed as "this year's *Repo Man*". The same was less true in the US, and after making *Static*, Romanek found himself taking a "12-year tangent" into music videos that only ended with the release of his second feature *One Hour Photo* in 2002. *Never Let Me Go* is only his third feature, and Romanek now says he feels that *Static* was made "prematurely" (he was 26 when it came out) and that his unexpected career turn enabled him to master his craft and gain some life experience on which to draw. It also brought him into the company of kindred spirits.

Romanek found his niche at Satellite Films – a division of Propaganda, the production house co-founded by David Fincher – after being signed up in 1990 on the basis of a Robyn Hitchcock video. As well as sharing office space with the likes of Spike Jonze and Michel Gondry, Romanek – who had had an education in avant-garde film growing up as a "movie-snob kid" (and *S&S* reader) in 1970s Illinois – gravitated towards the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California. There artists and future filmmakers like Tarsem Singh (*The Cell*, *The Fall*) introduced him to the theory of 'recontextualisation', encouraging him to pepper his work with high-art allusions. The approach risked pretension, but in cases like the video for Nine Inch Nails' 'Closer', with its pop-Francis Bacon aesthetic, Romanek triumphantly pulled it off. He worked with some of the biggest acts in the world – Madonna, Michael Jackson, REM – before going into semi-retirement in the wake of his video for Johnny Cash's 2003 single 'Hurt', a Nine Inch Nails cover that saw Romanek jettison the highfalutin references for good. (In 2005 his best work was collected on a DVD in the Directors Label series, as was that of Jonze and Gondry.)

The self-penned *One Hour Photo* was an appropriate 'second debut', given Romanek's long experience in commercials. An exquisitely shot thriller, it starred Robin Williams as a lonely photo-lab technician who becomes obsessed with the all-too-perfect images of one of his regular client families, which he duplicates and fantasises about, finally turning dangerous when he discovers that even 'private' family snaps are a form of false adver-



tising. Less than a decade on, it's noticeable how remote that idea of privacy feels to us, but while *One Hour Photo* depicts a technology and profession on the brink of redundancy, in a sense the social-networking era that followed its release made the protagonist's Peeping Tommerly a more-or-less legitimate pastime.

Romanek read Kazuo Ishiguro's novel *Never Let Me Go* on its publication in 2005, and immediately expressed an interest in filming it. When his own long-developed projects fell apart (including *The Wolfman*, which – as directed by Joe Johnston – flopped last year, and *A Cold Case*, a still unproduced script for Tom Hanks), he got his chance. The book has been adapted for the screen by Ishiguro's friend and fellow novelist Alex Garland (who "to a degree Kazuo credits with having an influence on the novel", Romanek says). It's set in a version of post-war Britain in which the major scientific breakthroughs were in genetics rather than nuclear physics.

A BREED APART
Ruth (Keira Knightley, top left), Cathy (Carey Mulligan, top right) and Tommy (Andrew Garfield, above) have a special purpose in life

Never Let Me Go

OUTSIDER'S EYE
Like Kazuo Ishiguro,
Chicago-born director
Mark Romanek, right,
brings new perspective
to his depiction of an
alternate Britain



GETTY IMAGES (3)

◀ “The whole fabric of society from 1949 is altered only in that one sense,” Romanek explains, “that human cloning is an accepted fact, just as we accept – or have to put up with – nuclear energy and nuclear weapons.” The clones, created to be organ donors and destined to “complete” (die) in early adulthood after the second or third extraction, are regarded as less than human, their shortened individual lives a price worth paying for the extension of the average lifespan. More disturbingly still, the clones themselves, brought up in seclusion at Hailsham (in most respects an ordinary English boarding school) and apprised of the reality of their situation in small doses, make no effort to rebel. “It’s about the degree to which people don’t tend to try to escape their fates at all,” says Romanek. In a sense it’s the anti-*X-Men*.

Point of view

Ishiguro’s novel is narrated in the first person, almost without affect, by Kathy H. (movingly played by Carey Mulligan in the film), one of the more privileged donors who is given the chance to slightly prolong her own life by acting as a “carer” for the others as they undergo their operations, including Ruth (Keira Knightley), her school friend and rival in love for Tommy (Andrew Garfield). The film is also told from Kathy’s perspective; with minimal recourse to voiceover narration (if not quite as minimal as Romanek would have liked) we learn about the nature of her world as she does. “You’ve been told and not told,” says one of the Hailsham teachers (Sally Hawkins), setting up the film’s essential question: how far the donors’ lack of control truly separates them from the rest of humanity. Romanek calls the film “a love story with a subtle patina of science fiction”; like Fincher’s *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button* (2008), it uses a sci-fi conceit to sharpen its abnormal protagonists’ exposure to normal experience.

For Romanek, the clones’ unwillingness to try to escape their fate is “completely evident and implicit”. “They’ve been brainwashed since they were children to believe that what they’re doing for this alternate society is a tremendous honour and privilege,” he explains. “People who are told they have six months to live don’t go and climb Machu Picchu. People stay in marriages they’re not happy in and jobs they don’t like. People don’t tend to run, and that’s probably an uncomfortable thing to hold a mirror up to.”

This kind of cognitive dissonance has an immediate political dimension that Romanek says is “only a few ticks away” from Ishiguro’s fiction. “The clothes we’re wearing today were probably created by people whose circumstances are

infinitely less fortuitous than ours, and we know that, but we go on wearing the clothes. The film asks: when you can’t push that notion to the back of your mind any more, what becomes important? How do you come to the end of your life and not regret how you lived?”

As in the novel, Kathy’s first-person narrative gives the film a very restricted point of view, yet Romanek insists that he was never tempted to show what Kathy doesn’t tell us. “First of all, I didn’t know how I would do it – I just had a strong, instinctive connection and wanted to make a movie of what I’d read,” he says. “Tonally I thought it would be very fresh. I always respond to first-person things – and Polanski does this better than anybody: the single point of view that never veers off. To me there’s a gemlike purity about films that do that – they’re very rare, but you can find them. So my instinct would never be to be more third-person. [The first-person approach] poses a lot of challenges, but you can crack them. Look at *Rosemary’s Baby* or *The Pianist* – I don’t think they break point of view once.”

The constrained or skewed consciousness is the thread that unites Romanek’s three features, and *Never Let Me Go*, he says, breaks from its protagonist’s point of view perhaps once or twice, on neither occasion significantly. Because we see it through Kathy’s mostly incurious eyes, the version of 1980s England that *Never Let Me Go* presents is far from dystopian, but there is something subtly alienating in the background when the donors venture out into the world.

“I like creating little rules, so that it feels like there’s an architecture about things,” Romanek says. “But it’s our England, so to speak. We toyed around in the design process with having more overt science-fiction tropes, because initially I thought that that’s part of the fun of it – that it’s ostensibly a science-fiction film. But every time it came up, it just never felt right – it felt mannered or distracting.”

Taking his lead from Ishiguro (who was born in Japan but brought up in England after his parents moved here), Romanek prepared by (re-)exposing himself to post-war Japanese cinema – Naruse, Ozu – “because if you overlaid that on to a very British story, it would give it a very Ishiguro tone.” It’s a piece of recontextualisation that recalls his Satellite years, but that – given the story deals with universal themes – makes one wonder whether it needed to be filmed in England at all. Romanek, however, sees an inherently British angle to the story. “There is something about dealing with such big, universal themes in a restrained and understated manner that is – to generalise – a British type of sensibility,” he points out. “I’ve worked here several times, and had an affinity for the place. I had the advantage of being an outsider. I also had a lot of help – I was surrounded by British people who told me when I was veering off course.”

Romanek’s England in *Never Let Me Go*, successfully meshed with Ishiguro’s, is an estranged vision of a country that itself veered off; but rather than offering a warning about what we might accept, it’s a parable about what we already do.

‘People who are told they have six months to live don’t go and climb Machu Picchu. They don’t tend to run’

THE ART OF LETTING GO

Kazuo Ishiguro talks to **Nick James** about the experience of seeing his novel realised – and enriched – on screen

The Booker Prize-winning novelist Kazuo Ishiguro has written original screenplays for filmmakers as diverse as Guy Maddin (*The Saddest Music in the World*, 2003) and James Ivory (*The White Countess*, 2005). But he's better known for film versions of his novels adapted by other writers, notably *The Remains of the Day* (1993), scripted by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, also for Ivory. Now comes *Never Let Me Go*, adapted from Ishiguro's 2005 novel by Alex Garland, who himself has been acclaimed both for his books (*The Beach*) and his original screenplays (*28 Days Later...*, *Sunshine*). Unlike some novelists who prefer to sell the film rights and run, Ishiguro remained very much involved with the production, as he explained to me when I met him on the same day that the film opened the BFI London Film Festival last October.

Nick James: You're associated with the film of 'Never Let Me Go', but not as the screenwriter.

Kazuo Ishiguro: Alex Garland and I have been friends for a long time. I always felt it was best that I kept in the background, but if they wanted to ask questions, or to bounce ideas off me, I was there. I was probably most called upon in the early stages. After that it was more that I would get a phone call in the middle of my day, when I was doing something else entirely, and it would be clear that, at the other end, they'd spent an hour arguing about some minor detail.

There is a danger in thinking the author of the book has a direct line to the great mysteries of the story. The people making the film have got to make it their own story. I didn't want a situation where they're doing something just to please me.

NJ: In novels like yours, reading between the lines is important. Cinema sometimes can't avoid being explicit. So what were the additions in the film that you felt were most enriching?

KI: The acting. You've got very skilful, intelligent, creative actors thinking about one character all the time. I learned a lot about the principal characters by watching them. For instance it was only when I watched Andrew Garfield's performance that I appreciated the extent to which his character Tommy is reluctant to let go of the idea that the world is benevolent towards him. He wants to think, against all the evidence, that the adults who run the world actually like him and want to do nice things for him. And Carey [Mulligan]'s portrayal of Kathy, in the scene through the glass where she's watching Tommy go: though she's very sad and devastated, she's not absolutely shattered because she's got the one thing she always wanted – she wanted to know that Tommy loved her. There's something about the way Carey plays that character that made me realise that.



'You've got very creative actors thinking about one character all the time. I learned a lot about the principal characters'

As for the 'in between the lines' aspect, I'd say that in this film they do this very well. You get actors saying a particular line and the words say one thing while the way that they act tells you they're thinking almost exactly the opposite.

NJ: How does it feel to sit in the cinema and see your novel come to life?

KI: When I've scripted a film, I have a very specific idea of how it's supposed to look, so the sense of elation or frustration is much greater. When it's one of my novels being turned into a film, I don't have that relationship. I feel that my book has its own life. It's not dependent on the film. And when I watch the film, I want to be transported. I don't want to see the images from my head, I want the authority of the film to take over, so that it's almost like I'm watching a new story altogether. I've been incredibly lucky with both of the adaptations that have made it to the screen [*The Remains of the Day* and *Never Let Me Go*].

NJ: You've said that you like to build worlds within limits, but in 'Never Let Me Go' you leave to one side the question of how society controls these people.

KI: There was a lot of debate about to what extent that question should be openly addressed. Scenes were suggested where people are asked, "Why don't you run away?" The decision was made not to go there. I went through a very similar process writing the novel. I left out a quite vivid scene [where] a runaway boy from a much harsher regime turns up and is very quickly whisked away.

None of us were interested in making a story about the rebellion of slaves, because we felt there were many stories like that already. In the novel I was going for an allegory about the human lifespan and our inability to escape it, and all the things we do to try and kid ourselves we can through art or through some mythical idea. And I wanted to ask the question: when do you really start to accept that time is limited? What are the really important things you want to put in order?

NJ: Many people want to make their mark on history – to make sure people know they were here. You don't really touch on that aspect of humanity here.

KI: No. It's a particular view. By making them [the characters in *Never Let Me Go*] clones, we're actually raising the issue of what human nature is – and we're putting out a fairly optimistic view. When time is running out, what becomes important to them is love. If you feel you've done something bad to someone close, you're desperate to put that right before it's too late. If you feel that all your life you've loved somebody but never had that properly acknowledged, it's incredibly important that that happens before it's too late.

NJ: There's also art, of course. The school insists the inmates produce and value their own artworks.

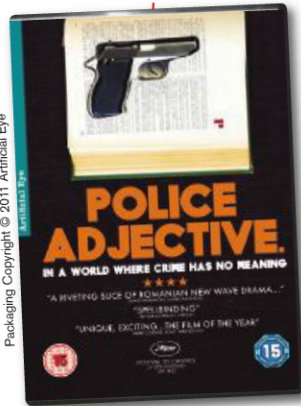
KI: The artwork becomes important to them, but we discover that it's a bit of a con. They were brought up to think art was important, for a slightly cynical reason. But I like to think that for Tommy the art becomes important for its own sake. Whatever the motive was for bringing them up in this way, it does help make their lives better. It's not a way of leaving your mark on the world. Those drawings of Tommy's just vanish. They're not going to make him immortal.

■ 'Never Let Me Go' is released on 11 February, and is reviewed on page 72

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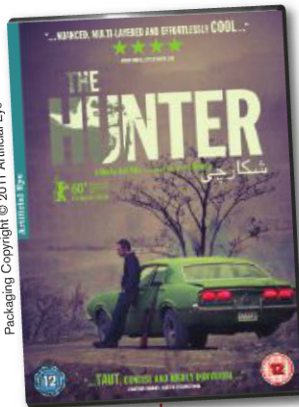


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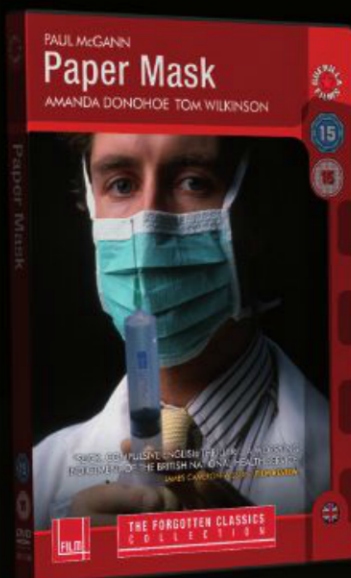
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Obituaries

January to December 2010
Compiled by Bob Mastrangelo

TAKAMINE HIDEKO

Actor

b. 27/3/1924; d. 28/12/2010

One of the finest actresses in the history of Japanese cinema, and among the most beloved of audiences, Takamine Hideko had a peerless career that stretched from child stardom in the days of silent cinema through to her final film in 1979. She had a soft beauty that drew your eyes to her even in ensemble pieces, coupled with a vividly alert onscreen presence that conveyed real depths and contradictions to any character she played.

Takamine worked with many of Japanese cinema's most celebrated directors, forging an enduring collaboration with Kinoshita Keisuke over many films, including the much-loved 'Twenty-Four Eyes'. But – much as Hara Setsuko became muse to Ozu Yasujiro, and Tanaka Kinuyo to Mizoguchi Kenji – the director she is most indelibly associated with is Naruse Mikio, with whom she made 17 films, including several in the run of great films he made in the 1950s and early 1960s. These included the searing family drama 'Lightning' (1952); 'Floating Clouds' (1955), set in the confusion of post-war Japan, in which she plays a woman who continually tries to revive a wartime affair with a soldier; 'Flowing' (1956), about a declining geisha house; and 'When a Woman Ascends the Stairs' (1960), in which her bar hostess embodies a type of strong-willed, resourceful woman from Japan's lower middle class who found new opportunities – as well as new struggles – in post-war Japan.

Born in 1924 in Hakodate City in the north of Japan, Takamine started acting young, making her film debut for Shochiku Studios at the age of five in Nomura Hotel's 'Haha'. Two years later, in 1931, she appeared in Japan's first talkie, Goshō Heinosuke's 'The Neighbour's Wife and Mine' and played the daughter in Ozu's bleak 'Tokyo Chorus'.

A string of roles followed through the 1930s, propelling her to fame, particularly after she moved to work with the Toho Studio – she was labelled 'the Japanese Shirley Temple'. The family film was a popular genre in Japan in the 1930s, and Takamine shone in such titles as Yamamoto Kajiro's 'Composition Class' (1938). Yamamoto was mentor to Kurosawa Akira, who served as assistant on his 1941 realist drama 'Horses', in which Takamine played a teenager who raises a horse on her family's farm, but is forced to sell it to the army.

Though Takamine was still cast in the 'daughter' role in 'Horses', the film showed she was ready for more mature parts, as did the same year's 'Hideko the Bus Conductress', her first film with Naruse. The fact that her name is in the title is a measure of Takamine's celebrity at the time, for in the film she plays Okoma, a bus conductress who proves her independence when she tries to attract more customers by offering a sightseeing commentary to the route.



PH STILL, POSTERS AND DESIGNS (U)

The role was later echoed in 'Lightning' (1952), the first of the glorious run of films she made with Naruse in the 1950s. As one of four children, each born to different fathers by the same mother, she at one point cuttingly remarks to her mother: "You had each of us without love. You're like a cat." For in Naruse's films Takamine was never placidly serene the way Hara Setsuko is in Ozu's, smiling through adversity; instead she could show irritation and even cruelty alongside warmth and stoicism, and yet remain sympathetic and believably adult.

By Takamine's own admission, Naruse wasn't an easy man to work with; she later wrote: "Mr Naruse was more than merely reticent: he was a person whose refusal to talk was downright malicious. Even during the shooting of a picture, he would never say if something was good or bad, interesting or trite. He was a completely unresponsive director. I appeared in about 20 of his films, and yet there was never an instance in which he gave me any acting instructions... so it was always up to me to decide how to act on my own."

But Naruse clearly recognised that Takamine's face was the key to her acting. In the films she made with him it is

peerlessly expressive; without overemoting she is capable of registering finely pitched emotion in merely a glance. Takamine said that, starting with 'Lightning', she would work on scripts herself with Naruse, cutting out lines of dialogue she didn't want to say, replacing them with gestures or looks. In Naruse's 1964 film 'Yearning', in which she plays a widow drawn towards a doomed love affair with her brother-in-law Kôji, the moment where she finally admits her true feelings for Kôji is played out in a magnificently subtle scene involving little more than an exchange of glances on a train. The film ends with her running along a street (pictured above) after learning of the discovery of Kôji's body following her rejection of him; the emotions course across her face before Naruse closes with an unforgettable freeze-frame to rival Truffaut's of Jean-Pierre Léaud in 'The 400 Blows'.

Takamine's collaborations with Naruse have tended to overshadow her films with other directors in the 1950s and 1960s, but in that period she acted for many more of her own choosing, having made the brave decision to leave the Shintoho Studio in 1950 to go freelance. She worked with Ozu for the second and last time in

'The Munekata Sisters' (1950), and with Kobayashi Masaki in his war epic 'The Human Condition' (1959). That film was partly written by Takamine's husband, the director and screenwriter Matsuyama Zenzô, who had been introduced to her by the director Kinoshita Keisuke. Though it was common for actresses to retire once they were married, Takamine kept working, because she said she wanted to "create a new style of wife who has a job".

Kinoshita brought out Takamine's comedic talent in two exuberant satires in which she played a stripper: Japanese cinema's first colour film 'Carmen Comes Home' (1951) and its sequel 'Carmen's Pure Love' (1952). He cast her in one of her defining roles, as a schoolteacher in the much-cherished 'Twenty-Four Eyes' (1954), in his story of a married couple, 'The Lighthouse' (1957), and in his great anti-war film 'The River Fufuki' (1960).

Takamine acted less frequently after the end of the 1960s, retiring from the screen in 1979, after making 'My Son! My Son!' with Kinoshita. In her later years she remained creatively and intellectually active through painting and writing books, including an autobiography, 'My Professional Diary', in 1976. ♦ James Bell

Late 2009

Jacques Baratier, 91, idiosyncratic French director briefly in the festival spotlight (*Disorder*; *Goha*; *The Doll*).

Peter Murton, 85, art director (*Dr. Strangelove*; *Goldfinger*) and production designer (*The Man with the Golden Gun*).

Vishnuvardhan, 59, leading actor of Kannada cinema (*Nagara Haavu*; *Boothayyana Maga Ayyu*).

Actors

Corey Allen, 75, the gang leader who antagonises James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*, who later had a long career directing for TV.

James Aubrey, 62, who played Ralph, the lead in Peter Brook's *Lord of the Flies*.

Cécile Aubry, 81, whose brief acting career included starring in Clouzot's *Manon* and Christian-Jaque's *Bluebeard*.

Martin Benson, 91, lean-faced, frequently sinister character actor who was the Kralahome in *The King and I* and the henchman Mr Solo in *Goldfinger*.

Caterina Boratto, 95, Italian actress with memorable roles for Fellini and Pasolini (*8½*; *Juliet of the Spirits*; *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom*).

Grace Bradley, 97, starlet of the 1930s who retired after marrying William 'Hopalong Cassidy' Boyd (*Too Much Harmony*; *Come on Marines*).

Jackie Burroughs, 71, an important figure in Canadian cinema as both actress (*The Grey Fox*) and director (*A Winter Tan*).

Ahna (Anna) Capri, 66, cult actress who co-starred opposite Bruce Lee in *Enter the Dragon* and Rip Torn in *Payday*.

Ian Carmichael, 89, who played Bertie Wooster and Lord Peter Wimsey on TV and had his best film roles for the Boulting brothers (*Private's Progress*; *Brothers in Law*).

John Davis Chandler, 75, character actor often seen as sadistic, unhinged villains, frequently in westerns (*Ride the High Country*; *The Outlaw Josey Wales*).

Tapen Chatterjee, 72, who played Goopy in Satyajit Ray's children's film *Goopy Gyne Bagha Byne* and its two sequels.

Maury Chaykin, 61, acclaimed Canadian actor who also played quirky supporting parts in the US (*The Adjuster*; *Love and Death on Long Island*).

Jill Clayburgh, 66, leading actress whose roles epitomised the modern, independent woman of the 1970s (*An Unmarried Woman*; *Starting Over*).

John Crawford, 90, prolific American character actor who played some leads during a tenure in Britain (*Val Guest's Hell Is a City*; James Fargo's *The Enforcer*).

Bruno Cremer, 80, French actor (Visconti's *The Stranger*; Ozon's *Under the Sand*) who also played Maigret on TV.

Graham Crowden, 87, supporting actor, often seen in eccentric characterisations (*O Lucky Man!*; *Britannia Hospital*).

Robert Culp, 79, TV veteran (*I Spy*) who also played Jane Fonda's fiancé in *Sunday in New York* and Bob in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*.

Tony Curtis, 85, Hollywood star who reigned for more than a decade, showing skill both in comedy and drama.

Elzbieta Czyżewska, 72, Polish actress popular at home in the 1960s, whose career faltered after she was forced to emigrate to the US (*The Saragossa Manuscript*; *Everything for Sale*).

Evelyn Dall, 92, American singer-actress

Werner Schroeter

Writer/director

b. 7/4/1945; d. 12/4/2010

Among the most important post-war German filmmakers, Werner Schroeter remained during his life a conspicuously little-seen and rarely discussed figure in the US and Britain, despite amassing a body of over 40 films, directing some 60 theatre and opera productions, garnering innumerable awards and earning the esteem of many of Europe's foremost directors and actors. Resolutely uncategorisable, Schroeter's work nonetheless acquired, as Fassbinder himself lamented, "that very convenient 'underground' label, which in a twinkling made them admittedly beautiful but exotic plants, flowering so far away that one basically couldn't deal with them".

Born into a middle-class family in Georgenthal, Germany at the close of World War II, Schroeter studied psychology for three terms at the University of Mannheim before dropping out, then attended the Munich Film School, which he left after three weeks, having decided by the age of 19 that "it would be best to give myself to everyone" – and so taking up prostitution. It was during his period on the streets of Mannheim that Schroeter made the acquaintance of Erika Kluge, who under the stage name Magdalena Montezuma would become the principal among his many muses. It was a visit to the Knokke-le-Zoute Experimental Film Festival in 1967, where he discovered the so-called 'New American Cinema' – and in particular Gregory J. Markopoulos's 'Twice a Man' – that brought home to Schroeter the possibility of a more personal, poetic and affordable film practice.

Working initially in 8mm, Schroeter made his breakthrough with his first feature 'Eika Katappa' (1969), a boldly stylised pastiche of vignettes based largely on classical opera that managed to be simultaneously reverent and irreverent. In its otherworldly marriage of the ludicrous and the sublime, kitsch and heartfelt pathos, 'Eika Katappa' already makes manifest what critic Hans Jensen identified as Schroeter's "cardinal theme: the emotional yearning for self-realisation". Supported by German television through much of the 1970s, Schroeter furthered this theme with a rapid succession of works leading

seen in British musicals (*Miss London Ltd*; *Time Flies*).

Dorothy DeBorja, 85, who co-starred in two dozen *Our Gang* shorts as the mischievous girl with the goldilocks hairdo affectionately dubbed Echo.

Carla Del Poggio, 84, who starred in films for De Sica during the war, then for her husband Alberto Lattuada post-war (*Maddalena...zero in condotta*; *Lights of Variety*).

Donal Donnelly, 78, Irish stage actor with some colourful screen performances (*The Dead*; *The Godfather Part III*).

Bekim Fehmiu, 74, Yugoslavian-born actor also briefly in Hollywood (*I Even Met Happy Gypsies*; *Black Sunday*).

John Forsythe, 92, durable TV actor (*Dynasty*) with a few notable



RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE (C)

up to his first acknowledged masterpiece, 'Der Tod der Maria Malibran' ('The Death of Maria Malibran', 1971), which starred Montezuma in the title role as the legendary 19th-century mezzo-soprano who died at the age of 28, having purportedly "sung herself to death". Inspired as much by the director's lifelong passion for Maria Callas as by any details of Malibran's biography (which are largely invisible in the film), the film asserted the place of emotion and sensuality within a cultural and social landscape still benumbed by recent brutalities and chastened against all romanticism.

As Schroeter said, "In my films I want to live out the very few basic human moments of expressivity to the point of musical and gestural excess – those completely authentic feelings: life, love, joy, hatred, jealousy and the fear of death – without psychologising them." And so he did through a profusion of films both narrative and non-narrative, escaping Germany to work more frequently in Italy, Portugal and France, as well as Mexico,

the Philippines, Lebanon, the US and Argentina. Between 'Maria Malibran' and his final, stark journey to the end of the night 'Nuit de chien' ('This Night', 2008), any list of Schroeter's major achievements would have to include: his neo-neorealist saga 'Neapolitanische Geschwister' ('The Kingdom of Naples', 1979); his rendering last film poem with Montezuma, 'Der Rosenkönig' ('The Rose King', 1986); his exploration of the Nancy Experimental Theatre Festival, 'Die Generalprobe' ('Dress Rehearsal', 1980); and his late masterworks 'Malina' (1991) and 'Deux' (2002), both of which boasted tour-de-force performances from Isabelle Huppert.

Commenting in a 2004 interview on his initial reaction to Fassbinder's film 'In a Year of 13 Moons', Schroeter recalled: "I watched the film and said, 'We are lucky, we saw something beautiful...' That must really be the perfect epitaph." For those with an openness to Schroeter's singular visions, the sentiment seems just as fitting: "We are lucky, we saw something beautiful." ♦♦ John Gianvito

movie roles (*The Trouble with Harry*; *...And Justice for All*).

Giorgos Foundas, 85, actor prominent in Greek cinema (Cacoyannis's *Stella*; Dassin's *Never on Sunday*).

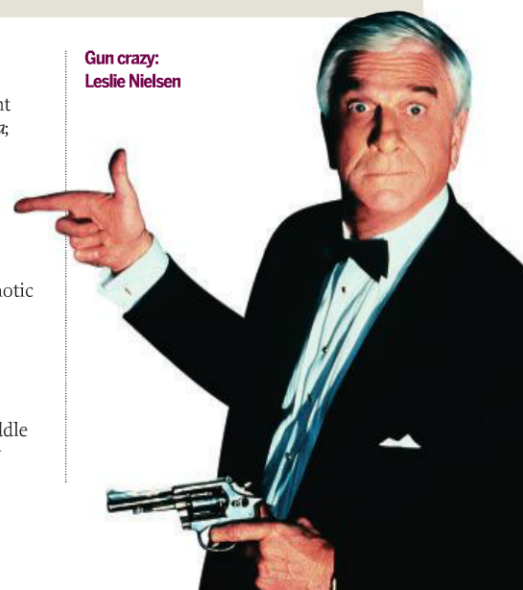
James Gammon, 70, gravel-voiced, thick-moustached character actor adept at playing grizzled westerners (*Silverado*; *Major League*).

Frank Giering, 38, who co-starred in Haneke's *The Castle* and as the psychotic Peter in the original *Funny Games*.

Bernard Giraudeau, 63, French actor in leading roles (Ozon's *Water Drops on Burning Rocks*; Ruiz's *That Day*).

Harold Gould, 86, dapper-looking character actor who emerged in middle age and showed a knack for comedy (*The Sting*; *Love and Death*).

Gun crazy:
Leslie Nielsen



Peter Graves, 83, star of TV's *Mission: Impossible* who played a German spy in *Stalag 17* and spoofed his iconic image in the *Airplane!* comedies.

Kathryn Grayson, 88, star of a string of classic musicals for MGM (*Anchors Aweigh*, *Show Boat*, *Kiss Me Kate*).

Pamela Green, 81, notorious nude model who played a murder victim in Michael Powell's *Peeping Tom* and starred in exploitation fare.

Corey Haim, 38, teen idol of the 1980s (*Lucas*, *The Lost Boys*).

June Havoc, 97, sister of Gypsy Rose Lee who performed in vaudeville as a child and later in films (Dwan's *Brewster's Millions*, *Gentleman's Agreement*).

Dennis Hopper, 74, actor and writer-director (*Easy Rider*, *The Last Movie*) who straddled the mainstream and anti-establishment branches of US film.

Lena Horne, 92, legendary singer and actress (*Stormy Weather*) whose career embodied the obstacles faced by African-American performers during Hollywood's studio era.

Joyce Howard, 88, leading lady of the 1940s (*The Night Has Eyes*, *Mrs Fitzherbert*).

Robert Hoy, 82, veteran Hollywood stuntman (*The Defiant Ones*, *The Outlaw Josey Wales*) also occasionally seen in supporting parts.

Ikebe Ryo, 92, youthful leading actor of Japan's post-war years who successfully moved into more adult roles (Shibuya's *The Moderns*, Ozu's *Early Spring*, Shinoda's *Pale Flower*).

Dorothy Janis, 100, who played Ramon Novarro's love interest in *The Pagan*, and starred in a handful of other late silents and early talkies.

Lionel Jeffries, 83, bald, moustachioed actor in comedic character parts (*The Wrong Arm of the Law*, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*), who later turned to directing (*The Railway Children*).

Jia Hongsheng, 43, actor with China's Sixth Generation (*Frozen*, *Suzhou River*) who chronicled his own battle with drug addiction in *Quitting*.

Cammie King, 76, child actress who played Bonnie Blue Butler, Rhett and Scarlett's ill-fated daughter in *Gone with the Wind*.

Sotigui Kouyaté, 73, Malian-Burkinabé actor who carved out a distinguished career both in Africa and Europe (Sissoko's *La Genèse*, Bouchareb's *London River*).

Mick Lally, 64, Irish stage and TV actor in supporting parts in film (*The Secret of Roan Inish*, *Circle of Friends*).

Abbey Lincoln, 80, jazz vocalist who also had a brief but noteworthy acting career (*Nothing But a Man*, *For Love of Ivy*).

James MacArthur, 72, who played youthful leads (*The Young Stranger*, Annakin's *Swiss Family Robinson*) then found fame on TV's *Hawaii Five-O*.

Joe Mantell, 94, who played Angie, the best friend in *Marty* and, as Gittes's operative in *Chinatown*, uttered the immortal line, "Forget it, Jake. It's Chinatown."

Adele Mara, 87, leading lady of the 1940s, mostly for Republic (*Night Time in Nevada*, *Sands of Iwo Jima*).

Carol Marsh, 83, who played Rose in *Brighton Rock*, the title role in the 1949 *Alice in Wonderland* and the doomed Lucy in the Hammer *Dracula*.

Lori Martin, 62, who played Gregory Peck's daughter, terrorised by Robert Mitchum in the original *Cape Fear*.

John McCallum, 91, leading man of the post-war period, frequently in partnership with his wife Googie Withers (*It Always Rains on Sunday*, *Miranda*).

Kevin McCarthy, 96, who played Biff in *Death of a Salesman*, but was immortalised as the paranoid hero warning the world about the pod people in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.

Vonetta McGee, 65, beautiful star of 1970s' black cinema (*Blacula*, *Shaft in Africa*) who also co-starred opposite Clint Eastwood in *The Eiger Sanction*.

James Mitchell, 89, who danced with Cyd Charisse in *Deep in My Heart* and was Dream Curly in *Oklahoma!*.

Urszula Modrzyńska, 82, Polish actress who starred in Wajda's *A Generation* and Aleksander Ford's popular epic *Knights of the Teutonic Order*.

Mac Mohan, 71, Bollywood character actor, typically seen as henchmen and sidekicks (*Sholay*, *Satte Pe Satta*).

Patricia Neal, 84, husky-voiced star from *The Fountainhead* onwards, who repeatedly rebuilt her career after a series of severe personal and professional setbacks.

Leslie Nielsen, earnest leading man (*Forbidden Planet*) who was reborn as an ace comic actor in the 1980s (*Airplane!*, *The Naked Gun*).

Baby Marie Osborne, 99, child star who was at the height of her popularity during World War I, had her stardom end before she was ten, and later worked as a stand-in and wardrobe supervisor.

Per Oscarsson, 83, Swedish actor who played the lead in Henning Carlsen's *Hunger* and recently co-starred in the *Millennium Trilogy* screen adaptations.

Nirmal Pandey, 48, Indian actor who emerged in the 1990s (*Bandit Queen*, *Daayraa*).

Fess Parker, 85, star of TV's *Davy Crockett* who also had some notable film roles (*Old Yeller*, *Hell Is for Heroes*).

Neva Patterson, 90, Cary Grant's fiancée in *An Affair to Remember*, Spencer Tracy's assistant in *Desk Set* and Keir Dullea's mother in *David and Lisa*.

Ingrid Pitt, 73, Polish-born actress who became a voluptuous British horror queen in the early 1970s with her roles in Hammer's *The Vampire Lovers* and *Countess Dracula*.

Dorothy Provine, 75, who played the title role in William Witney's *The Bonnie Parker Story* and Milton Berle's long-suffering wife in *It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World*.

Meinhardt Raabe, 94, who as a Munchkin in *The Wizard of Oz* famously pronounced of the Wicked Witch of the East, "As coroner, I must aver/I thoroughly examined her/And she's not only merely dead/She's really most sincerely dead."

Corin Redgrave, 70, whose film work (*In the Name of the Father*) was overshadowed by his more famous sisters.

Lynn Redgrave, 67, who achieved stardom in the 1960s (*Georgy Girl*) and had a long if erratic screen career.

Bruno S. (aka Bruno Schleinstein), 78, German street musician, a vivid presence in two Herzog films (*The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser*, *Stroszek*).

Satō Kei, 81, Japanese actor of the New Wave generation who worked with Kobayashi, Shinoda, Shindo and especially Oshima.

Johnny Sheffield, 79, juvenile actor who was Boy opposite Johnny Weissmuller in the *Tarzan* movies, then had his own series as Bomba the Jungle Boy.

Jean Simmons, see box.

Gloria Stuart, 100, appealing starlet of the 1930s (*The Old Dark House*, *The Prisoner of Shark Island*) who re-emerged in her eighties to play the aged Rose in *Titanic*.

Takamine Hideko, 86, see box page 41.

Laurent Terzieff, 75, distinguished French actor (Pontecorvo's *Kapò*, Buñuel's *The Milky Way*, Godard's *Défective*).

Georges Wilson, 88, French character actor, frequently in international productions (Visconti's *The Stranger*, Lester's *The Three Musketeers*).

Norman Wisdom, 95, British slapstick comic who made a string of wildly popular films.

Ilene Woods, 81, who was the voice of the title character for Disney's *Cinderella*. ➡

Jean Simmons

Actress

b. 31/1/1929; d. 22/1/2010

About an hour into David Lean's 'Great Expectations' (1946) comes a moment that draws from audiences a sound between a gasp and a groan. It's our first sight of the adult Estella, whom we last saw played by the 17-year-old Jean Simmons. Now she's become the 29-year-old Valerie Hobson. It's unfair to Hobson, an attractive and graceful actress, but the gulf between her groomed good looks and the exquisite beauty of the teenage Simmons is too great to be bridged by the suspension of disbelief.

Simmons's delicate looks often had her cast in victim roles: a menaced heiress in the gothic melodrama 'Uncle Silas' (1947), Ophelia in Olivier's 'Hamlet' (1948), the tourist whose brother goes missing in 'So Long at the Fair' (1950), a disturbed girl in the sub-Hitchcockian thriller 'The Clouded Yellow' (1950). At other times, like so many young British actresses of the period, she found herself slotted into the pigeonhole marked 'demure'. But as her Estella suggested – or equally her Himalayan dancing girl Kanchi in the following year's 'Black Narcissus' – there was a mischievous side to Simmons that was rarely exploited. Few films offered her the chance to play comedy, though 'Guys and Dolls' (1955) was a rare exception: her strait-laced Salvationist discovering her inner raver in Havana was one of the film's high points.

Occasionally the dark side of Estella was let loose: the femme fatale of Otto Preminger's 'Angel Face' (1952), the scheming housemaid of 'Footsteps in the



BE STILL, POSTERS AND DESIGNS (G)

Fog' (1955), the compromised evangelist led astray by Burt Lancaster in 'Elmer Gantry' (1960, directed by Simmons's second husband, Richard Brooks). But for the most part, even in her biggest-budgeted Hollywood picture 'Spartacus' (1960), it was back to demure; and post-'Spartacus', it was 50 years of mainly

dress. Had it not been for the malice of Howard Hughes – who refused to loan her out when he had her under contract in the early 1950s because he resented her refusal to go to bed with him – Simmons might have had 'Roman Holiday' and a career that soared like Audrey Hepburn's. Our loss as well as hers. ♦♦ Philip Kemp

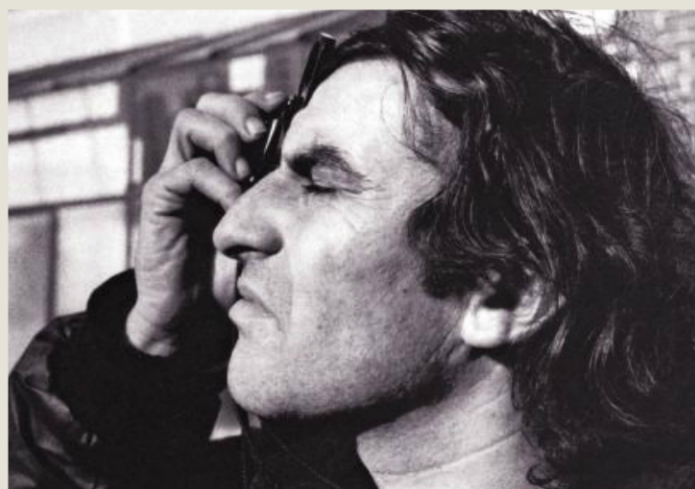
William Lubtchansky

Cinematographer

b. 26/10/1937; d. 4/5/2010

Born in 1937 in Paris to Polish-Jewish parents, William Lubtchansky – like so many others of his generation – was indelibly marked by the twin upheavals of the French New Wave and May 1968, which would inevitably govern the directors he'd choose to work with for the remainder of his life. After a classical training in cinematography at the Ecole Nationale Supérieure Louis-Lumière, one of France's oldest and most prestigious film schools, an early job was helping create camera effects on Henri-Georges Clouzot's ill-starred *'L'Enfer'* (1964), a baptism of fire if ever there was one, recounted in the recent documentary on the film, to which Lubtchansky contributed.

In the mid to late 1960s, Lubtchansky worked on several groundbreaking films, most notably Godard's *'Masculin Féminin'* (1966) as assistant to Willy Kurant, but it was through the 1970s and beyond that he really established his reputation as a brilliant composer of light and shade, drawn to demanding, often difficult directors pushing against every boundary in their formal experiments and explorations of filmic space. He worked 14 times with Jacques Rivette, six times with Godard and 11 times with Straub and Huillet, on some of the most important films ever made,



CAROLINE CHAMPETIER (C)

including *'Duelle (une quarantaine)'* (1975) and *'Merry-Go-Round'* (1983) for Rivette, *'Numéro deux'* (1975) and *'Nouvelle vague'* (1990) for Godard, and *'Class Relations'* (1983) and *'Sicilia'* (1998) for the Straubs, to name only a few. In addition there were fruitful collaborations with Agnès Varda (*'Daguerréotypes'*, 1975), François Truffaut (*'The Woman Next Door'*, 1981), Claude Lanzmann (the nine-hour *'Shoah'*, 1985), Jacques Doillon (*'Comédie!''*, 1987), Philippe Garrel (*'Regular Lovers'*, 2004) and Otar Iosseliani (*'Gardens in Autumn'*, 2006), in a total of 76 credits.

"I like high-contrast, dark images offset by heavily illuminated areas," Lubtchansky said. "Whether you like it or not, a cinematographer has his own personal style. I leave an imprint on all my films" – this despite trying for many years not to do so; the resulting tension perhaps goes some way to accounting for the subtle power of his work. Lubtchansky was possessed of an incredible versatility: fast and furious for the New Wave directors, slower and more reflective with the Straubs, often working miracles on tiny budgets. He immersed himself with relish

in Godard's video experiments of the 1970s, on films such as *'Six fois deux'* (1976) and *'France/Tour/Detour/Deux/Enfants'* (1977-8); famously he and Godard fell out, made up and then fell out again.

For Straub-Huillet he shot numerous high-contrast black-and-white films, endowing the images with a beautiful, sculptural density, particularly on *'Class Relations'*. The Straubs were probably his most stringent collaborators, imposing working conditions of ascetic minimalism. "In Cuba, intellectuals are dispatched to work in sugar-cane fields once a year," Lubtchansky commented. "For my part, I work with Straub-Huillet on the set once a year."

As that comment attests, he was down-to-earth and easy-going. "Film is a shark's business, but I enjoy showing colleagues my appreciation and sharing new discoveries," he once said. "If a genuinely creative atmosphere emerges in the community on set, it becomes totally irrelevant who was actually the originator of this or that idea... The filmed scene simply becomes organic, which means that all ambition and vanity will disappear." On his last film, Rivette's *'36 vues du Pic Saint-Loup'* (2009), Lubtchansky's daughter Irina took over DP duties – both a dynastic act of succession and a bequeathing of his talent. For the rest of us, there are those incredible films, one of the most dazzling bodies of cinematographic work in the medium's history. ➡ Kieron Corless

Animation

Kawamoto Kihachiro, 85, Japanese filmmaker considered one of the masters of stop-motion puppet animation (*Dojoji*, *The Book of the Dead*).

Kon Satoshi, 46, dynamic Japanese filmmaker and a leading figure in contemporary anime (*Millennium Actress*, *Tokyo Godfathers*, *Paprika*).

Rudy Larriva, 94, animator beginning in the late 1930s, with notable tenures at Warner Bros, Disney and UPA.

Bill Littlejohn, 96, animator who worked on MGM's *Tom & Jerry* cartoons, the independent films of the Hubleys, and

the features *The Phantom Tollbooth* and *Watership Down*.

Priscillano 'Pres' Romanillos, 47, character animator with Disney and DreamWorks (*Mulan*, *Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron*).

Te Wei, 94, master Chinese animator who rebuilt his career after the Cultural Revolution (*The Conceited General*, *Feelings of Mountains and Waters*).

Cinematographers

William A. Fraker, 86, one of the most influential cinematographers of the New Hollywood period (*Rosemary's Baby*, *Bullitt*, *Heaven Can Wait*).

Alan Hume, 85, whose versatile career includes *A Fish Called Wanda*, *Return of*

the Jedi, four Bond pictures and most of the *Carry On* comedies.

Tony Imi, 72, cinematographer who worked steadily in both TV (*Cathy Come Home*) and film (*The Slipper and the Rose*, *Aimée & Jaguar*).

William Lubtchansky, see box.

Robert Paynter, 82, who shot features for Michael Winner (*The Nightcomers*) and John Landis (*An American Werewolf in London*), as well as the influential music video *Thriller*.

Derek Vanlint, 77, Canadian cinematographer who photographed *Alien* and *Dragonslayer*.

Composers

Geoffrey Burgon, 69, noted for his TV work (*Brideshead Revisited*), though he scored some films (*Monty Python's Life of Brian*, *The Dogs of War*).

John Dankworth, 82, jazz musician, band leader and composer who scored some of the essential British films of the 1960s (*The Servant*, *Accident*, *Morgan – A Suitable Case for Treatment*).

Paul Dunlap, 90, composer on an assortment of genre pictures (*I Was a Teenage Werewolf*), including five for Sam Fuller (*The Steel Helmet*).

Nathan Scott, 94, composer who started his film career at Republic (*Wake of the Red Witch*, *The Golden Stallion*).

Directors

Roy Ward Baker, 93, London-born director of films as diverse as *A Night to Remember*, *The Singer Not the Song* and *Quatermass and the Pit*.

Robbins Barstow, 91, amateur filmmaker and home-movie advocate whose 1956 film *Disneyland Dream* is considered a key example of the genre.

Luis García Berlanga, 89, irreverent, darkly comic Spanish director known for his satirical critiques of Francoism (*Bienvenido, Mr Marshall!*, *El verdugo*).

Claude Chabrol, 80, major nouvelle vague figure (*Les Cousins*, *Le Boucher*) influenced by – and frequently compared to – Hitchcock and Lang.

Alain Corneau, 67, French director (*Choice of Arms*, *Tous les matins du monde*) with a fondness for crime dramas.

Clive Donner, 84, stylish director who shifted from Britain's New Wave to the Swinging 60s (*Nothing But the Best*, *What's New Pussycat*).

David E. Durston, 88, director and writer of the notorious horror-exploitation film *I Drink Your Blood*.

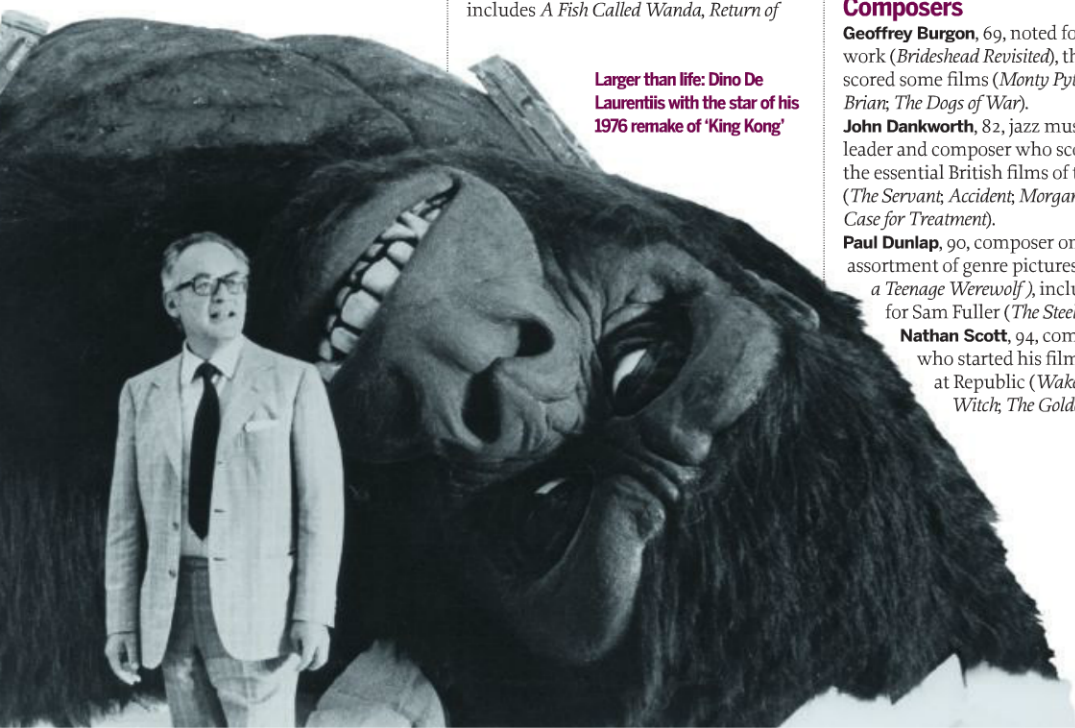
Blake Edwards, 88, a master of American movie comedy (*Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *The Pink Panther*), with occasional detours into drama.

Jan Halldoff, 70, part of the generation of Swedish filmmakers who came to prominence in the late 1960s (*Life's Just Great*, *The Corridor*).

George Hickenlooper, 47, who worked both in documentary (*Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse*) and fiction (*Casino Jack*).

Inoue Umetsugu, 86, director of action films and musicals both in his native Japan and Hong Kong (*The Man Who Causes a Storm*, *Hong Kong Nocturne*).

Larger than life: Dino De Laurentiis with the star of his 1976 remake of 'King Kong'



Lamont Johnson, 88, prolific director for TV and occasionally the cinema (*The McKenzie Break*; *The Last American Hero*).
Irvin Kershner, 87, journeyman director who mixed blockbusters with more intimate works (*Loving*; *The Empire Strikes Back*).
Merata Mita, 67, who made the documentaries *Bastion Point: Day 507* and *Patu!*, and later directed *Mauri*, perhaps the first feature-length fictional film by a Maori woman.
Mario Monicelli, 95, who was a major exponent of the *Commedia all'Italiana* (*Big Deal on Madonna Street*; *The Great War*) and occasionally ventured beyond it (*The Organizer*).
Vladimir Motyl, 82, popular Soviet-era director who frequently clashed with authorities (*White Sun of the Desert*; *The Star of Enchanting Happiness*).
Ronald Neame, 99, filmmaker whose career as director (*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*; *The Poseidon Adventure*), cinematographer, producer and screenwriter spanned seven decades.
Arthur Penn, 88, who helped change US cinema with a series of groundbreaking works (*Bonnie and Clyde*; *Little Big Man*).
Charles B. Pierce, 71, Arkansas-based regional filmmaker noted for his influential, low-budget horror flick *The Legend of Boggy Creek*.
Armando Robles Godoy, 87, who was among Peru's first significant filmmakers (*En la selva no hay estrellas*; *Mirage*).
Eric Rohmer, 89, one of the defining directors of French cinema, most famously for his six 'Moral Tales'.
Joseph W. Sarno, 89, who was an innovator of American exploitation cinema in the 1960s (*Sin in the Suburbs*; *Inga*).
Christoph Schlingensiefel, 49, provocative German artist and theatre director whose experimental films include his *Germany Trilogy*.
Werner Schroeter, see box page 42.
Joseph Strick, 86, independent filmmaker who cut an unconventional, often controversial path (*Ulysses*; *Tropic of Cancer*).
Igor Talankin, 82, Soviet filmmaker who received some international attention in the 1960s (*Introduction*; *Tchaikovsky*).
Wendy Toye, 92, choreographer who became a trailblazer among women directors in England (*The Stranger Left No Card*; *All for Mary*).
Mahama Johnson Traoré, 68, Senegalese director who also co-founded the FESPACO festival (*Diègue-Bi*; *N'Diangane*).

Editors

Dede Allen, 86, whose revolutionary style marked a major shift in American film-editing techniques (*The Hustler*; *Bonnie and Clyde*; *Dog Day Afternoon*).
Geoffrey Foot, 95, whose career spanned half a century (*The Sound Barrier*; *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*).
Sally Menke, 56, editor of all Tarantino's films, from *Reservoir Dogs* to *Inglourious Basterds*.
Karen Schmeer, 39, editor of documentaries, frequently for Errol

Morris (*Mr Death: The Rise and Fall of Fred A. Leuchter, Jr*; *The Fog of War*).

Producers/studio executives

Andy Albeck, 89, whose three-year tenure as president of United Artists was marked by *Raging Bull*, *Manhattan* and two Bond films, but also the *Heaven's Gate* disaster.
Roy Baird, 76, producer of the 1970s, frequently for Ken Russell (*Mahler*; *Quadrophenia*).
Alfredo Bini, 83, who produced Pasolini's films from *Accattone* to *Oedipus Rex*, and later Bresson's *Lancelot du lac*.
David Brown, 93, producer renowned for his long and lucrative partnership with

Richard D. Zanuck (*The Sting*; *Jaws*; *The Verdict*).

Gilbert de Goldschmidt, 85, who produced *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* and *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe* through his company Madeleine Films.

Dino De Laurentiis, 91, larger-than-life Italian movie magnate who was a major force in international filmmaking for more than five decades.

Elliott Kastner, 80, talent agent turned independent producer (*Where Eagles Dare*; *The Long Goodbye*).

Robert B. Radnitz, 85, producer of serious-minded, issue-oriented family fare (*Sounder*; *Where the Lilies Bloom*).

ROBERT F. BOYLE

Production designer
b. 10/10/1909; d. 2/8/2010

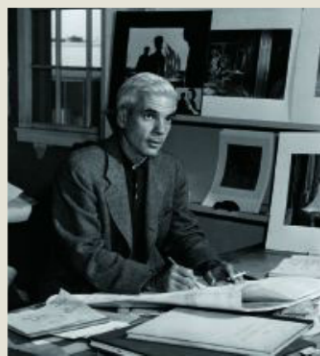
Had he not graduated in 1933, Robert Boyle might have followed his dream of designing houses and skyscrapers. But during the Great Depression, building illusions was the only job going for a budding architect in California, and it was at Paramount that Boyle found refuge, working as a sketch artist under Hans Dreier, the production designer responsible for von Sternberg's atmospheric, shadowy sets.

Yet over the following six decades, Boyle became a production designer known not for his extrovert style, but for his expert craftsmanship, his technical innovations and his eye for detail. "It's very easy to make films that show off design," he would later warn. "The problem is to exert some discipline." In his view, his job was to create "a total physical environment that interpreted the script". Or as he more tersely put it, the production designer was the one who "knew how to get the film done". And throughout his long career, Boyle got 87 of them done, working for directors as varied as Alfred Hitchcock, Budd Boetticher, Norman Jewison, Douglas Sirk and Sam Fuller.

It was with Hitchcock that Boyle received his break, on 'Saboteur' (1942). With a tight budget and the outbreak of war preventing the crew from using any actual military factories, Boyle improvised using storage bins with sliding doors and painted backings. Meanwhile a black swivel chair came in handy when Norman Lloyd needed to meet his fate spinning to the ground from the top of the Statue of Liberty.

If suspense was Hitch's trademark, deception was Boyle's. For 'The Birds' (1963) he oversaw the painstaking construction of a single God's-eye-view shot of seagulls swarming over a burning petrol station from 33 individual bits of film. Interestingly, Boyle's earliest cinematic memory was one of avian horror: as a small boy he was terrified by an eagle carrying off a child in the 1908 silent 'Rescued from an Eagle's Nest'.

However, if 'The Birds' was Boyle's technical tour de force and, as he would later admit, the craziest, most



PHOTOGRAPH BY (C)

complicated project he ever worked on, 'North by Northwest' (1959) provided the most dangerous moments of his career. Long before Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint climbed down Mount Rushmore, Boyle was precariously lowered down Lincoln's face on rusty cables in order to photograph the site for models after filming there was forbidden.

'North by Northwest' also proved that Boyle could let design triumph. We might have been absorbed by Cary Grant's efforts to spy on James Mason, but it was Vandamm's sleek, hilltop villa that really stole the show. Inspired by Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater house and designed by Boyle to be "the perfect jungle gym" for Grant to climb up, it was actually constructed on stage five at MGM – a fact that has always disappointed fans keen to visit the ultimate villain's lair.

For Boyle, like Hitch, reality and shooting on location were best avoided. There were some exceptions: on Richard Brooks's 'In Cold Blood' (1967), Boyle used the actual murder scene – the Clutter house – to chilling effect. But he was most at home building in the studio, where reality could be fashioned with the utmost control and precision. Norman Jewison, depressed after not being able to secure a real submarine for his 1966 comedy 'The Russians Are Coming! The Russians Are Coming!', promptly received a full-size fibreglass and styrofoam version. For Boyle, a self-christened "relic of the studio system", Hollywood really was "a place where you can imagine whatever you wanted".

◆◆ Isobel Stevens

Geoffrey Reeve, 77, producer (*The Shooting Party*; *The Whistle Blower*) and occasional director (*Puppet on a Chain*).

Gareth Wigan, 78, studio executive and producer known for backing risky projects like *Star Wars*, *Alien*, *Chariots of Fire* and *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*.

David L. Wolper, 82, innovative TV producer (*Roots*) whose films include both documentaries and features (*Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory*; *The Hellstrom Chronicle*).

Screenwriters

Suso Cecchi D'Amico, 96, pioneering screenwriter who worked on some of the essential works of Italian cinema, including *Bicycle Thieves*, *Senso*, *Salvatore Giuliano* and *The Leopard*.

Piero De Bernardi, 83, Italian screenwriter who teamed with Leonardo Benvenuti (*Marriage, Italian Style*; *Once upon a Time in America*).

Monica McGowan Johnson, 64, screenwriter noted for her long-time partnership with Albert Brooks (*Modern Romance*; *Lost in America*).

Tom Mankiewicz, 68, son of Joseph L. Mankiewicz, screenwriter and Hollywood script doctor who worked on five Bond films and *Superman I & II*.
William Norton, 85, writer of tough action films who had an even more colourful offscreen life (*The Scalphunters*; *Big Bad Mama*).

Irving Ravetch, 89, who collaborated with his wife Harriet Frank Jr on films for Martin Ritt, among others (*Hud*; *Norma Rae*).

Furio Scarpelli, 90, Italian screenwriter, mostly of comedies and long in collaboration with Agenore 'Age' Incrocci (*Big Deal on Madonna Street*; *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*).

Erich Segal, 72, who adapted his own tearjerker novel *Love Story* for the blockbuster film version and co-wrote the script for *Yellow Submarine*.

Alan Sillitoe, 82, author who adapted his best-known work for film (*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*; *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*).

Jerzy Stefan Stawinski, 88, leading screenwriter of Polish post-war cinema who worked with Wajda (*Kanał*), Munk (*Eroica*) and Aleksander Ford (*Knights of the Teutonic Order*).

Set & costume designers

Robert F. Boyle, see box.

John Graysmark, 75, versatile art director (1980's *Flash Gordon*) and production designer (*Ragtime*; *White Hunter Black Heart*).

Pierre Guffroy, 84, production designer for a veritable who's who of arthouse cinema: Buñuel, Polanski, Bresson, Cocteau, Godard, Truffaut and Tavernier.

Kimura Takeo, 91, Japanese production designer, an important collaborator of Suzuki Seijun who made his own feature directorial debut at the age of 90.
Nakamura Kimihiko, 94, art director and production designer on key credits for Imamura, Suzuki, Kinoshita and Tanaka Kinuyo.

MORE FEATURE OBITUARIES ONLINE Kate Stables on Leslie Nielsen | Ryan Gilbey on Sally Menke | Mar Diestro-Dópido on Luis García Berlanga | Vic Pratt on Clive Donner | www.bfi.org.uk/sightandsound

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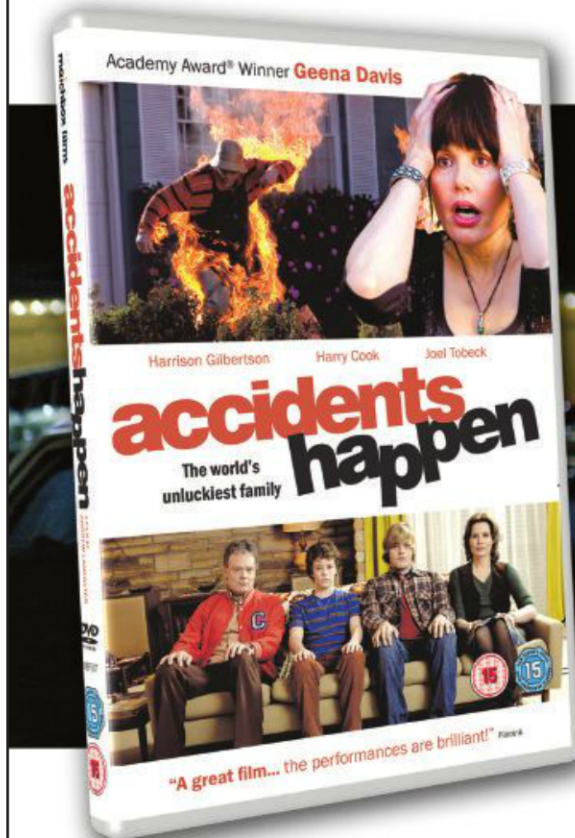
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NY Film Examiner

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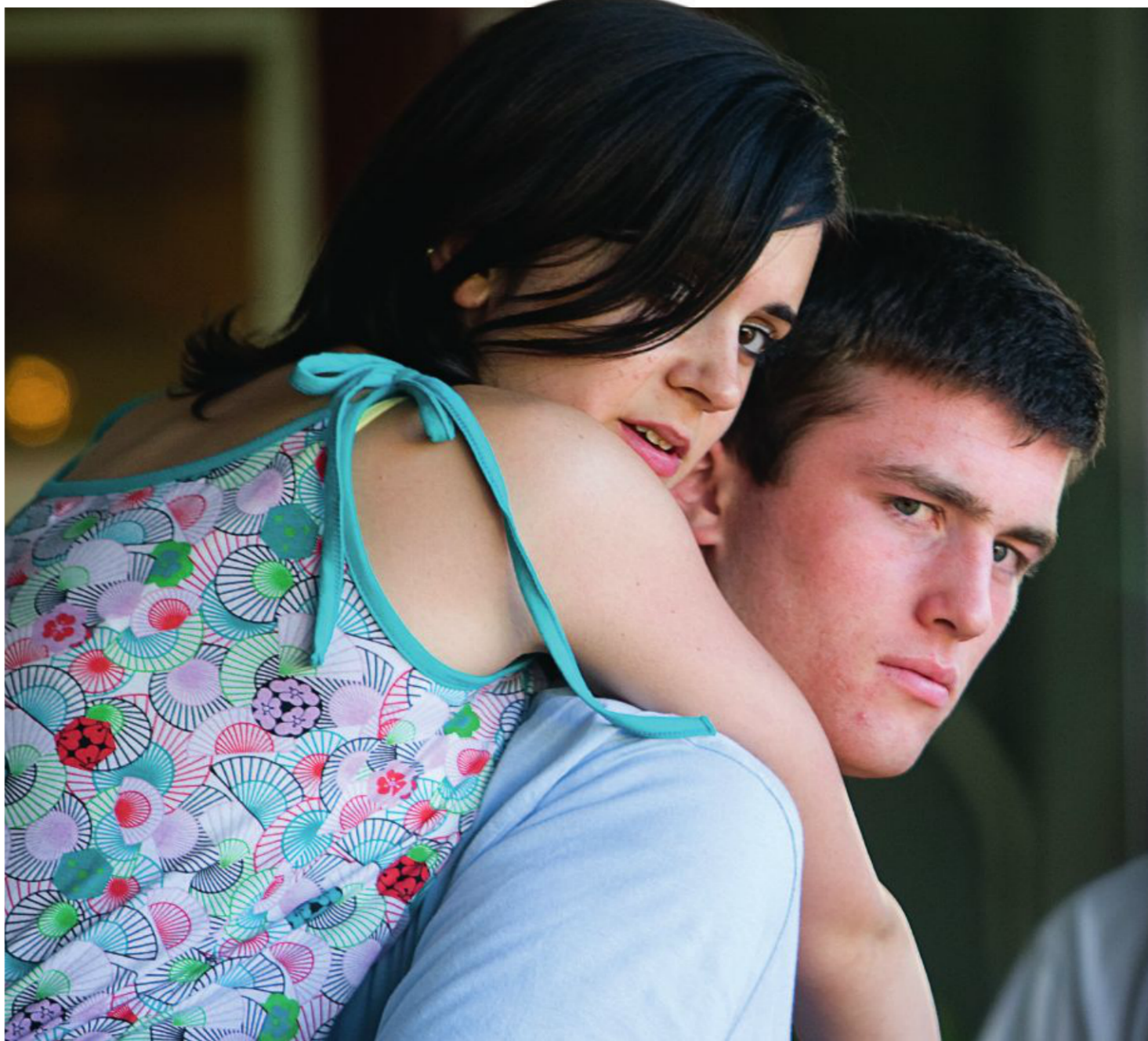
Reviews

48 FILM OF THE MONTH

50 FILMS

84 DVDS

92 BOOKS



Reviews, synopses and full credits for all the month's new films, plus the pick of the new books and DVDs

.....
Animal Kingdom This ambitious and effective thriller does for the Australian urban crime story what Gary Oldman's *Nil by Mouth* (1997) did for the vicious circle of violence in South London during the same period **p50**
.....

Island records

Following *'Unrelated'* with another tale of a tightly wound English family on holiday – this time in the Scilly Isles – *'Archipelago'* confirms Joanna Hogg as one of our subtlest and most probing filmmakers. By **Jonathan Romney**

Archipelago

Joanna Hogg, 2010

This may not seem like headline news, exactly: the English upper middle class suffers from emotional repression and may harbour seething resentments beneath a patina of easygoing charm. But this is not the revelation of *Archipelago* so much as the underlying axiom on which Joanna Hogg builds her story about specific people in a specific setting. Like Hogg's debut *Unrelated* (2007), *Archipelago* is essentially a chamber piece – albeit an outdoorsy one – minutely mapping the tensions and emotional evasions among a group of English people on holiday. Again, an outsider is caught in the squabbles of an enclosed family group. The setting – although it's never named – is Tresco, one of the Scilly Isles, and the film is book-ended by the arrival and departure of a helicopter, linking the isle to the mainland. As much as a downbeat comedy of bourgeois mores, *Archipelago* is a sort of claustrophobic horror story, set in a place of no easy escape. This is Hogg's *Shutter Island*, if you like, although the madness is more discreet, in the English style.

Another connection with Hogg's earlier film is the repeat appearance of Tom Hiddleston, here playing the diametrical opposite of *Unrelated*'s bullish Oakley. His Edward is unassumingly pleasant, compassionate, idealistic – and irredeemably wet. Childlike throughout (he's often seen lolloping boyishly in jumper and pyjamas), Edward emerges as an appeaser in the late scene where he tries to cheer up his sister Cynthia (Lydia Leonard), who has exercised emotional tyranny over her family throughout their stay. Poking his glove-puppeted hand round her bedroom door, he adopts the voice of a comedy animal: "Hello Mummy, I've been a bad, bad badger... Don't worry, I'll look after you." Any viewer not actually retching at this point will be fascinated by the depth of familial perversity revealed here.



Christopher Baker functions as the film's resident aesthetic philosopher, his theory of painting loosely serving to articulate Hogg's cinematic method

An archipelago is a group of islands such as the Scillies, or indeed a family – a set of individuals supposedly forming a unit yet separate from each other and, in this case, woefully unable to communicate. The mother, Patricia (Kate Fahy), never gets round to rebuking her absent husband until the end of the holiday, when she can only scream at him. Cynthia can barely express herself except through brittle signs of chagrin; with her monotone terseness (perfectly pitched by Leonard), she's a mistress of emotional displacement, with a curious habit of venting her rage over poultry. She flies off the handle over buckshot in her pheasant, and in a superbly understated scene – which perfectly nails English

unease about dining out – she sends back her underdone guinea fowl in a restaurant, showering contempt on her companions for not doing the same (her bird is, of course, cooked quite correctly).

As for Edward, there's something no less neurotic in the way he lets himself be treated. It turns out that Chloe, his girlfriend of 18 months – whom he'll only see briefly before leaving for Africa – has not been allowed to come to Tresco because this is strictly a family holiday. She's not family, Cynthia objects: "It's [sic] just someone you're

FIVE GO MAD IN SCILLY
Edward (Tom Hiddleston, all pics) has a tense family holiday with an extended family including his mother (Kate Fahy, facing page) and her painting teacher (Christopher Baker, above left)



attracted to." It's horrifying that Edward has abjectly tolerated this treatment of himself, and of Chloe.

The enigmatic absence in the family is Will, apparently a cold, forbidding father (Edward lampoons him as a gruff, huntin' shootin' type) and a negligent husband. Echoing his absence is the gap on the living-room wall, from which the family has taken down a large, oppressive picture of a stormy sea, seen in close-up at the end of the film. The picture's removal is a gesture of denial on the family's part, repressing an image of conflict (even if it is a sound aesthetic choice).

There are two additional presences in the household – for both of which Hogg has cast non-professionals playing versions of themselves, thus breaking and loosening the tight frame of dramatic representation. One is real-life cook Amy Lloyd, whose Rose disturbs the family unit in terms of both emotion and class. Her servant status – although she's possibly upper-middle-class herself – brings out the women's insular snobbery. "You don't have to make friends with the cook," Cynthia hisses at Edward. "He's got too much empathy," Patricia ruefully comments.

Rose's growing rapport with Edward suggests that she has adopted him as a surrogate kid brother – the sort who has to be comforted when lobsters are cooked. However, suggestions of sexual attraction are subtly pitched under the surface. Edward's one act of displaced sexual activity is to serenade Rose with a pair of spoons – and perhaps one reason for Rose's abrupt departure is that she despairs of him ever following up. The expected love story is another significant absence in the film, and the originality of Hogg's story-telling is that narratives don't come to fruition. Even blazing rows provide no catharsis – things just subside into the status quo.

The other outsider is the artist played by real-life painter Christopher Baker. He is a thoughtful, calming presence in the household, but there is one scene too many of him musing on life and painting. Christopher



functions as the film's resident aesthetic philosopher, his theory of painting loosely serving to articulate Hogg's cinematic method. He preaches the value of chaos – which in fact Hogg's filmic style, like her characters, rather tends to suppress. He believes in abstraction – and Hogg's cinema is more concrete than abstract; but when he describes it as “a way of distilling and simplifying the important information”, that certainly chimes with *Archipelago*.

Indeed, *Archipelago* itself distils and simplifies the formal insights of the already spartan *Unrelated*. Hogg again favours long takes, precise editing, quasi-documentary recording of terse, tentatively casual dialogue patterns. But the visual textures are more distinctive than in *Unrelated*. Hogg and DP Ed Rutherford frame their characters – typically dressed in bland khaki and navy – in an equally downbeat natural palette, the house's aquarium-like grey-green semi-darkness matching the tones of the surrounding country. This is a very distinctive landscape film – with its formal gardens and tropical foliage, Tresco looks almost dreamlike, half wild, half ornamental. But the HD-shot film is equally distinctive in its interiors, echoing the paintings of Danish artist Vilhelm Hammershøi. His muted, claustrophobic rooms

provide models for images such as a shot of Edward at Patricia's bedside, head turned three-quarters from the camera, daylight touching his neck – a concise picture of intimate desolation.

Like Hammershøi and Christopher, Hogg adheres to the credo of understatement, withdrawing what other films might deem essential – such as any backstory to explain Cynthia's

bitterness. Christopher teaches the principle of subtraction as he explains the internal dynamics of his paintings: remove the colour blue, he says, and the role of blue is transferred to the other colours. You could call *Archipelago* a study in universally displaced blue.

Viewers will differ on whether it's daring or ill-advised of Hogg to visit similar territory twice. Between her two films, you lose something and you gain something. Some of *Unrelated*'s darker currents (notably of sexual menace) and some of the broader humour of social embarrassment are lost here. *Archipelago*'s sombre introspection may disappoint some of the earlier film's fans, but it's brave of Hogg to explore an austere restricted version of similar themes in more nuanced depth; this is, if not more abstract, certainly a rather more cerebral film.

In any case, British filmmakers are often wary of repeating themselves, and it's a bold move for Hogg to hold her corner, even at the risk of eventually painting herself into it. “I guess being tough is holding your course,” muses Christopher by way of avuncular advice to Edward. By that measure, Hogg – in her undemonstrative way – is one of the toughest filmmakers we have.

For credits and synopsis, see page 51

A very ordered image

Joanna Hogg on how she found inspiration in painting

Maybe because I have come to filmmaking later in life, I can do what Francis Bacon said, which was “throw paint on the canvas and see what happens.” Keeping the work open and allowing each part of the process to be creative, I'm not just executing a plan I made earlier. The writing I do is not conventional screenwriting. I have endless notebooks on the go and rather than translate these into a neat screenplay, which would kill my ideas stone dead, they get poured straight into the film as it is being made. This is via a document that reads more like a piece of prose or fiction, illustrated by my photographs. It's a form of action painting. All my references are connected to painting at the moment!

I created ‘Archipelago’ in a slightly different way from ‘Unrelated’. Despite not writing a conventional script, the result is maybe more austere and controlled. On an emotional level it went deeper and is more complex. Francis Bacon said, “I want a very ordered image,



JOANNA HOGG

but I want it to come about by chance.” This sums up what I was trying to achieve.

‘Archipelago’ is less autobiographical than ‘Unrelated’, but more personal. I was ambivalent about whether I had the right to portray people close to me. I decided to base all the characters around myself, so I wouldn't hurt anyone. What I've ended up with is a rather unflattering self-portrait, in which I've created a kind of internal family that bears no relation to my family.

Animal Kingdom

Australia 2009

Director: David Michôd

With Ben Mendelsohn, Joel Edgerton, Guy Pearce, Luke Ford
Certificate 15 113m 11s

Loosely inspired by the figures and incidents of Melbourne's colourful crime history – in particular the 1980s Walsh Street police shootings and such media-celebrated figures as the Moran brothers and the delightfully monickered 'Granny Evil' Pettingill – writer-director David Michôd's ambitious and, on the whole, effective thriller tries to do for the Australian urban crime story roughly what Gary Oldman's *Nil by Mouth* (1997) did for the vicious circle of violence, alcoholism and petty criminality in South London during the same period. Though less autobiographical and with less use of improvisation, Michôd's Sundance-winning insider's view of the decline and fall of what is in many ways an old-fashioned and 'outdated' criminal family has an impressively gritty realism.

The most important line in the film comes from naïve 17-year-old point-of-view character Josh, who finds himself part of his extended family's criminal activities following the death of his mother: "They were all scared," he says in voiceover, offering a view of the sometimes darkly comic, sometimes borderline psychopathic behaviour of his three uncles and their criminal associates and police counterparts as basically compensatory, while at the same time placing an important moral distance between the audience/director and Darren, Craig and Pope's peacock-displays of machismo and violence.

Many of the cast, notably Ben Mendelsohn as the volatile Pope and Jacki Weaver as the intimidating, near-incestuous matriarch, respond well to the oppressive climate of paranoia, fear and loathing the director sets up, whereas newcomer James Frecheville as Josh at times has his limitations exposed. Carrying himself like a moody, slightly morose slacker, he's interestingly cast as a not particularly



Disappearing world: Joel Edgerton, Jacki Weaver

intelligent tour guide through this threatening, disintegrating milieu: his thoughts aren't easy to read, making the degree of his assimilation difficult to fathom and the moral conundrums he faces all the harder to sympathise with. Structurally, too, there are demands. Maintaining the tension of this worm's-eye view gets harder for director Michôd as the action broadens out and separates: the best scenes are in the claustrophobic family home, where Michôd's acute control of language, both verbal and body, is best displayed, characters pacing the room with the aggression of caged animals or like players in some Tennessee Williams psychosexual melodrama.

If things become more conventional as the movie progresses – with characterisations such as Dan Wyllie's bent lawyer tending to caricature – that isn't to say the direction is incompetent. Cinematographer Adam Arkapaw shoots the action well and the violence discreetly, while Michôd utilises judicious amounts of slow-mo and still photograph inserts, and his effective sound design compensates somewhat for Antony Partos' underwhelming score.

Michôd has spoken about how his long-gestated movie had its origins in a yet more ambitious multi-city depiction

of a disappearing Australian criminal subculture. The finished film, stripped down as it is, could arguably have benefited from an even more myopic focus, one less attendant to the demands of the commercial thriller. But still, it constitutes a decent attempt to walk the tightrope between the glamorising, mythologising, violence-fetishising temptations of the orthodox gangland thriller and a somewhat more artistically and morally enquiring exploration of the realities and tragic consequences of life within Australia's criminal underbelly.

✦ Wally Hammond

CREDITS

Directed by David Michôd
Produced by Liz Watts
Written by David Michôd
Cinematographer Adam Arkapaw
Editor Luke Doolan
Production Designer Jo Ford
Composer/Music Arranger Antony Partos

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Production Companies Screen Australia and Porchlight Films present in association with Film Victoria, Screen NSW, Fulcrum Media Finance, Showtime Australia a Porchlight Films production
Developed in association with Proudly Productions
Developed by Aurora
Produced in association with Showtime Australia
Developed and produced with assistance from FTO – New South Wales Film and Television Office
Produced with the assistance of Film Victoria

Financed in association with Fulcrum Media Finance
Executive Producers Bec Smith
Vincent Sheehan
Line Producer/Production Manager Libby Sharpe
Production Co-ordinator Serena Gattuso
Production Accountant Jeremy Atcliffe
Location Manager Drew Rhodes
Post-production Supervisor Helen Lovelock
Assistant Directors 1st: Phil Jones
2nd: Betty Fotofili
Script Supervisor Mimi Freccero
Casting Director Kirsty McGregor
Script Editors Raymond Devitt
Duncan Thompson
Script Consultant Tom Noble
Steadicam Operator Dale Henderson
Gaffer Karl Engeler
Key Grip Glenn Arrowsmith
Visual Effects/Optical Supervisor Takahiro Suzuki
Special Effects Supervisor Peter Stubbs
Art Director Janie Parker
Costume Designer Cappi Ireland
Costume Supervisor Michael Davies

Hair/Make-up Supervisor Kirsten Veysey
Titles Design Jeremy Saunders
Luke Doolan
Additional Score Sam Petty
Soundtrack "Berserk Warriors" – Mental As Anything; "All Out of Love" – Air
Supply; "Refugee" – Freaky Lou; "Sitting in Limbo" – Jimmy Cliff; "Descent" by Antony Partos, David McCormack – Antony Partos, David McCormack; "Pope's Lament" – Jono Ma, Ivan Vizintin; "April Sun in Cuba" – Dragon
Sound Designer Sam Petty
Sound Recordist Philippe Decrausaz
Sound Mixers Robert MacKenzie
Sam Petty
Supervising Sound Editor Sam Petty
Stunt Co-ordinator Zev Eleftheriou

CAST

Ben Mendelsohn Andrew 'Pope' Cody
Joel Edgerton Barry 'Baz' Brown
Guy Pearce Detective Senior Sgt Nathan Leckie
Luke Ford Darren Cody
Jacki Weaver Janine 'Smurf' Cody
Sullivan Stapleton Craig Cody
James Frecheville Joshua 'J' Cody
Dan Wyllie Ezra White
Anthony Hayes Detective Justin Norris
Laura Wheelwright Nicky Henry
Mirrah Foulkes Catherine Brown
Justin Rosniak Detective Randall Roache
Susan Prior Alicia Henry
Clayton Jacobson Gus Emery
Anna Lise Phillips Justine Hopper, barrister

Bryce Lindemann paramedic 1
Paul Smits paramedic 2
Anthony Ahern armed robbery detective
Michael Vice hood 1
Chris Weir hood 2
Sarah Nguyen waitress
Lucia Cai cashier
Ann Michôd shopper
Tim Phillips Constable Daniel Hordern
Josh Helman Constable Peter Simmons
Michael Cody police radio
Kieran Darcy-Smith John Harrop
Jack Healy Andy Emery
Andy McPhee Richard Collis
Christina Azucena Dacinta Collis
Jacquie Brennan Sarah Leckie
Ben Ouweland Scott Leckie
Bert Laborite PSG Santo
James Saunders PSG Gary
Dom Phelan PSG Tom
Brenda Palmer Smurf's neighbour
Tom Noble court warden
Daniel Roche SOG
David Michôd reporter
Beau Hurren stunt detective 1
Jesse Rowles stunt detective 2
Graham Jahne stunt SOG 1
Paul Rochford stunt SOG 2
Zev Eleftheriou Gus stunt driver

Dolby Digital In Colour [2.35:1]

Distributor Optimum Releasing

10,186 ft +2 frames

SYNOPSIS Melbourne, Australia, the 1980s. Seventeen-year-old Joshua Cody sits impassively as his mother's body is taken away by police officers following a fatal drug overdose. He accepts an offer from his grandmother, Janine 'Smurf' Cody, to stay at her home; there he meets Barry, a former bank robber and now a stock-market dabbler. Josh also reacquaints himself with two of his three uncles, Darren and drug dealer (and possible addict) Craig; Andrew, the eldest of his uncles, known as 'Pope', is on the run from the police.

Barry is shot by rogue officers of the Armed Robbery Squad, an event witnessed by Pope, who swears revenge. Darren and Craig, suspicious of Josh, demand he steal a car. The car is later used in their revenge murder of two policemen, implicating Josh. Pope argues with Craig over his drug dealing and use of narcotics.

Josh is 'counselled' by the Cody family's corrupt lawyer Ezra White, and later questioned by honest detective Leckie, who encourages him to inform on his uncles. Fearing that Josh's girlfriend Nicky may give evidence to the police, his uncles bring her to the house and Pope gives her a fatal drug dose. Josh's grandmother attempts to take control of the situation by putting pressure on her lawyers and threatening senior police officers with the exposure of their corrupt activities.

Josh chooses not to inform on his family but exacts his own revenge, procuring a gun and shooting Pope dead.

Animals United

Germany 2010

Directors: Reinhard Klooss, Holger Tappe

Voices of James Corden, Stephen Fry, Andy Serkis, Billie Piper

Certificate U 92m 57s

This animated children's picture from German studio Constantin is based on the 1949 book *The Conference of the Animals* by Emil and the Detectives author Erich Kästner. Originally an anti-war fable, Kästner's tale was made into a film by animator Curt Linda in 1969, and reappears now as a 3D CGI climate-change sermon in which an assortment of animals – meerkat, polar bear, cockerel, koala etc – gather with zoological unlikelihood on the African savannah to battle rapacious, witless, resources-guzzling humans and demolish the vast concrete dam that's turning their fertile land into a dustbowl, ultimately travelling to the UN in New York (via whale) to try to wake the world up to the realities of imminent global destruction.

A veritable Bafta of British performers provide the voices for the English dub: Stephen Fry as a wise (vegetarian!) lion, Vanessa Redgrave and Jim Broadbent as a couple of ancient tortoises, Andy Serkis as a showboating French cockerel, and James Corden in the lead as Billy, a feckless dreamer of a meerkat who must follow his join-the-dots destiny and find his inner hero etc etc. The central environmental message seems at best a bit disingenuous – I'm not sure we'll save the planet with 3D glasses – and decidedly unsubtle, even for the reception-class demographic: all humans depicted here are, bar the requisite feisty little girl, gormless or greedy or both. And the decision to include a group of comedy vultures seems like asking for trouble – *The Jungle Book* this isn't.

Visually the film suffices, and very young children may find it diverting. But your chances of coming across any real animated razzle-dazzle here are about as likely as finding a polar bear in Africa. ♦♦ **Jane Lamacraft**

SYNOPSIS The African savannah, the present. When the local waterhole runs dry, Billy the meerkat ventures forth to investigate the cause, accompanied by his friend, Socrates the lion. They meet a group of other animals who are seeking refuge from dangers in various parts of the world: a polar bear sent south by the melting ice cap; a French cockerel escaping a chef who wants to cook him; a koala and a Tasmanian devil fleeing a bush fire. The animals discover the cause of the drought: a dam built by humans to provide water for a holiday resort. A conference of all the animals is called; they decide to act. Marching on the dam they succeed in breaking it down, once again flooding the plains with life-giving water.

Carried by whales, the animals travel to New York, where they visit the UN headquarters to hold humans to account for the damage they have done to the planet.

CREDITS

Directed by Reinhard Klooss
Holger Tappe
Producers Reinhard Klooss
Holger Tappe
Screenplay Oliver Huzly
Reinhard Klooss
Inspired by the children's novel *Die Konferenz der Tiere*/ *The Animals' Conference* by Erich Kästner
Editor Alexander Dittner
Production Design Henning Ahlers
Music by/Conductor David Newman

©Constantin Film
Produktion GmbH, White Horse Pictures GmbH
Production Companies A Reinhard Kloos/Holger Tappe film
A Reinhard Klooss production
A Constantin Film production in association with Ambient Entertainment and White Horse Pictures
Supported by DFFF – Deutscher Filmförderfonds, NordMedia Fonds GmbH in Niedersachsen and Bremen, Land Niedersachsen/NBank, FFF – FilmFernsehFonds Bayern, FFA – Filmförderungsanstalt
Executive Producer Martin Moszkowicz
Associate Producers Ralph Kamp
Eckhart Schmidt
Production Management Bernd Bohnert
Accountants Ambient Entertainment: Hedel Jaworski
Marianne Falke
Head of Post-production Constantin Film: Josef Reidinger

Additional Screenplay

Material Sven Severin
Script Consultant Stefan Wood
Motion Capturing Matthias Reimschuessel
Florian Linner
Visual Effects/Fluids Technical Director Timo Schnitt
Visual Effects Henning Baumeister
Konstantin Hubmann
Tim Völcker
Animation Supervisors Benedikt Niemann
Nicolai Tuma
Animators Henning Baumeister
Gerhard Brammer
Arno Franzl
Michael Glans
Felix Graf
Ivo Grigul
Patrick Heumann
Ellen Hoffmann
Konstantin Hubmann
Stefan Klaus
Martin Moch
Matthias Reimschuessel
Carsten Seller
Jörg Volk
Thomas Voss
Lucas Wendler
Supervising Creative Technical Director Haggi Flöser-Krey
Action Camera
Animation Henning Baumeister
Lighting Supervisor Guillaume Wyatt
Lighting Lead Technical Director Nico Rehberg
Lighting Technical Directors Manuel Dongowski
Volker Willmann
Lighting Dennis Beckstein
Arno Franzl
Sabri Badri
Tino Röger
David Scherr
André Schneider
Cloth Technical Director Ralf Hietel
Hair Department Supervisor Gildas Gerdes

Texturing Supervisor Character Texturing Marek Binieda
Supervisor Prop/Set Texturing Kristian Plattner
Stereoscopic Supervisor Clemens Kinder
Prop/Set Modelling Supervisor André Schneider
Modelling Mathias Gerlach
Marian Sander
Sven Kroog
David Scherr
Conceptual Illustrations Saskia Gutekunst
Production Editor Nicolai Tuma
Layout Editors Fabian Müller
Ralf Hietel
Additional Production Design Michael Korb
Orchestra Berlin Score Orchestra
Orchestration Greg Jamrock
Music Supervisors Christoph Becker
Pia Hoffmann
Soundtrack "Radar Love" – Golden Earring; "La Mer" – Charles Trenet; "Hokey Pokey"; "King of the Road"; "Splish Splash" – Naturally 7; "Soul Salad" by Steve Martin; "Smooth as Silk"; "Fun Sunny Day"; "Fun, Fun, Fun" – The Beach Boys; "A New Horizon" – Xavier Naidoo, Naturally 7
Music Consultant Oliver Huzly
Sound Design Stefan Busch
Re-recording Mixers Michael Kranz
English Language Version: Ben Rosenkind

Mischa Goodman
Junior, Billy's son
Elisabeth Williams meerkat 1
Jessica Owen meerkat 2
Bella Hudson Sushi, the polar bear
Tom Wayland Bob, the anteater
Veronica Taylor the mole
Ruben Lloyd vulture 1
Billy Beach vulture 2
Gary McHenry vulture 3

the 'Australians'
Pete Zarustica Smiley, the Tasmanian devil
Oliver Green Ken, the koala bear

the 'creatures without fur'
Michael Glover Mr Smith
Kim Holland Maya, Smith's daughter
Marc Diraison Cook, the reporter
Ben Howard chef de cuisine

German Language Version
Ralf Schmitz Billy
Thomas Fritsch Socrates
Christoph Maria Herbst Charles
Bastian Pastewka Ange
Peter Groeger Winston
Oliver Kalkofe Smith, hotel owner

Dolby Digital
In Colour [1.85:1]

Distributor Entertainment Film Distributors Ltd

Some screenings presented in 3D
3D version 92m 57s
8,365 ft +8 frames
2D version 92m 57s
8,366 ft +2 frames

German theatrical title
Die Konferenz der Tiere

VOICE CAST

English Language Version
James Corden Billy
Stephen Fry Socrates
Andy Serkis Charles
Billie Piper Bonnie
Dawn French Angie
Joanna Lumley Giselle
Vanessa Redgrave Winifred
Jim Broadbent Winston
Jason Donovan Toby
Omid Djalili Bongo

the animals of the
Okavango Delta
Sean Schemmel Biggie, the rhinoceros
Marc Thompson Chino, the waterbuffalo
Jason Griffith Toto, the chimpanzee

Archipelago

United Kingdom 2010

Director: Joanna Hogg

With Tom Hiddleston, Kate Fahy, Lydia Leonard, Amy Lloyd

Certificate 15 114m 41s

Archipelago is our Film of the Month and is reviewed on p48.

CREDITS

Directed by Joanna Hogg
Produced by Gayle Griffiths
Written by Joanna Hogg
Director of Photography Ed Rutherford
Editor Helle Le Fevre
Production Designer Stéphane Collonge

©JHP2 Ltd
Production Company A Wild Horses Film Company production
Executive Producers Kiyoshi Nomura
Edward Charlton
Line Producer Luke Schiller
Production Co-ordinator Beni Hardiman
Production Accountant Christine Gayford
Post-production Supervisor Luke Schiller
Assistant Director 1st: Paolo Guglielmotti
Script Supervisor Sara J. Doughty
Casting Director Lucy Bevan
Soundtrack "Cynthia's Song" – Lydia Leonard
Art Director Sonya Yu
Costume Designer Stéphane Collonge
Titles Layout Ella Coleman
Sound Recordist David F. Mitchell
Re-recording Mixer/Supervising Sound Editor Jovan Ajder

CAST

Tom Hiddleston Edward
Kate Fahy Patricia
Amy Lloyd Rose
Lydia Leonard Cynthia
Christopher Baker Christopher, artist
Mike Pender lobster fisherman
Andrew Lawson head gardener
Leigh Baker Allanah Sheppard waitress
Alan Hewitt chef
Will Ash Paul Christopher
Paul Christopher Ian Chesterman guns
Michael Foster David Hamilton
Jon Taylor beaters
Steve Parkes gamekeeper
Keely Brooker Anita Bujansky
Anita Bujansky Gabriel Bujansky
Julian McCurdy cleaners
Buster Tug gun dogs

Dolby Digital
In Colour

Distributor Artificial Eye Film Company

10,321 ft +8 frames

SYNOPSIS Before leaving for volunteer work in Africa, Edward joins his older sister Cynthia and mother Patricia on a British island holiday. Also in their rented house is Rose, a young woman hired as cook; Cynthia disapproves of the growing rapport between Rose and Edward. Patricia's husband Will is expected to arrive, but shows no sign of coming.

The family, Rose and artist Christopher – Patricia's painting teacher – go on a picnic, and later visit a restaurant, where Cynthia complains about her food. Cynthia storms out of the house following a meal, then rows with her mother. Patricia rages down the phone at her still-absent husband. Rose leaves without saying goodbye. Christopher advises Edward on his doubts about Africa. The family leaves the island.



Out of Africa: 'Animals United'

Civic Life

United Kingdom/
Ireland/Singapore 2010

Directors: Christine Molloy,
Joe Lawlor

Certificate: not submitted 73m

Released in 2008, *Helen* was a feature debut from Christine Molloy and Joe Lawlor that came and went without ever finding the audience it deserved; its case wasn't helped by one of the UK's best-known broadsheets running a 'review' that was actually of another film called *Helen*. Though on the one hand a shocking revelation as to the state of film criticism in general, there was a curious perfection to this infelicity, since the Molloy/Lawlor *Helen* was all about the shifting of identity – a girl taking part in a crime-scene recreation slowly assumes the life of the person whose shoes she walks in.

In the view of this critic, *Helen* was the most important British feature debut of the past five years, and so it's a pleasure to see the short film that engendered it, *Joy*, released for the first time, along with eight other projects from Molloy and Lawlor. Here we see a brief version of the *Helen* story: a teenager has gone missing; perhaps another girl, wearing an identical lemon-yellow coat and walking the same route in the park, might jog the memory of casual passers-by. It is a pencil sketch of a grand portrait, and it has integrity in itself, though after *Helen* it remains just a pencil sketch. What *Helen* revealed, though, was that over the years the Molloy/Lawlor team have been quietly producing – with minimal and innovative funding – works of heretical brilliance.

Here then are the jewel-like heresies: social-conscience stories told as a dream, themes that wouldn't be unappealing to Ken Loach yet with more in common with Russian and Japanese cinema and photographic gallery installations than with the tyranny of soap opera, the lodestone of most social drama in the UK. This is a good thing; homegrown social realism has at last become post-Soviet.

There's a well-nourished quality to these dreams. They use lavish 35mm photography instead of grubby digital formats, and play all sorts of games with form. They're not afraid to use voiceover, direct-to-camera addresses (in *Joy* and *Moore Street* for example); lavish orchestral scores (*Who Killed Brown Owl*) or synthesiser tonics (*Joy*) with the direct intent to manipulate the mood of the viewer. With an extraordinary long single take peppered with visual jokes (a tethered goat, a shark's fin in a city canal, a youth leader face-down with a comic-book axe embedded in her back), *Who Killed Brown Owl* creates an air of studied poise and formality while at the same time not bothering to hide the shadow of the camera crane. It's like a 3D tour of a photograph by Jeff Wall, and the standout here.

Of the others, *Tiong Bahru* is especially interesting, set as it is in Singapore, far away from the Irish streets and urban landscapes of the

north of England for which Molloy and Lawlor are known. It's a visual touchstone for their oeuvre, for there's an aesthetic at work in all their films which is reminiscent of a certain strain of Japanese and Taiwanese cinema – restrained and lavish, formally audacious and sentimental, often isolating individuals with a crowd.

Everything always looks incredibly beautiful, as if life is art-designed, from the locker-room doors in *Leisure Centre*, in which a young couple discuss their new baby, to the blue-saturated framing of *Twilight*, where an elderly woman reveals her terminal cancer diagnosis to others on a ferry on the Tyne. Most of these films use non-professional actors, playing characters who are often privately grieving in some way, or on the verge of being paralysed by anxiety.

It's not surprising that the micro-budget production company which made these films, Lawlor and Molloy's own, is called Desperate Optimists. "All things start small," says a schoolgirl in *Tiong Bahru*; it serves as a mantra both for their themes and their methods of making cinema. ♦♦ Roger Clarke

CREDITS

A series of short films
by
Christine Molloy
Joe Lawlor

©Desperate Optimists
Productions Limited

In order of appearance
the films are:

Daydream (2006)
(extract 1)
Who Killed Brown Owl
(2004)
Moore Street (2004)
Twilight (2005)
Daydream (2006)
(extract 2)
Town Hall (2005)
(extract)
Leisure Centre (2005)
Joy (2008)
Tiong Bahru (2010)

DAYDREAM

Directors
Christine Molloy
Joe Lawlor
Producer
Joe Lawlor
Writers
Christine Molloy
Joe Lawlor
Director of Photography
Ole Bratt Birkeland
Editors
Christine Molloy
Joe Lawlor
Art Design
Indianna McMillan
Parker

Production Companies
Liverpool Culture Company, Liverpool Biennial presents a Desperate Optimists production
This film was commissioned for Made in Liverpool 2006 by the Liverpool Culture Company in partnership with Liverpool Biennial. Funded by the Liverpool Culture Company, as part of the Creative Communities Programme, supported with lottery money from the Millennium Commission and Arts Council England.

through the Urban Cultural Programme
Executive Producer
Helen Whitehead
Line Producer
Christine Molloy
Production Manager
Julie Lau
Location Manager
Tom Hamrick
Assistant Directors
1st: Dan Winch
2nd: Laura Coggan
Camera Operator
Ole Bratt Birkeland
Gaffer
Kevin Roberts
Key Grip
Chris McDonough
Costume
Indianna McMillan
Parker
Titles
Frameline Design
Soundtrack
"Parade of the General";
"Riding the Horse in a Spring Field"; "Now That the Summer Has Come" – Helena Fearon, April Murray;
"To Burn" – Second Nature
Sound Mixer
Martin Beresford
Sound Editing
Joe Lawlor

CAST

Keith Saha
park warden
Mr Li
conductor
Pagoda Chinese Youth Orchestra
orchestra
Joanne Liu
Chinese business woman
Polly Green
Chinese interpreter
Anna Levin
Russian business woman
Natasha Kalyuzhnaya
Russian interpreter
David Washbrook
British business man (daydreamer 1)
Ralf Nuttal
bartender
Harold Patterson
waiter
Adam Jones
boy on chair
Gosia McKane
George McKane



Visual pleasure: 'Leisure Centre'

Barbara Richards
Max Zadow
River View residents
Emma Hiron
bereaved mother (daydreamer 4)
Graham Hicks
bereaved father
Helena Fearon
April Murray
singers
Gary Lloyd
man on barge 1 (daydreamer 2)
Adam Byrne
man on barge 2
Denise Armstrong
woman abandoned as a baby
Zachary Hart
child of woman abandoned as a baby
Vera Tague
woman who found abandoned baby
Ken Butterfield
BSL interpreter
Dave Young
metal band – vocals
Alan Kelly
metal band – bass
Pete Conley
metal band – guitar
Paul Sefton
metal band – guitar
Kris Slattery
metal band – drummer
Peter Scott
man with head injury (daydreamer 3)
David Trevorrow
St John Ambulance officer

Joshua McDonough
missing teenager 1
Hannah McLoughlin
missing teenager 2
Samira Boubir
missing teenager 3
Katy Hartles
girl in the forest 1
Sophie Hartles
girl in the forest 2 (daydreamer 5)

WHO KILLED BROWN OWL

Directors
Christine Molloy
Joe Lawlor
Producer
Joe Lawlor
Writers
Christine Molloy
Joe Lawlor
Director of Photography
Ole Bratt Birkeland

Production Companies
London Borough of Enfield Council, Arts Council England presents a Desperate Optimists production
This film was commissioned by the London Borough of Enfield Council with financial support from the Arts Council England through their Strategic Initiatives Fund
Executive Producer
Lorraine Cox

Production Manager
Cleo Williams
Property Manager
Rebecca Pilkington
Titles
Frameline Design
Soundtrack
"Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis" by Ralph Vaughan Williams – Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields
Sound Editing
Joe Lawlor

CAST

The Worshipful the Mayor of Enfield, Cllr Anne Marie Pearce
Danielle St John
Carolyn Deby
Chris Johnson
D. Yangou
E.M. Holdcroft
Emily Marlow
Hannah
Ian Strickland
J. Jones
Jean Barlow
Kenneth
Louis Johnson
M.J. Cohen
Mark Stone
Naomi Johnston
P.K. Christopher
Rebecca St John
S. Zaveri
Molly Rose Lawlor

TWILIGHT

Directors
Christine Molloy
Joe Lawlor

Producer
Christine Molloy
Writers
Christine Molloy
Joe Lawlor
Director of Photography
Ole Bratt Birkeland

Production Companies
The Navigate Consortium presents a Desperate Optimists production
Made with funding support from the National Lottery through Arts Council England and the Millennium Commission, Armino, Forma, Baltic, Navigate, 2005 Alive
Executive Producers
Lee Callaghan
Ben Ponton
Michelle Hirschhorn
Production Manager
Kamal Ackane
Titles
Frameline Design
Sound Recordist
Ross Neasham
Sound Editing
Joe Lawlor

CAST

Janet Wilson
Maurice Richardson
Thelma Stuart
Jane Wylie
Allan Flint

SYNOPSIS Since 2003, Christine Molloy and Richard Lawlor have been working on a series of short films made with local residents and community groups in Newcastle, Ireland and Singapore. This collection of their work comprises nine films of varying lengths.

In *Daydream* (extract no. 1), a youth leader briefs a group of schoolchildren about finding two of their number lost in the forest. *Who Killed Brown Owl* is a single-take crawl over a summer park which reveals a face-down body with an axe in its back. In *Twilight*, a woman on a Tyne ferry announces the return of her cancer. *Daydream* (extract no. 2) features a youthful thrash-metal band rehearsing. In *Town Hall* (extract), a master of ceremonies at a noisy town-hall gathering congratulates his audience on their diversity. In *Leisure Centre*, a young couple worry about their future with their newborn baby. *Joy* follows a police re-enactment of the last movements of a missing teenager. A young African immigrant wanders a Dublin Street and resolves to be positive about her new life in *Moore Street*. And in *Tiong Bahru*, a group of young Singaporeans struggle with issues in their lives, including pregnancy and schoolwork.

TOWN HALL

Directors

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Producer

Joe Lawlor

Writers

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Director of Photography

Ole Bratt Birkeland

Art Director

Wynne Toner

Production Companies

The Public, Arts Council

England, Greets Green

Partnership presents with the participation of

Fierce Festival a

Desperate Optimists

production

Commissioned by The

Public as part of Fierce

Festival and was funded

by Arts Council England

and Greets Green

Partnership as part of

the New Deal for

Communities

programme in West

Bromwich

Production Manager

Emma Jones

Assistant Directors

1st: Joe Turnelly

2nd: Katy Connor

Steadicam Operator

Alf Trammontin

Gaffers

Andy Bates

Eugene Grobler

Titles

Frameline Design

Sound Recordist

Ross Neasham

Sound Editing

Joe Lawlor

CAST

Nareen Khan

Pauline Marshall

Carley Rose Jones

Saul Augustus-Dore

Shane Cresswell

John Mercer

D. Lawrence

Antony Lee

S.T. Smith

Heather Daffon

Nadine Favre

Clara Roberts

Sylvia King

Paul J. Instone

Anne Wilkins

Mauricea Pottinger

Dave Pollard

Samantha Etheridge

Claire Turner

Jez Turner

LEISURE CENTRE

Directors

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Producer

Joe Lawlor

Film London Producer

Pinky Ghundale

Writers

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Director of Photography

Ole Bratt Birkeland

Production Companies

Breaking Ground, Arts

Council England, Film

London presents with

the participation of

British Council (Ireland)

and Project Arts Centre

a Desperate Optimists

production

Funded by Breaking

Ground and Arts

Council England with

the support of Film

London, in partnership

with the British Council

(Ireland) and Project

Arts Centre

Film London Executive

Producer

Maggie Ellis

Production Manager

Kevin Downey

Location Manager

Andrew Cooke

Assistant Directors

1st: Johnnny Shaw

2nd: Sinead Murphy

Steadicam Operator

Stephen Murphy

Gaffer

Garett Baldwin

Costume

Mia Van Evelingen

Titles

Frameline Design

Sound Recordist

Michael Lemass

Sound Editing

Joe Lawlor

CAST

Amy Corr

Nicola Moore

Robert O'Connor

John Nesbitt

Karen Halpin

John Ward

Maeve Hurley

Rhonda Dempsey

Teresa Carey

Ann Kelly

Maureen Doyle

Megan Nugent

Chantelle Nugent

John Burke

Daniel Kenna

Lynn O'Neill

Brandon Lawlor

Willie White

Jimmy Harper

Amanda Harper

Nathan Lawlor

Dean Lawlor

Adam Lawlor

Cindy Lawlor

JOY

Directors

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Producers

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Writers

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Director of Photography

Ole Bratt Birkeland

Soundtrack

Dennis McNulty

Production Companies

Arts Council England,

Birmingham City

Council presents a

Desperate Optimists

production

Made with funding from

Arts Council England

and Birmingham City

Council

Executive Producer

Bob Jowett

Production Manager

Julie Lau

Location Manager

Andrew Cooke

Assistant Directors

1st: James Davison

2nd: Alison Hopper

Titles

Frameline Design

Sound Mixer

Simon Gillman

Sound Editing

Joe Lawlor

CAST

Sonia Saville

Annie Townsend

Charlene James

John Barnabas

Ife Njock Barnes

Rose Blair

Roisin McMarron

Stephen Cherry

Eunice Corcino

Susha Corcino

Asmara Clark

Laura Cutler

Angelina Davis

Tyquann Darby

Shanequa Darby

Katie Edwards

Michael Ellis

Adham Fisher

Gianni Granville

MOORE STREET

Directors

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Producers

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Writers

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Director of Photography

Fiachra Judge

Production Companies

The Cultural Relations

Committee at the

Department of Arts,

Sports and Tourism/An

Roinn Ealaíon, Sport

agus Turasóireachta,

Arts Council/An

Chomhairle Ealaíon,

Projects Arts Centre

presents with the

participation of British

Council (Ireland) a

Desperate Optimists

production

Financially supported by

The Cultural Relations

Committee at the

Department of Arts,

Sports and Tourism/An

Roinn Ealaíon, Sport

agus Turasóireachta

and the Arts Council/An

Chomhairle Ealaíon and

in partnership with

British Council (Ireland)

Steadicam Operator

Fiachra Judge

Titles

Frameline Design

Sound Editing

Joe Lawlor

CAST

Caroline Lambe

Gabriel Akujobi

Kunle Animasaun

Samuel Bray

Lola James

Femi Lateef

Moradeyo Morounkeji

Bola Olusanya

Leah Flynn

voice-over

TIONG BAHRU

Directed by

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Produced by

Dan Prichard

Joe Lawlor

Written by

Christine Molloy

Joe Lawlor

Director of Photography

Daniel Low

Editor

Christine Molloy

Art Director

James Page

Original Music

Kavin Hoo

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Productions Ltd.

Production Companies

National Museum of

Singapore presents in

collaboration with

British Council

Supported by Urban

Redevelopment

Authority, Singapore.

National Lottery

through Arts Council

England, Singapore

International

Foundation

Co-produced by

Fran Borgia

Tan Fong Cheng

Production Manager

Joey Lam

Assistant Directors

1st: Chan Pui Mei

2nd: Nooraini Shah

Gaffer

Bert Tan

Key Grip

Abdul Malik

Titles

Technicolor

Sound Supervisors

Barnaby Templar

Jake Roberts

Sound Mixer

James Choong

Re-recording Mixers

Graham Daniel

Adam Daniel

CAST

Madam Lim

Amah

Veronica Patricia Rio

Veronica

Leo Mak

Leo

Andrea Kwan

Leo's wife

Cherilyn Chia

Amah's granddaughter

Tan Shyr Ee

narrator

Vincent Nai

Leo's father

Keith Chia

Amah's son

Christine Chia

Amah's daughter-in-law

Kimberley Chia

Amah's granddaughter

Rapti Siriwardane

Veronica's social worker



Eye of the storm: Matsu Takako

CREDITS

Director
Nakashima Tetsuya
Producers
Kawamura Genki
Ishida Yui
Suzuki Yutaka
Kubota Yoshihiro
Screenplay
Nakashima Tetsuya
Based on the novel
Kokuhaku by Minato
Kanae
**Directors of
Photography**
Ato Shioichi
Ozawa Atsushi
Film Editor
Koike Yoshiyuki
Production Design
Kuwashima Towako

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Wonderworks, Inc.,
Futabasha Publishers
Ltd., Nippon Shuppan
Hanbai Inc., Sony Music
Entertainment (Japan)
Inc., Yahoo Japan
Corporation, Tsutaya
Group
**Production
Companies**
Toho Co. Ltd.,
Hakuhodo DY Media
Partners Inc., Faith
Inc., Futabasha
Publishers Ltd., Nippon
Shuppan Hanbai Inc.,
Sony Music
Entertainment (Japan)
Inc., Yahoo Japan
Corporation, Tsutaya
Group

Executive Producers
Shimadani Yoshishige
Hyakutake Koji
Yoshida Shinichi
Suzuki Yutaka
Morozumi Hiroshi
Miyaji Takahisa
Kitawaga Naoki
Kitano Hiroaki
Omura Toshiyasu
Ichikawa Minami
Tsukada Yasuhiro
Line Producer
Kato Kenji
Production Manager
Saito Yamato
Testimony Director
Mizumoto Yasutsugu
Script Supervisor
Nagasaka Yukiko

Casting
Kurosawa Junjiro
Lighting
Takakura Susumu
Visual Effects
Supervisor:
Yanagawase Masahide
Producer:
Tsuchiya Shinji
CG Director
Masuo Takayuki
Set Decorator
Nishio Tomomi
Stylist
Shintani Hiromi
Hair/Make-up
Yamazaki Satoko
Music Producer
Kanahashi Toyohiko
Soundtrack
"Last Flowers" –
Radiohead
Sound
Yano Masato

CAST

Matsu Takako
Moriguchi Yoko
Nishii Yukito
Shuya
Fujiwara Kaoru
Naoki
Hashimoto Ai
Mizuki
Okada Masaki
Kimura Yoshino

In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Third Window Films
Limited

9,579 ft +0 frames

Japanese theatrical title
Kokuhaku

Fair Game

USA/United Arab Emirates 2010

Director: Doug Liman
With Naomi Watts, Sean Penn,
Sam Shepard, Noah Emmerich
Certificate 12A 107m 39s

Fair Game's opening credits roll across snappily cut newsreel footage of post-9/11 chaos and Bushisms, with *Gorillaz's* 'Clint Eastwood' providing the soundtrack. The song's lyrics ('I'm useless, but not for long/The future is coming on') and their deadpan delivery set a cheekily ambiguous tone, serve as zeitgeist shorthand (the track was released in 2001) and suggest a knowingly understated correction to the sensationalist media witch-hunt that engulfed the film's real-life subject.

As characteristically slick an opening as one would expect from director Doug Liman (*The Bourne Identity*, *Mr & Mrs Smith*), it's a stylistic flourish out of step with an otherwise realist retelling of the outing of CIA agent Valerie Plame in 2003 via a column in the *Washington Post*, a week after her husband questioned the White House's use of evidence on Iraq's alleged nuclear proliferation programme in the *New York Times*. The film's first half cunningly rides on the coattails of conventional Hollywood espionage fare, despite quips from Plame's ex-diplomat husband Joe Wilson (Sean Penn) about "not feeling very 007-ish". In one scene we see Plame in full globetrotting, undercover mode, engaged in hardnosed interrogation of potential sources; in the next, she's playing blithe dinner-party host and downplaying her hubby's vociferous politics to a roomful of their closest friends, all of whom believe she's a venture capitalist.

Watts is dream casting for Plame, and not merely because of her physical resemblance. Plame's own good looks became a cheap stick to beat her with in the tabloid maelstrom that eclipsed the revelation of her identity: her willingness to dress the part of the dumb blonde to serve her career boomeranged, providing ammunition for detractors keen to cast her as a glorified CIA pen-pusher as opposed to a 'real' spy. Watts relishes the

complexity of the role without overplaying it; for a subtle actress drawn to leftfield parts but possibly stymied by her own Hollywood perfection, it's satisfying to see her tap into the captivating doubleness that made her name in *Mulholland Dr.* (2001).

The film's strengths lie in exploring this tension, and in dramatising the political and media undercurrents that gathered momentum for the US invasion of Iraq. A strand of action following Plame's Iraqi contacts – written as composite, semi-fictionalised characters – perhaps unsurprisingly offers a noticeably weaker counterpoint; and when, with one fell swoop, Plame's cover is surreally snatched from her by an inch of newsprint, the narrative risks losing its own footing. It segues from spy thriller into politically charged domestic tearjerker, at the heart of which is Plame and Wilson's marital wobble, with Penn's somewhat one-dimensional righteous outrage (which feels too much of a direct line to his offscreen activism) coming to the fore. Though *Fair Game's* denouement is less refined than its build-up, it's buoyed by the undimmed shock value of the bare facts, including a reminder that its title comes from Karl Rove's chilling appraisal of Plame.

Coaching a source on duplicity, Plame advises: "Always remember the truth, and never forget why you're lying." It seems a fair motto for a film that treads a thoughtful line between serving its real-life subject and its own dramatic integrity. **◆ Sophie Ivan**

CREDITS

Directed by
Doug Liman
Produced by
Bill Pohlad
Janet Zucker
Jerry Zucker
Akiva Goldsman
Jez Butterworth
Doug Liman
Screenplay
Jez Butterworth
John-Henry
Butterworth
Based on the books
entitled *The Politics of
Truth* by Joseph Wilson
and *Fair Game* by
Valerie Plame Wilson
**Director of
Photography**
Doug Liman
Edited by
Christopher Tellefsen

Production Designer
Jess Gonchor
Music
John Powell

©Fair Game Holdings,
LLC
**Production
Companies**
River Road
Entertainment and
Participant Media
present in association
with Imagination Abu
Dhabi a film by Doug
Liman
A Zucker Productions,
Weed Road Pictures,
Hypnotic production
A River Road
Entertainment
production
Production Services
International Unit:
Dollywood Inc.

Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Studio Masr
Amman, Jordan Unit:
International Traders
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Directors Think Tank
Executive Producers
Jeff Skoll
David Bartis
Mari Jo Winkler-Ioffreda
Kerry Foster
Mohammed Khalaf
Co-producers
Kim Winther
Avram Ludwig
David Sigal
Line Producers
International Unit:
Anadi Hossain
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Pete Singh
Carson Ng
Associate Producers
Sean Gesell
Gerry Robert Byrne
**Unit Production
Managers**
Mari Jo Winkler-Ioffreda
Washington DC Unit:
Sean Fogel
Production Managers
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Ayman Shawki
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Issam Hussein
Amman, Jordan Unit –
Baghdad, Iraq:
Oday Rasheed
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Pat Singh
**Production
Supervisors**
David Bausch
International Unit:
Driss Benyakef
**Production
Co-ordinators**
Leda Normang
International Unit:
Jennifer A. Pabley
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Nagham Osman
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Diala Raie
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Rubin Singh
**Production
Accountants**
Sean Hogan
Location Managers
Kip Myers
Washington DC Unit:
Pat Burn
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Sharif Al Majali
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Subash
**Post-production
Supervisor**
Gerry Robert Byrne
Production Consultant
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Fuad Khalil
Assistant Directors
1st: Kim Winther
2nd: Eric Yellin
2nd: Marc Garland
Washington DC Unit
1st: Alison Rosa
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
1st: Hesham Fathi
2nd: Nader El Nakoury
*Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit*
1st: Rajay Singh
2nd: Eugene Lim
Amman, Jordan Unit
2nd: Yanal Kassay
Script Supervisors
Claire Cowperthwaite
Washington DC Unit:
Jan Sanders
International Unit:
Robyn Aronstam
Casting
Joseph Middleton
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Lara Atalla
Lighting Cameraman
Robby Baumgartner

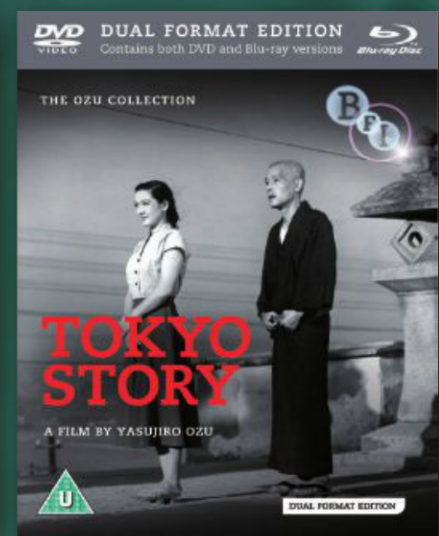
Camera Operators
Doug Liman
Robby Baumgartner
Steadicam Operators
Brant S. Fagan
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Ahmed Youssef
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Rupert Power
Gaffers
Steven Ramsey
Washington DC Unit:
Bob Waybright
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Haytham Zanita
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Osama 'Adiga'
Nannrouka
Kabalani El Murr
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Farif B. Aitan
Key Grips
Kevin Smyth
Washington DC Unit:
Steve Sietz
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Khalid Shabaan
Ahmed Hassan
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Jihad Khazakka
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Sunthamudu
**Visual Effects
Supervisor**
Joe DiValerio
Plate Unit Supervisor
Elisa Pugliese
Visual Effects
Space Monkey Inc.
DIVE
Special Effects
K/FX
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Hany Magrabi
**Special Effects
Co-ordinator**
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Jacques Langlois
Additional Editors
Saar Klein
Jeremiah O'Driscoll
Art Directors
Kevin Bird
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Dr Salah Mar'e
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Habeeb Ma'ani
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Ng Swee Ling
Set Decorator
Sara Parks
Property Masters
Eric Cheripka
Washington DC Unit:
Carl Catanese
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Mohamed Mostafa
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Sana' Jaber
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Loh Ken Loong
**Construction
Co-ordinator**
Ray Stenzel
Costume Designer
Cindy Evans
Costume Supervisor
Amy Pickering
Wardrobe Stylist
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Loh Yow Fei
**Make-up
Co-department Heads**
Michal Bigger
Manilyn Carbone
Key Make-up
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Alex Eu
**Special Effects
Make-up**
Cairo, Egypt Unit:
Rania Serageldin
Hair Department Head
Ryan Trygstad
Key Hairstylists
Annanda Miller
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Unit:
Alex Chua

THE OZU COLLECTION

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Key Hair/Make-up
Amman, Jordan Unit:
Rania Siraj Eddin

Title Design
Fredrik Sundvall

Score Conducted by
Gavin Greenaway

**Supervising
Orchestrator**
John Ashton Thomas

Music Supervisor
Julianne Jordan

Soundtrack
"Awais!" – Kru; "Clint
Eastwood" – Gorillaz;
"Another News"; "Good
Lovin'" – Betty Wright;
"Filaw" – Issa Bagayogo;
"Kese kese"; "Alkher illa
doffor: The Nectar
Remix" – Cheb I
Sabbah; "My Block" –
Cham Pain; "Diaryaby
magni (Yossi Fine as
Radiks Remix)" – Vieux
Farka Touré; "Khuttar" –
Ilham al-Madfa'i; "The
Washington Post
March"

Sound Mixer
Drew Kunin

Re-recording Mixer
Bob Chefalas

**Supervising Sound
Editor**
Paul Urmson

Stunt Co-ordinators
George Aguilar
Pete Bucosi

Film Extracts
Spy Game (2001)

CAST

Naomi Watts
Valerie Plame

Sean Penn
Joseph Joe Wilson

Sam Shepard
Sam Plame

Noah Emmerich
Bill

Michael Kelly
Jack

Bruce McGill
Jim Pavitt

David Andrews
Scooter Libby

Tim Griffin
Paul

Liraz Charhi
Dr Zahraa

Khaled Nabawy
Hammad

Sonya Davison
Chanel suit

Vanessa Chong
Tabir secretary 1

Anand Tiwari
Hafiz

Stephanie Chai
Tabir secretary 2

Ty Burrell
Fred

Jessica Hecht
Sue

Norbert Leo Butz
Steve

Rebecca Rigg
Lisa

Brooke Smith
Diana

Torn McCarthy
Jeff

Ashley Gerasimovich
Samantha Wilson

Quinn Broggy
Trevor Wilson

Nicholas Sadler
CIA tour leader

Iris Bahr
CPD agent

Ghazil
Minister of Mines, Niger

Kristoffer Winters
Joe Turner

Louis Ozawa
Changchien

Changchien
nervous analyst 1

Sean Mahon
CIA analyst 1

Mohamed Hanaa
Abdel Fattah

Professor Badawi
Rashmi Rao

Kim
David Denman

nervous Dave
Remy Auberjonois

nervous analyst 2
Sunil Malhotra

Ali
Kevin Makely

Jordan officer 1
Mousa Al Satari

Mukhabarat officer
Rafat Basel

Hammad's son
Maysa Abdel Sattar

Hammad's wife
Judith Resnik

B.U. professor
Ben Mac Brown

B.U. student 1
Satya Bhabha

B.U. student 2
Nabil Koni

Iraqi scientist 1
Mohammad Al

Sawalqa
Iraqi scientist 2

Jenny Maguire
Beth

David Warshofsky
Pete

Geoffrey Cantor
Ari Fleischer

David Iku
journalist 1

Deidre Goodwin
journalist 2

Donna Placido
journalist 3

Adam LeFevre
Karl Rove

Brian McCormack
Steven Haddley

James Rutledge
Andrew Card

Tricia Munford
Cathie Martin

Michael Goodwin
David Addington

Nasser
Mr Tabir

Chet Grissom
director of CIA
operations

James Joseph O'Neil
internal security officer

Danni Lang
supporter 1

Jane Lee
supporter 2

James Moye
field reporter 1

Judy Maier
field reporter 2

Polly Holliday
Diane Plame

Kola Ogunidrian
businessman 1

Byron Utley
businessman 2

Anastasia Barzee
right-wing reporter

Sanousi Sesay
DC cab driver

**Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS**

Colour by
Offhollywood

Prints by
FotoKern

[2.35:1]

Distributor
E1 Entertainment UK

9,688 ft +7 frames



Lords of the ring: Christian Bale, Mark Wahlberg

The Fighter

USA 2010

Director: David O. Russell

**With Mark Wahlberg, Christian Bale,
Amy Adams, Melissa Leo**

Certificate 15 115m 37s

At the climax of his breakout film *Boogie Nights* (1997), Mark Wahlberg, as risen-and-fallen porn star Dirk Diggler, performs an obscene parody of the end of *Raging Bull* (1980), when Robert De Niro, as risen-and-fallen boxer Jake La Motta, stages a pathetic re-enactment of the 'Palookaville' scene from *On the Waterfront* (1954)... As if to draw a line somewhere, *The Fighter*, in which Wahlberg portrays real-life Massachusetts welterweight champ 'Irish' Micky Ward, plays out without so much as a nod at another movie, as if it were the first of its kind.

A true underdog story, it closes, save for a bookend scene, on a freeze-frame of a victorious boxer holding gloves aloft, and contains at least two training montages. Even without the knowledge that David O. Russell, responsible for the rather more self-conscious *I [Heart] Huckabees* (2004), is behind the camera, one would sense a game being played – not out of cynicism, but because *The Fighter*, at the risk of involution, is finally so compelling that the clichés come over as endearing idiosyncrasies, left in to test our resistance.

Not that it's all quite so straightforward. The first bookend introduces Micky and his ne'er-do-well half-brother Dicky Eklund (Christian Bale) as participants in a television documentary that Dicky, who once knocked down Sugar Ray Leonard, claims is about his comeback. He's still 'the Pride of Lowell', living on past glories, and the apple of his overbearing mother's eye; and there's a terrific, Altmanesque misdirection to the early scenes, as it goes unremarked that Dicky is very visibly a drug addict, and not entering a prize fight any time soon. That the documentary is really

about crack in 'the birthplace of America's industrial revolution', now in decline, is only revealed much later.

Bale bobs and weaves through the film, by turns comic, pathetic and soulful. It isn't hard to see why his mother Alice (Melissa Leo) favours him over Micky, who starts out as a 'stepping-stone' fighter, there to make up the numbers, and suffers from an almost crippling lack of self-confidence. His girlfriend Charlene (Amy Adams), who has been to college enough to earn the disapproval of the numberless Ward and Eklund sisters but not enough to get out of Lowell, has to do the talking when he acquiesces in her decision to find him new management outside the family, effectively giving the Palookaville speech to Dicky and Alice ("You shoulda looked out for me just a little bit") on Micky's behalf. The titanic rows that ensue are played half for laughs, with passive-passive Micky, to adapt a line from *Huckabees*, unable to stand up for himself and barely even in Charlene's corner. The title could, then, be taken ironically: there is only one boxing match, and that very brief, in the film's first half, though Russell makes it count.

Shot on digital video, all the fights have a horrible bloody immediacy, making clear enough the sport's physical cost – the first is genuinely shocking – but not, as in *Raging Bull*, imbuing it with any spiritual meaning. Micky isn't uniquely damaged, and the most devastating confrontation comes when Dicky, staging a comeback of sorts, tries to win round Charlene and persuade her to join forces behind Micky for his title shot, with Bale and Adams at their considerable best.

After this, however, too much is left unsaid at the freeze-finish. If Micky is reconciled with Dicky, we're unsure how Charlene has patched things up with the rest of the family, or where Micky stands with his ex-wife and child. But that felt need is in its way testament to the vividness of Russell's characters. ♦♦ **Henry K. Miller**

CREDITS

Directed by
David O. Russell

Produced by
David Hoberman
Todd Lieberman
Ryan Kavanaugh
Mark Wahlberg
Dorothy Auliero
Paul Tamasy

Screenplay
Scott Silver
Paul Tamasy
Eric Johnson

Story
Keith Dorrington
Paul Tamasy
Eric Johnson

**Director of
Photography**
Hayte van Hoytema

SYNOPSIS Lowell, Massachusetts, 1993. An HBO camera crew shadows former boxer Dicky Eklund; he tells everyone it's his comeback they're filming, rather than his decline into crack addiction. Micky Ward, his half-brother, is a struggling welterweight, ill-served by Dicky, his purported trainer, and by their mother Alice, his manager.

Charlene, a barmaid Micky starts dating, encourages him to break from his family after they put him in a disastrous fight against a heavier opponent. To prevent him taking up an offer of a training contract in Las Vegas, Dicky promises to fund full-time coaching, but his efforts to raise the money land him in jail. Micky has his hand broken by the police during the arrest.

The broadcast of the documentary, which Micky's ex-wife maliciously shows to their child, prompts Micky to try to regain the honour of family and town. Charlene and Mickey O'Keefe, a loyal older friend, agree to train him on condition he abandons Dicky and Alice. A local businessman takes over as manager, to Alice's fury (though with Micky's father's approval), and Micky's many sisters confront Charlene, who they think is behind his decision.

Micky begins to have some success in the ring, and is offered a title shot. When Dicky is released from prison, Micky resumes contact with him, breaking his promise to Charlene and O'Keefe, who both walk out. Dicky, now clean, talks them round. Uneasily united, they fly to London for the title fight, which Micky wins.

Editor
Pamela Martin
Production Designer
Judy Becker
Music
Michael Brook

©Fighter, LLC
Production Companies
Paramount Pictures and
Relativity Media present
in association with The
Weinstein Company a
Relativity Media,
Mandeville Films, Closest
to the Hole production
A David O. Russell film
Executive Producers
Tucker Tooley
Darren Aronofsky
Leslie Varrelman
Keith Dorrington
Eric Johnson
Co-producers
Jeff Waxman
Kenneth Halsband
Associate Producer
Louis DiBella
**Unit Production
Manager**
Mark Kamine
Production Supervisor
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Haley Sweet
**Production
Co-ordinators**
Jennifer Madeloff
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Vickie M. Hsieh
**Production
Accountants**
Dana Reeves Bolla
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Joe Barnett
Location Managers
Colin Walsh
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Jeremy Alter
Jim Maceo
**Post-production
Supervisor**
Christopher Kulikowski
Assistant Directors
1st: Michele Ziegler
2nd: Xanthus Valan
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
1st: Cara Giallanza
2nd: John 'Tag'
Tagamolila
Script Supervisor
Karen Golden
Casting
Sheila Jaffe
**Additional
Photography/
LA Unit Director of
Photography**
Rodney Taylor
Camera Operators
A: Geoffrey Haley
B: Dana Gonzales
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Andrew Rowlands
David L. Emmerichs
Steadicam Operators
Geoffrey Haley
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Andrew Rowlands
David L. Emmerichs
Gaffers
Mike Moyer
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Dwight Campbell
Chris Prampin
Key Grips
Woody Bell
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Kelly Flood
Visual Effects
Comen VFX
**Special Effects
Co-ordinators**
Steve Ricci
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Don Frazee
Additional Editing
Terel Gibson
Art Director
Laura Ballinger Gardner

Set Decorators
Gene Serdena
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Gene Serdena
Property Masters
David H. Allen
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Mychael Bates
**Construction
Co-ordinators**
Kurt L. Smith
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
David Bringas
Costume Designers
Mark Bridges
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Lisa Tomczeszyn
Costume Supervisors
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Tiffany Busche
Nancy Collini
Wardrobe Supervisor
Debbie Holbrook
**Department Head
Make-up**
Donald Mowat
Key Make-up Artists
Tricia Heine
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Allan Aponie
Department Head Hair
Johnny Villanueva
Key Hair Stylist
Cheryl Daniels
Titles
Comen VFX
Strings
Arrangements/Violin
Julie Rogers
Music Supervisors
Happy Walters
Season Kent
Soundtrack
"How You Like Me Now?"
— The Heavy; "Sweet
Dreams" — Keith St.
John; "Can't Hide Your
Love Forever" — Mariner;
"Solid Gold"; "Down and
Dirty" — Michael
Mulholland; "Saints" —
The Breeders; "So into
You" — Atlanta Rhythm
Section; "Sara Smile" —
Daryl Hall, John Oates;
"Here I Go Again" —
Whitesnake; "Dance Hall
Days" — Wang Chung;
"Send Me Your Love" —
Jaymee Carpenter; "La
maleta en el camino" —
Antoine Duhamel; "I
Started a Joke";
"Jasmine Girl" — Sinn
Sisamouth; Pan Ron;
"Good Times Bad Times"
— Led Zeppelin;
"Stakeout"; "Voices
Carry" — Til Tuesday;
"HBO Feature
Presentation Theme" —
Ferdinand Jay Smith;
"Strip My Mind" — Red
Hot Chili Peppers; "Rock
N' Roll Stew" — Traffic;
"Back in the Saddle" —
Aerosmith; "The
Warrior's Code (Live)" —
Dropkick Murphys;
"Siesta" — Mariachi La
Estrella; "Can't You Hear
Me Knocking" — The
Rolling Stones; "Paint the
Town Red" — The
Mahones; "Glory &
Consequence" — Ben
Harper
Sound Designer
Odin Benitez
**Production Sound
Mixer**
Anton Gold
Sound Mixers
Additional Photography/
LA Unit:
Moe Chamberlain
Jim Stuebe
Re-recording Mixers
John Ross
Myron Nettinga
**Supervising Sound
Editor**
Odin Benitez

Stunt Co-ordinators
Ray Siegle
Ben Bray
Consultant
Salvatore LoNano
Technical Consultant
Bob Halloran

CAST
Mark Wahlberg
'Irish' Micky Ward
Christian Bale
Dicky Eklund
Amy Adams
Charlene Fleming
Melissa Leo
Alice Ward
Mickey O'Keefe
Mickey O'Keefe
Jack McGee
George Ward
Melissa McMeekin
'Little Alice' Eklund
Bianca Hunter
Cathy 'Pork' Eklund
Erica McDermott
Cindy 'Tar' Eklund
Jill Quigg
Donna Eklund Jaynes
Dendrie Taylor
Gail 'Red Dog' Eklund
Kate O'Brien
Phyllis 'Beaver' Eklund
Jenna Lamia
Sherri Ward
Frank Renzulli
Sal Lanano
Paul Campbell
Gary 'Boo Boo' Giuffrida
Caitlin Dwyer
Kasie Ward
Chanty Sok
Karen
Ted Arcidi
Lou Gold
Ross Bickell
Mike Toma
Sean Malone
Wolfe
Jose Antonio Rivera
Gilberto Brown aka Jose
Richard Farrell
HBO cameraman 1
Matthew Muzio
HBO cameraman 2
Steven Barkheimer
HBO producer
Art Ramalho
Art Ramalho
Sugar Ray Leonard
Sugar Ray Leonard
Jackson Nicoll
little Dicky
Alison Folland
Laurie Carroll
Sean Doherty
Jimmy, Laurie's husband
Sue Costello
Becky
Thomas Benton
businessman
Ray Greenhalge
Ray Ramalho
Tino Kimly
Pran
Epifanio Melendez
Carlos Garcia
Jeremiah Kissel
bald businessman
Sean Eklund
man in diner
Roeyn Chea
Chan
Brian Nguyen
Brian
Rikki Kleiman
court clerk
Michael Dell'Orto
WBU commissioner
Paul Locke
reporter 1
Kim Carrell
reporter 2
Colin Hammell
John Hyland
Dale Place
Mickey Vann, referee
Eddie Lee Anderson
Joe Cortez, referee
Joseph Lupino
Mitch Halpern, referee
Bonnie Aarons
Bonnie, crackhead
Walter Driscoll
court officer
Matt Russell
photo guy on street
A. Joseph Denucci
Richard A. Eklund

George Michael Ward
Richard Eklund Jr
Jack Greenhalge
Kevin Paige
men on street
David A. Ramalho Sr
trainer
Ziad Akl
inmate
Simon Hamlin
movie patron
Gerald Greenhalge
Uncle Jerry
Matthew Russell
running kid 1
Tommy Eklund
running kid 2
Rita Mercier
woman on street 1
Deborah Bolanger
woman on street 2
Kerry Moore
woman on street 3
Philip D. Herbert
Micky's cutman
Raul Vera
Sanchez trainer
Jack Lally
Neary trainer
Carlos L. Smith
Sugar Ray Leonard
bodyguard
Jerrell Lee
fight spectator 1
Hugh K. Long
fight spectator 2
Catherine Lynn Stone
fan
Eric Weinstein
Micky's friend
Bo Cleary
cop
Anthony Molinari
Neary
Peter Cunningham
Mike 'Machine Gun'
Mungin
Miguel Espino
Alfonso Sanchez
Anthony 'Ace' Thomas
Castillo
Brian Christensen
drunk guy
Jen Weissenberg
drunk girl
Michael Buffer
Larry Merchant
Jim Lampley
Emmanuel Steward
Roy Jones Jr
George Foreman
Don Dunphy
fight announcers

**Dolby Digital/DTS
In Colour
Prints by
Technicolor
[2.35:1]**

Distributor
Momentum Pictures

10,405 ft +6 frames

The Green Hornet

USA 2011

Director: Michel Gondry
With Seth Rogen, Jay Chou, Cameron Diaz, Tom Wilkinson
Certificate 12A 118m 44s

You might expect, or at least hope, that Michel Gondry would take the superhero flick and make something whimsically diverting and visually surprising. But the casualness of his filmmaking, for all its engaging gimmickry, can run the risk of slackness and even laziness, and his big-budget collaboration with schlub-chic writers Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg tips over the edge into underachievement.

Once slated to be Gondry's feature-debut subject, radio-serial crusader Green Hornet finds its revival through studio greed: the bizarrely protracted mining of portable franchises and the scandalous foisting of 3D upsells on an understandably fickle public. As the newspaper-scion ne'er-do-well Britt Reid — who overcomes the burden of his dead father's great reputation blah blah blah — Rogen turns in another average dude, fiddling with his three dials of awkwardness, naive zeal, and jerkiness as appropriate. No one in the cast seems to fit quite right: Taiwanese popthrob Jay Chou perpetually off-rhythm as sidekick Kato, star Cameron Diaz scaled wrong as mooned-over secretary, Christoph "Hans Landa" Waltz stranded in deadpan wryness as a Russian gangster.

The action sequences sport bullet-time slo-mo and White Stripes locomotion but Gondry's creative engineering with reality is limited (chiefly underwhelming long-take tricks reprised from earlier music video work). The best kicks, in fact, come from a drawn-out hand-to-hand match between feuding pals Britt and Kato, who smash up a room in Britt's mansion. Gondry's Chaplin-inspired sense of physical comedy and gadgetry resists the bombast and spectacle that make even dumb

superhero movies soar at moments.

Instead, with the storytelling distracted at best, Rogen supplies the movie's personality, as he continues to pad out his average-slob routine to multiple-feature-length. How did we end up with this guy? In his hands, the running joke that the talented Kato is the better crimefighter becomes an unpleasant reminder of Rogen's overextended appeal. Not to mention that the premise of an underachieving superhero has already been run to exhaustion in studio and independent film alike.

That's not to say *Green Hornet* is soulless — Brett's Chrysler Imperial has a turntable, after all, and a final gun battle (featuring a halved car) quaintly takes place in a newspaper building. But the amateur aesthetic has its limits, whether it's Gondry's laissez-faire playgrounds for digital wizardry (here mostly minus the wizardry) or Rogen's let-it-all-hang-out run till, years hence, he becomes just another liberated sitcom dad.

➡ Nicolas Rapold

CREDITS

Directed by
Michel Gondry
Produced by
Neal H. Moritz
Written by
Seth Rogen
Evan Goldberg
Based on the radio
series created by
George W. Trendle
**Director of
Photography**
John Schwartzman
Editor
Michael Tronick
Production Designer
Owen Paterson
Music
James Newton Howard

©Columbia Pictures
Industries, Inc.
**Production
Companies**
Columbia Pictures
presents an Original
Film production
A film by Michel Gondry
Executive Producers
Michael Grillo
Evan Goldberg
Seth Rogen
Ori Marmur
George W. Trendle Jr

Co-producer
Raffi Adlan
Associate Producers
LeeAnn Stonebreaker
Lisa Rodgers
**Unit Production
Managers**
Michael Grillo
2nd Unit:
Debra James
**Production
Co-ordinators**
Danika Kohler
2nd Unit:
Paul Lazebnik
**Production
Accountant**
Kathryn Mindala
Location Manager
Mike Fantasia
2nd Unit Director
Vic Armstrong
Assistant Directors
1st: Jonathan Watson
1st: Michael Hausman
2nd: Christina Fong
2nd Unit:
1st: Steve Love
2nd: Gregory G. Hale
2nd: David Kelley
Plate Unit
1st: David Silva
Script Supervisors
Anne Rapp
2nd Unit:
Trisha Burton

SYNOPSIS Los Angeles, 20 years ago. Britt Reid's newspaper-czar father confiscates his superhero toy.

L.A., the present. Russian crime boss Chudnofsky tightens his grip on the city's rackets. Britt Reid parties away, then arrives one morning at the family mansion to learn that his father has died from a bee sting. He balks at taking over the newspaper, and bonds with the servant who makes perfect coffee, Kato.

Resolving to do something about the city's crime, Britt and Kato become masked avengers and break up a mugging. Britt encourages coverage at the newspaper, where he also hires sharp secretary Lenore Case. Kato revamps a beloved old car and he and Britt bust a meth lab, with Britt dressed up as the Green Hornet.

Britt gets jealous of Lenore's attention to Kato and belittles him; she eventually wants nothing to do with Britt. The pair get tricked into a meeting with Chudnofsky that nearly causes them to be buried alive. They quarrel and have a drawn-out hand-to-hand fight at the mansion. The DA, looking to capitalize on the crime issue, puts pressure on Britt to cooperate.

Kato, in a huff, gets mixed up with the baddies and appears to agree to kill Britt. The DA meets with Britt at a restaurant and claims he killed his father. Britt is taping the encounter; Kato turns up and stays loyal to Britt in the fracas that follows, when Britt's memory card gets lost. A huge gun battle ensues at the newspaper offices and printing press in which the DA is killed.

Britt, in hiding and suffering from a gunshot wound, confesses his double identity to Lenore. With Kato they stage a fake drive-by shooting at a public ceremony to get Britt to the hospital without any questions. All are reconciled.



Home run: Jay Chou, Seth Rogen

Casting
Francine Maisler
Camera Operators
A: Ian Fox
B: Andrew Rowlands
2nd Unit
A: Chris Haarhoff
B: John A. Connell
Steadicam Operator
Andrew Rowlands
Chief Lighting Technicians
Dave Christensen
2nd Unit
Shane D. Kelly
Key Grips
Les T. Tomita
2nd Unit
Michael Alexonis
Visual Effects
Supervisor:
Jamie Dixon
Producer:
Camille Cellucci
Plate Supervisor – Plate Unit:
Chris Dawson
Visual Effects by
Hammerhead Productions
Luma Pictures
CIS Visual Effects Group
Hollywood
Pixomondo
Additional:
Gutterband VFX
Special Effects
Supervisor:
John R. Frazier
Co-ordinator:
Jim Schwalm
3D Stereoscopic Conversion
Stereo D, LLC
Legend3D, Inc.
Venture 3D
Sassoon Film Design
Sony Pictures
Imageworks Inc.
Additional Editor
Evan Henke
Supervising Art Director
Greg Papalia
Art Directors
Chad S. Frey
Randy Moore
Benjamin Edelberg
2nd Unit
John Berger
Set Designers
Jim O.F. Hewitt
John Warnke
Kristen Davis
Julia Levine
Set Decorator
Ronald R. Reiss
Property Masters
Andrew M. Siegel

2nd Unit:
Ian Kay
Construction Co-ordinator
Stacey S. McIntosh
Costume Designer
Kym Barrett
Costume Supervisor
Lisa Lovaas
Masks
Ironhead Studios
Department Head Make-up
Kimberly Greene
Key Make-up Artists
Denise DellaValle
2nd Unit:
Tammy Ashmore
Make-up Artist
Erin Woolridge
Specialty Make-up
W.M. Creations
Department Head Hair
Melissa A. Yonkey
Key Hair Stylists
Cheryl Eckert
2nd Unit:
Mary Lampert
Titles
Picture Mill
Conducted/Orchestrated by
Pete Anthony
Orchestrations
John Ashton Thomas
Jeff Atmajian
Jon Kull
Bruce Babcock
Soundtrack
"Maalaea" – Chris Koller; "Live with Me" – The Rolling Stones; "Humpty Dance" – Digital Underground; contains a sample of "Let's Play House" – Parliament; "I Hung My Head" – Johnny Cash; "Symphony No. 3 in E flat major 'Eroica' Op. 55" by Ludwig van Beethoven – South German Philharmonic Orchestra; "Red Death at 6:14"; "Blue Orchid" – The White Stripes; "Twisting the Night Away" – Sam Cooke; "Heroes"; "Gangsta's Paradise" – Coolio; "Feel Your Love Tonight" – Van Halen; "Étude No. 39 (Un Sospiro)" by Franz Liszt; "Nunchucks" – Jay Chou; "Green Hornet Theme" by Billy May – David Sardy; "Saying Goodbye" – The

Greenhorns
Production Mixers
John Pritchett
Douglas Axtell
Re-recording Mixers
Jeffrey J. Haboush
Greg P. Russell
Dennis Sands
Supervising Sound Editors
Harry Cohen
Wylie Stateman
Stunt Co-ordinators
Vic Armstrong
Andy Armstrong
Fight:
Jeff Imada
2nd Unit:
Scott Armstrong

CAST

Seth Rogen
Britt Reid aka The Green Hornet
Jay Chou
Kato aka KATO!
Cameron Diaz
Lenore Case
Tom Wilkinson
James Reid
Christopher Waltz
Benjamin Chudnofsky
Edward James Olmos
Axford
David Harbour
Scanlon
Chad Coleman
Chili
Jamie Harris
Kalle; "Live with Me" – The Rolling Stones; "Humpty Dance" – Digital Underground; contains a sample of "Let's Play House" – Parliament; "I Hung My Head" – Johnny Cash; "Symphony No. 3 in E flat major 'Eroica' Op. 55" by Ludwig van Beethoven – South German Philharmonic Orchestra; "Red Death at 6:14"; "Blue Orchid" – The White Stripes; "Twisting the Night Away" – Sam Cooke; "Heroes"; "Gangsta's Paradise" – Coolio; "Feel Your Love Tonight" – Van Halen; "Étude No. 39 (Un Sospiro)" by Franz Liszt; "Nunchucks" – Jay Chou; "Green Hornet Theme" by Billy May – David Sardy; "Saying Goodbye" – The

Diane Mizota
TV reporter (Reid estate)
Theodore Bressman
Daniel Vertlieb, dead reporter
Dave Rickley
archive reporter
Dina Mamedov
Russian aftermath reporter
Tanner Gill
SWAT leader
George Fisher
chauffeur
Daniel Arrias
Eddie Perez
drug dealers
Bryan Thompson
Reuben Langdon
crackheads
Amir Abdalla
American gang boss
Alexandra Lord
Christy Petersen
pool girls
Frederick C. Ruiz
club bouncer
Keith Adams
Dennis Keiffer
Travon Magee
Dave Powledge
Jerry Trimble
Chudnofsky's gang

Dolby Digital/DTS/SDDS
Colour by
DeLuxe
[2.35:1]
3D

Distributor
Sony Pictures Releasing
10,686 ft +0 frames

Gulliver's Travels

USA/United Kingdom/
Australia 2010

Director: Rob Letterman

With Jack Black, Jason Segel, Emily Blunt, Amanda Peet

Certificate PG

There are films where the title and the above-the-name star serve as better summations of the work than any number of critical points. Such a film is *Gulliver's Travels*, starring Jack Black. The film puts us at the low end early, as if to ensure there are no misleading impressions. It's the famous scene where the shipwrecked Gulliver (Black) awakes on a beach to find himself tied down by the Lilliputians: Black gets to his feet, only to have an intrusive rope catch at his underwear; he falls backwards on one unlucky fellow, who's commemorated in the credits as 'Butt-Crack Man'.

Of course, it could be argued that Swift himself would have liked such humour, and the film happily recreates a later scene in the story where Gulliver puts out a blazing castle by peeing on it. Of course, in the film, we get to enjoy the actors, including Billy Connolly, being thoroughly drenched.

The film delivers brays rather than laughs, with Black the denominator of American pop culture out to liven up the stuffy Lilliputians. (In this version, Gulliver is a modern-day New Yorker, while the Lilliputians are cartoon medieval types out of the Bill and Ted films.) There is, arguably, something witty in seeing western cultural imperialism on display so crassly, with Black presenting scenes from *Star Wars* and *Titanic* in a giant theatre as episodes from his life. But many of the middle scenes drag under dreary rom-com business and the film feels tired by the time Gulliver is 'wedged' by an evil transforming robot (sic).

In fairness, there are good sight-gags based on the differently scaled players; for example, Gulliver's tiny friend Horatio (Jason Segel) racing along rooftops in an effort to keep up with the strolling giant, or the Lilliputians building a vast structure

that's finally revealed as Gulliver's new coffee percolator. One effective sequence has the scales reversed, so that Black is at the mercy of a giant girl with a monstrous temper; it builds on the Pixar idea that the most terrifying thing for a toy is a child who won't play nice. (Director Rob Letterman's credits include the much funnier 2009 DreamWorks animation *Monsters vs Aliens*, which also had a king-sized protagonist.) The beginning and end pay respects to Swift, with an opening depicting New York as a time-lapsed toytown, and end credits weaving bits of Swift's text around them.

However, this is less a version of Swift than it is a successor to the equally crass *Around the World in 80 Days* (2004). It's a lowbrow celebrity vehicle in which Connolly, Emily Blunt and Catherine Tate have nothing notable to do, ending with a lolling Black leading a singsong of 'War! (What Is It Good For?)'. Swift's misanthropic satire has been travestied on screen since at least *The New Gulliver* in 1935, a Russian film in which Gulliver helped the proletariat Lilliputians beat their capitalist rulers. For a more respectful adaptation, try the 1996 *Gulliver's Travels* TV miniseries featuring Ted Danson. ♦♦ **Andrew Osmond**

CREDITS

Directed by
Rob Letterman
Produced by
John Davis
Gregory Goodman
Screenplay
Joe Stillman
Nicholas Stoller
Director of Photography
David Tattersall
Film Editors
Dean Zimmerman
Alan Edward Bell
Production Designer
Gavin Bocquet
Music Composed by
Henry Jackman

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Production Companies
Twentieth Century Fox presents in association with Dune Entertainment a Davis Entertainment Company production Produced in association with Ingenious Media Made in association with Big Screen Productions, Ingenious Film Partners and Phoenix Film Partners
Executive Producers
Jack Black
Benjamin Cooley
Co-producer
Brian Manis
Associate Producer
Cliff Lanning
Unit Production Managers
Gregory Goodman
Janine Modder
Production Managers
LA Unit:
Vincent Agostino
NY Unit:
John Starke
Production Supervisor
LA Unit:
Scott Puckett
Production Co-ordinators
Victoria Hawden

SYNOPSIS New York, the present. Lemuel Gulliver works in the mailroom of the *New York Tribune* newspaper, nursing a crush on travel editor Darcy. Gulliver plagiarises the internet to convince her he's a talented travel writer. Darcy sends Gulliver to report on the Bermuda Triangle. Gulliver is alone at sea when his boat is caught in a massive waterspout.

He wakes to find himself in Lilliput, whose people are only a few inches high and have a medieval-style society. Gulliver is enslaved by General Edward Edwardson, but when the palace catches fire he saves the day by peeing on the blaze. The Lilliputians hail him as a hero, believing he must rule the land. He helps a Lilliputian called Horatio to woo the princess, Edwardson's fiancée.

Jealous of Gulliver, Edwardson facilitates a naval attack on Lilliput by the enemy nation Blefuscu, but Gulliver repels it. However, the Blefuscians discover the plans for a giant robot in Gulliver's discarded magazine; they secretly build the robot. Edwardson defeats Gulliver with the robot, and forces him to admit his lowly status. Gulliver is exiled to a neighbouring land, where he is imprisoned by a giant-sized girl. Meanwhile Darcy (who has discovered Gulliver's plagiarism) has travelled to Bermuda, only to be shipwrecked on Lilliput and captured in turn.

Horatio encourages the despondent Gulliver to escape, and together they defeat Edwardson. Gulliver persuades the Lilliputians and Blefuscians to make peace. Back in New York, Gulliver and Darcy marry.

2nd Unit:
 Philippa Naughten
 LA Unit:
 Jennifer Webb
 NY Unit:
 Andy Zolot
Financial Controller
 Jason Bogard
Supervising Location Manager
 Nick Fulton
Location Managers
 Finlay Pile
 Richard Hill
 James Grant
 LA Unit:
 John Cefalu
 NY Unit:
 Keith Adams
Post-production Supervisor
 Joan Kelley Bierman
2nd Unit Directors
 Shaun O'Dell
 Jim Rygiel
Assistant Directors
 1st: Cliff Lanning
 2nd: Ben Lanning
 2nd: Rob Burgess
 2nd: Lee Taylor
2nd Unit
 1st: Terry Bammer
 2nd: David Cain
 NY Unit:
 1st: Lars Winther
 Key 2nd: Eric Yellin
 LA Unit:
 2nd: Emily McGovern
 2nd: Hilbert Hakim
Script Supervisors
 Annie Penn
 2nd Unit:
 Susie Jones
 LA Unit:
 Trudy Ramirez
 NY Unit:
 Deirdre Horgan
UK Casting
 Priscilla John
US Casting
 Jeanne McCarthy
Digital 3D
 Stereo D, LLC
2nd Unit Director of Photography
 Shaun O'Dell
LA Unit Aerial Director of Photography
 David B. Nowell
Camera Operators
 Peter Robertson
 David Tatt
2nd Unit
 Simon Baker
 Peter Field
 Peter Sinclair
 Graham Hall
 LA Unit:
 A: Tommy Lohman
 NY Unit:
 A: Stephen Consentino
Steadicam
 LA Unit:
 Tommy Lohman
 NY Unit:
 Stephen Consentino
Gaffers
 Eddie Knight
 2nd Unit:
 Lee Knight
 LA Unit:
 Michael Bauman
 NY Unit:
 Russell Engels
Key Grips
 John Flemming
 2nd Unit:
 David Cadwallader
 LA Unit:
 Richard Mall
 NY Unit:
 Rick Marroquin

Visual Effects
 Producer/Supervisor:
 Ellen M. Somers
 Producer:
 Cari Thomas
Visual Effects by
 Weta Digital Ltd.
 [hy*drau*tx]
 Scanline VFX / Los Angeles
 Pixel Playground, Inc.
 Geon Studios Pvt Ltd
 Additional:
 Tata Elxsi/Visual Computing Labs
Motion Capture
 Audiomotion Studios
Special Effects
 Supervisor:
 Dominic Tuohy
 Workshop Supervisor:
 Jem Lovett
 LA Unit Co-ordinator:
 Jeremy Hays
Motion Control
 Mark Roberts Motion Control Limited
Supervising Art Director
 Peter Russell
Art Directors
 Andy Nelson
 Rod McLean
 Philip Harvey
 LA Unit:
 Bill Skinner
Set Decorators
 Richard Roberts
 LA Unit:
 Teresa Visinere
Concept Artists
 Hayley Easton Street
 Dominic Lavery
 Rick Buoen
 Cynille Nornberg
 Norman Walshe
 Darek Gogol
 Jamie Rama
Property Masters
 Ty Teiger
 LA Unit:
 John Keim
 NY Unit:
 Sabrina Wright
LA Unit Construction Co-ordinator
 Bob Blackburn
Construction Manager
 John Bohan
Costume Designer
 Sammy Sheldon
Costume Supervisors
 Nicole Young
 2nd Unit:
 Tom Morsby
 LA Unit:
 Robin McMullan
 NY Unit:
 Jessica Chaney
Head of Make-up/Hair Department
 Frances Hannon
Make-up/Hair Artists
 Carmel Jackson
 Paul Gooch
 Nana Fischer
 Paul Mooney
 Christine Whitney
 2nd Unit:
 Julie Dartnell
LA Unit Key Hair Stylist
 Gloria Ponce
Main/End Title Design
 Rokt Studio
Additional Music
 Chris Willis
Choir
 Metro Voices
Score Conducted by
 Gavin Greenaway
Choirmaster
 Jenny O'Grady

Score Orchestrated by
 Stephen Coleman
Music Supervisor
 Dave Jordan
Soundtrack
 "Rock and Roll All Nite"
 – KISS; "Listen to
 Mama" – Walkerman;
 "The Imperial March" by
 John Williams; "Rose's
 Theme" from *Titanic* by
 James Horner; "Kiss" –
 Taylor Graves; "Bad
 Romance" – Lady Gaga;
 "War" – John
 Kimbrough; "(I Keep
 On) Rising Up" – Mike
 Doughty
Sound Designer
 Warren Hendriks
Production Sound Mixer
 John Midgley
2nd Unit Sound Recordist
 Paul Munro
LA Unit Sound Mixers
 Robert Eber
NY Unit Sound Mixers
 Stuart C. Deutsch
Re-recording Mixers
 Andy Nelson
 Anna Behlmer
Supervising Sound Editors
 Derek Vanderhorst
 John A. Larsen
Stunt Co-ordinator/Horse Master
 Franklin Henson

CAST

Jack Black
 Lemuel Gulliver
 James Segel
 Horatio
Emily Blunt
 Princess Mary
Amanda Peet
 Darcy Silverman
Billy Connolly
 King Theodore
Chris O'Dowd
 General Edward
 Edwardson
T.J. Miller
 Dan
James Corden
 Jinks
Catherine Tate
 Queen Isabelle
Emmanuel Quatra
 King Leopold
Olly Alexander
 Prince August
Richard Laing
 Nigel, travel writer
David Sterne
 foreman
Stewart Scudamore
 Blefuscan captain
Jonathan Aris
 Lilliputian scientist
Jake Nightingale
 Blefuscan sentry 1
Okezie Morro
 Blefuscan sentry 2
Christopher Middleton
 Blefuscan sentry 3
Danni Benattar
 giant princess
Bradley Ford
 boy 1
Noah St Bean
 boy 2
Zachary Harris
 boy 3
Charlize Hyams
 girl 1
Nieve Stenton
 girl 2
Rafiella Brooks
 girl 3
Robert Gilbert
 Mark
Harry Peacock
 Lilliputian royal guard
Gemma Whelan
 Lilliputian Rose
Ian Porter
 business desk
 editor
Stink Fisher
 construction
 worker
Bentley Kalu
 New York Tribune
 staffer
Meredith Vieira
 Lilliputian

Jack Black

Henry's Crime

USA 2010

Director: Malcolm Venneville

With Keanu Reeves, Vera Farmiga, James Caan, Peter Stormare

Certificate 15 107m 35s

Henry's Crime is a pared-down, plain-looking romantic comedy that is all the more amusing for its modesty. The title character is an unassuming blue-collar worker who is duped into being a getaway driver. Keanu Reeves (whose production company makes its debut with the movie) is no one's idea of an ordinary Joe, but the handsome void of his face provides a silent punchline to each rum card that Henry is dealt, from interrogation to imprisonment and divorce. Once released from jail, he heeds the observation of another convict – "You did the time, you may as well have done the crime" – and resolves to rob the bank after all, via a tunnel that leads from a local theatre basement into the vault.

A British, and occasionally even Ealing-esque, sensibility informs the gentle tone. Malcolm Venneville, director of the Pinter-lite *44 Inch Chest* (2009), keeps a cool head among the dotty characters conjured up by his screenwriter, fellow Brit Sacha Gervasi (who himself directed another eccentric cockle-warmer, 2008's *Anvil! The Story of Anvil*). The oddballs include a crackpot

theatre director (Peter Stormare), prone to shouting "Bor – ring!" during rehearsals of *The Cherry Orchard*, his Madame Ranevsky, the jaded actress Julie (Vera Farmiga), whose appearance in a lottery ad has brought her worthless recognition; and Henry's former cellmate, the avuncular Max (James Caan), who considers Chekhov his second favourite Russian "next to Gorbachev".

Momentum is provided by the plucky cast, together with a brass-heavy R&B score assembled by the music supervisor Blake Leyh (sound designer on the HBO series *The Wire*). The film doesn't bear too much scrutiny – despite spending decades in prison, Max adjusts to life outside in a flash – and the script is over-cautious in distinguishing between 'good' crooks like Henry (who bans guns because "someone might get hurt") and 'bad' ones like his nemesis Eddie, who is unambiguously beastly. But then realism is traded in fairly early on by Max's explanation of the movie's title: "The real crime is not committing to our dreams," he tells Henry, marking out the film as the story of a worm who will turn, a mouse who'll learn to roar.

Henry's Crime can be filed in the crime-and-whimsy section alongside *Big Deal on Madonna Street* (1958), *The Big Job* (1965), *Breaking In* (1989), *Palookaville* (1995) and Woody Allen's *Small Time Crooks* (2000). Like Allen's *Bullets over Broadway* (1994), it also mocks affectionately the luvvie sensibility, though it might have



Theatre of dreams: Keanu Reeves, James Caan



had more fun with the matter of Henry's acting skills when he is strong-armed into playing Lopakhin. The real treat is Farmiga's glorious, pop-eyed turn as the put-upon performer who suspects she deserves better than two-bit rep. During a rehearsal in which she is giving her all, she seems abruptly to remember that she's not on Broadway or at the National, and changes down a few gears, plodding through the rest of her scene by making yada-yada hand gestures and muttering: "Crying, crying..." Like her, the film is better than it needs to be. **Ryan Gilbey**

CREDITS

Directed by
Malcolm Venille
Produced by
Stephen Hamel
David J. Mirman
Jordan Schur
Lemore Syvan
Screenplay
Sacha Gervasi
David White
Story
Stephen Hamel
Sacha Gervasi
Director of Photography
Paul Cameron
Editor
Curtiss Clayton
Production Designer
Chris Jones

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Production Companies
Mirman Schur Pictures and Parlay Films present a Company Films and a Mirman Schur Pictures production in association with Firststar Films and 120dB Films
Executive Producers
Scott Fischer
Mark Fischer
Cassian Elwes
Lisa Wilson
Alison Palmer
Peter Graham
Stephen Hays
Sacha Gervasi
Line Producers
Jonathan Shoemaker
LA Unit:
Rob Ortiz
Associate Producers
Jake Hoffman
Cat Lake
Geoffrey Taylor
Trevor Undi
Unit Production Managers
Jonathan Shoemaker
Lemore Syvan
LA Unit:
Rob Ortiz
Production Supervisor
Buffalo Unit:
Michele Barone
Production Co-ordinators
Erin E. Borel

LA Unit:
Divi Crockett
Production Accountant
Tara Andrus
Location Managers
Daniel Strol
LA Unit:
Jesse Rivard
Post-production Supervisor
Chris Keneally
Assistant Directors
1st: John M. Tyson
2nd: François Caillaud
Script Supervisors
Diane Hounsell
LA Unit:
Kristy Kelly
Casting
Cindy Tolan
Camera Operators
A: Charlie Libin
B: Mark Schmidt
Gaffers
Ken Shibata
LA Unit:
Randy Woodside
Key Grips
James McMillan
LA Unit:
Carlos Boiles
Visual Effects
Technicolor Toronto
Special Effects Co-ordinator
Drew Jintano
Set Decorators
Laura Hyman
LA Unit:
Elizabeth Keenan
Property Masters
Sabrina Wright
LA Unit:
Doug Randall
Construction Co-ordinator
Pierre Rovira
Costume Designers
Melissa Toth
LA Unit:
Tracy Field
Wardrobe Supervisor
Susan J. Wright
Department Head Make-up
Maya Harding
Key Make-up Artists
Julia Lallas
LA Unit:
Francisco X Perez
Department Head Hair
Colleen Callaghan
Key Hair Stylists
Joe Whitmeyer

LA Unit:
Barbara Lorenz
Titles
Robert Halverson
End Titles
World's Away
Music from the Catalogue of
Daptone Records
Music Supervisor
Blake Leyh
Soundtrack
"Answer Me"; "100 Days, 100 Nights"; "Got a Thing on My Mind"; "Stranded in Your Love"; "Be Easy"; "Let Them Knock" – Sharon Jones & The Dap-Kings; "Origin of Man"; "Ghost Walk"; "Raje Haje" – The Budos Band; "Parisienne"; "The Traitor"; "Make the Road by Walking"; "Heartbeat (Dust to Dust)"; "Birds" – Menahan Street Band; "Buffalotto"; "Ode to Canal"; "Theme from North Third Street" – Fall on Your Sword; "Je veux vivre" from "Roméo et Juliette" by Charles-François Gounod – Ana María Martínez; "Memories of J.S.B."; "Nervous like Me" – The Dap-Kings; "Misterioso"; "Lafaye's Phase" – Sharon Jones; "Movement I, Allegro Misterioso"
Sound Design/Supervision
Ira Spiegel
Sound Mixers
Chris Gebert
LA Unit:
Duke Marsh
Re-recording Mixer
Reilly Steele
Stunt Co-ordinator
Douglas Crosby

CAST

Keanu Reeves
Henry Torne
Vera Farmiga
Julie Ivanova
James Caan
Max Saltzman
Peter Stormare
Darek Milodragovic
Judy Greer
Debbie Torne
Danny Hoch
Joe
Fisher Stevens
Eddie Vibes
Currie Graham
Simon
David Costabile
Arnold
Bill Duke
Frank
Drew McVety
detective
Tim Snay
judge
Carlos Pizarro
Hector
Chris Cardona
prison guard

Mark Anthony Fink
Brian Rogalski
other inmate
Steve Beauchamp
other inmate 2
Allel Aïmiche
Pierre
Jordan Gelber
Trofimov
Audrey Lynn Weston
Dunyasha
Ken Marks
Gayev
Gideon Banner
Yasha
Julie Ordon
Anyia
Paul O'Brien
head parole reviewer
James Hindman
Mr Tuttle
Jason Fisher
Bruce the dick
Guy Boyd
Bernie
Peter Appel
Larry
David Bishins
interrogation detective

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Entertainment Film Distributors Ltd

9,682 ft +15 frames



London lite: **Wunmi Mosaku, Gerard Kearns**

Honeymooner

United Kingdom 2010

Director: Col Spector

With Gerard Kearns, Al Weaver, Daisy Haggard, Chris Coghill

Certificate 15 73m 32s

It's tempting to go easy on the modesty of a film like *Honeymooner*, which treads over the same old ground of countless low-key relationship comedies, innocuously raising the odd smile without bothering to apply any individual stamp to its own scenario. The film's ambition is somehow dwarfed by its meagre budget; the insights into the dating habits of young Londoners grab the attention even less than the rudimentary camera set-ups. It's fair to say that there's little one could actively object to in the script – there's not much to respond to at all.

Being single in Kentish Town is a glum business for the bemused main character, Fran, but comparisons with the love lives of his best friends Jon and Ben are there to prove in the crudest way that a waiting game can have its merits. Writer-director Col Spector, turning in this second feature after the similarly scaled *Someone Else* (2006), traffics in broad, sketchy clichés about male dissatisfaction and commitment-

phobia, making the diffident and gentle Fran the exception to this somewhat glib rule. Unfortunately, the character is so underwritten, merely lacking the more unsavoury traits of his immediate companions, that his path to happiness ends up feeling irretrievably mundane. If this, like Spector's debut, is meant to invite comparisons with Woody Allen, I'm afraid we're looking at the *Anything Else* (2003) end of Allen, at best.

Spector at least shows a modicum of skill with his actors, who don't embarrass themselves, and in most cases deserve better dialogue than he's written for them. *Shameless's* Gerard Kearns is natural enough as Fran, but constricted more than anyone by the essential blandness of his part. As Ben, Chris Coghill has good timing and instincts, but takes the curious decision not to make eye contact with his nominal best chum throughout the film, forewarning us a little too obviously where their friendship is headed. Meanwhile Daisy Haggard swans around with the witty vivacity of a young Emma Thompson, and shows easily the most promise, managing to steal her handful of scenes as Ben's fickle, confused girlfriend Jess. That *Honeymooner* largely avoids nastiness or offence would commend it to us more if it had a single positive virtue to put in their place. **Tim Robey**

SYNOPSIS London, the present. Fran has been dumped by his fiancée Emma four weeks before their wedding. His friends Ben and Jon are both in relationships but regularly try to pick up other girls in bars, while Fran yearns to settle down. He resists the advances of his fortysomething neighbour Celine, and bumps into Emma, who is already seeing someone else. A blind date goes badly wrong for Fran; accompanying Ben's girlfriend Jess to a gig leads to flirting.

Ben and Jon let slip that Emma was already seeing her current boyfriend before the break-up. Jess drunkenly kisses Fran one night, then tells Ben it was Fran who made the move. Volunteering at a Camden soup kitchen, Fran is reunited with old school friend Seema; she tells him she had a crush on him back then, but says it's too soon after his break-up to go on a date. Fran tries to patch things up with Ben, who demurs. Jon's girlfriend leaves him. Time passes. Fran gets together with Seema.

SYNOPSIS Buffalo, New York. Tricked by his old school friend Eddie into acting as getaway driver for a bank heist, tollbooth worker Henry Torne is sent to jail. On his release, he is hit by a car driven by Julie, who is appearing in *The Cherry Orchard* at a nearby theatre. Henry discovers that there is a tunnel between the theatre and the vault of the bank that Eddie robbed. He decides to rob the bank, having served the time anyway, and recruits former cellmate Max to help. Finding that the tunnel is located behind a dressing-room wall, Max arranges for one of the actors to receive a competing job offer; Henry then auditions successfully for the vacant role, gaining access to the dressing room. Henry confesses the plan to Julie, with whom he has begun a relationship. Eddie learns of the scheme, which also now involves the bank's security guard, and muscles in on it. Julie is upset when Henry tells her he will have to leave with the bounty after the first performance. Eddie double-crosses the gang but is overpowered. Henry, shot in the leg during the struggle, is reconciled with Julie on stage on opening night.

CREDITS

Directed by
Col Spector
Produced by
Alicia Brown
Col Spector
Written by
Col Spector
Director of Photography
Gerry Floyd
Editor
Maria Valente
Production Designer
Saffron Hunt

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Executive Producer
Radha Chakraborty
Production Manager
Vanessa Muir
Production Co-ordinators
Amelie Chicoye
Rachael Steele
Assistant Directors
1st: Richard Lynn
1st: Weiwei Sei
2nd: Peter Middleton
Script Supervisor
Sheila McNaught
Script Editor
Radha Chakraborty
Gaffers
Kevin Gardner
Kevan Noble
Key Grip
James Ray Leary
Costume Designer
Saffron Hunt
Hair/Make-up Artist
Emily Joel
Title Design
James Cundill
Jo Glover
Titles
jostudio.co.uk
Soundtrack
"Pink Moon" – Nick Drake; "Girl Done Gone" – Graham Coxon; "Like Magic"; "Jealous" – Operator Please; "Ghosts"; "Liar" – Cigarettes; "May Holiday"; "Come away with Me" – Rose Elinor Dougall; "Let's Ride" – Kamillon Phantom; "Bobby"; "You're the Sun" – Laura Vane, Lee Baker; "Road to Nowhere"; "Not the One" – Jackanory & The Ball; "Meet to Please You" – Peasants; "In the Midst of Madness" – Invasion; "Disco SOS" – Jessica Banks, Sean Hennessy, Ben Townsend; "Come on Girl" – Sean Hennessy, Ben Townsend featuring Laura Vane, Craig Warlock; "Everything I Touch" – Sean Hennessy, Rob Waterson, Jessica Banks, Craig Warlock; "Love Me Good" – Jessica Banks, Sean Hennessy, Ben Townsend; "Missing You" – Jessica Banks, Sean Hennessy, Ben Townsend, Sean Clarke; "Varanasi"; "Orbit" – Andy Foster
Sound Recordist
Ron Bailey
Re-recording Mixer
Craig Irving

CAST

Gerard Kearns
Fran
Al Weaver
Jon
Daisy Haggard
Jess
Chris Coghill
Ben
Montserrat Roig De Puig

Celine
Wurmi Mosaku
Seema
Lisa Faulkner
Emma
Simon Schatzberger
Rabbi Sander
Vivienne Harvey
Gabby
Billie Higson
Rain
Sarah Lawton
Chrissie
Signe Soerensen
Nicki
Gabi Garciaandia
Romina
Charlotte Gascoyne
Dima
Jennifer Martin
Jehudith
Stephanie Sian Smith
soup du jour waitress
Bridgett Ane Lawrence
yoga teacher
Amelie Chicoye
French girl
Kelly Clare
drink spill girl
Georgia Broaders
Natalie
Hayley Coleman
Sara Sander
Will Church
Dannry
Karley Sciortino
Jess' sister
Matt Collins
taxi driver
Marek Steven
Skorch guitarist
Zel Kaute
Skorch drummer
Alexandra Harris
self-helf tape woman
Sophie Anderson
waitress

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Soda Pictures

6,618 ft +0 frames

How Do You Know

USA 2010

Director: James L. Brooks
With Reese Witherspoon, Owen Wilson, Paul Rudd, Jack Nicholson
Certificate 12A 120m 33s

In production, 'James L. Brooks Untitled' was already a hot subject in the media as an example of an old-fashioned Hollywood practice – an unproven character-based 'dramedy' congregating big-salary stars. That idiosyncratic, out-of-time quality continues in the finished product's bright and creamy cinematography by Janusz Kaminski, and in its fancy in imagining a world where Americans all travel by city bus.

How Do You Know is the sixth film directed by writer-producer-director-mentor-and-sitcom-progenitor Brooks, and its US box-office failure is bad news for an entire mode of non-spectacular, star-based moviemaking – even as its charms prove the efficacy of the model. American reviewers, typically rallying around a misunderstood artwork, have piled on a drubbing, many complaining that Reese Witherspoon's girl jock Lisa should be seen playing softball more.

Lisa is seen on the field only once after the opening credits, just enough, catching a ball in the face. She spends the rest of the scene fielding a call from Paul Rudd's George, with blood in her smile. It shows Brooks's allergy to cliché, Witherspoon's lack of vanity, and Lisa's toughness – when she finally cries, her surprise at losing physical control is palpable.

After a disorienting flurry of opening exposition, *How Do You Know* settles into the indecisive space it operates best in, and the lopsided *ménage à trois* of Lisa and suitors Matty (Owen Wilson) and George. The film, which has the curious meander of something discovered on set rather than in the boardroom, isn't about the 'novelty' of women's athletics, but love amid the

SYNOPSIS Outside Washington DC, the present. Lisa Jorgenson is a three-time member of the US Olympic softball squad but is unsure whether she'll make the team again at 31. Her personal life is also unsettled. She has a fling with Matty, a major-league baseball pitcher and ladies man. She is dropped from the team on the day she's set for a blind date with George, an executive who's just learned he's under federal investigation for fraud, though he knows nothing of the crime. George and Lisa spend their date in silence. Later, however, George can't get Lisa out of his mind. She, meanwhile, moves in with Matty.

George concludes that he's been set up by Charles, his father and boss. Charles tells George that he can either take the fall and go to jail for a year or two, or see his repeat-offender father locked away for good. Concluding that he should make a decision based on whether or not his life has purpose, George goes to find Lisa at a birthday party thrown for her by Matty, and confronts her with his feelings. She agrees to step outside with George, and they disappear together.

ruins of professional security and repurposing one's ideas of self. "I can see why people do this," says Lisa, self-consciously backing away from her first and last appointment with a psychiatrist – a cameo by Tony Shalhoub – and her journey is basically a pillow-talking cure. Brooks's acuity of insight into his characters' motives and emotional states sets every conversation vibrating with hazard and potential. What's said and how is vital here – for example in Matty's verbal slip to Lisa that the apartment is "his" not "theirs", or the dressing-down given by George to his father Charles (a huffing, puffy Jack Nicholson) over dad's chronic yelling.

Rudd, as hangdog-handsome mensch George, gets the smallest paycheck and the trickiest part, and in a just world he would be digging his way out from under encomiums for what he does with it. He's legitimately ardent, and a superb clown. In the post-traumatic freefall of George's professional disgrace, he indulges his despair in a ballet of extravagant destitution, jacking his body at a right angle to pound his forehead on a table, discarding a steak off the barbecue, laughing his way through a drunken coast down the stairs – showing the same gift for physical comedy that made classic material of a teenager petulantly picking up silverware in *Wet Hot American Summer* (2001).

As the competition, Wilson's sly-sincere line readings help to diverge Matty from the conventional rom-com

polarity that divides single men into honest, innocent nice-guys and bastards: he's an honest, innocent nice-bastard. Pragmatic Lisa recognises him as such from the get-go, explores his limitations and moves on in a 'break-up' whose tenderness might better be described as a 'letting-go'.

This is part of a final movement which, through its economy, shows how well articulated the mesh of emotional connections that precedes it has been. Very little is now left to say, and a ripple of reaction shots runs across the principals. It's as gracefully timed a cinematic moment as Brooks has ever orchestrated, and one hopes it won't be the last. **◆ Nick Pinkerton**

CREDITS

Directed by
James L. Brooks
Produced by
Paula Weinstein
Laurence Mark
James L. Brooks
Julie Ansell
Written by
James L. Brooks
Director of Photography
Janusz Kaminski
Edited by
Richard Marks
Tracey Wadmore-Smith
Production Designer
Jeannine Oppewall
Music
Hans Zimmer

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Production Companies
Columbia Pictures presents a Gracie Films production
A film by James L. Brooks
Executive Producers
John D. Schofield
Richard Sakai
Co-producers
Richard Marks
Aldric La'auli Porter
Francine Maisler
Associate Producers
Amanda Moshay
Seth Sanders
Unit Production Manager
John D. Schofield
Production Supervisors
Yvonne Yaconelli
Washington DC Unit:
Carol Flaisher



Blondes in love: Owen Wilson, Reese Witherspoon

Production
Co-ordinators
 Tom Carson
 Washington DC Unit:
 Lisa Hagemeyer
 Fozzati
Production
Accountant
 Chris Finigan
Location Managers
 Staci Hagenbaugh
 Washington DC Unit:
 Jonathan Reich
Production Consultant
 Bruce A. Block
Assistant Directors
 1st: Aldric La'auli Porter
 2nd: Maggie Murphy
Script Supervisor
 Sherry Gallarneau
Casting
 Francine Maisler
Camera Operators
 A: Mitch Dubin
 B: George Billinger
Steadicam Operator
 George Billinger
Gaffer
 David Devlin
Key Grip
 James Kwiatkowski
Visual Effects
 Zoic Studios
Special Effects
Co-ordinator
 David H. Watkins
Additional Editing
 Shelly Westerman
Art Director
 Anthony Dunne
Set Designers
 Sarah Contant
 Amy Heinz
Set Decorators
 Nancy Nye
 Meredith Boswell
Property Masters
 C.J. Maguire
 Washington DC Unit:
 Michael A. Sábó
Construction
Co-ordinators
 Daniel Pemberton
 Paul Maiello
Costume Designer
 Shay Cunniff
Costume Supervisors
 Helen R. Monaghan
 Washington DC Unit:
 Catharine Fletcher
Department Head
Make-up
 Christina Smith
Key Make-up Artist
 June Brickman
Department Head Hair
 Michael White
Key Hair Stylist
 Lydia Benaim
Main Titles
 Jon Bloom
Additional Music
 Guillaume Roussel
Conducted by
 Nick Glennie-Smith
Orchestrators
 Bruce Fowler
 Walter Fowler
 Rick Giovannozzo
 Kevin Kaska
 Elizabeth Finch
Music Arranged by
 Nick Glennie-Smith
 Stephen Hilton
 Antonius Holkenborg
Music Supervision
 Nick Angel
Soundtrack
 "What Is It This Time?"
 – Jamie Lidell; "Beneath
 the Bleeding" –
 Inhuman; "Perfectly
 Wrong" – Jetboy; "Your
 Easy Lovin' Ain't Pleasin'
 Nothin'" – Mayer
 Hawthorne; "Turn Off
 the Lights" – Teddy
 Pendergrass
Sound Mixer
 Petur Hliddal
Re-recording Mixers
 Michael Semanick
 David Giammarco
 Rick Kline

Supervising Sound
Editor
 Dennis Drummond
Stunt Co-ordinators
 Phil Adams
 Sports:
 Mark Robert Ellis

CAST

Reese Witherspoon
 Lisa Jorgenson
Owen Wilson
 Matty
Paul Rudd
 George
Jack Nicholson
 Charles
Kathryn Hahn
 Annie
Mark Linn-Baker
 Ron
Lenny Venito
 Al
Molly Price
 Coach Sally
Ron McLarty
 George's lawyer
Shelley Conn
 Terry
Domenick
Lombardozzi
 bullpen coach
John Tormey
 doorman
Teyonah Parris
 Riva
Tony Shalhoub
 psychiatrist
Dean Norris
 softball coach
Donna Dundon
 Annie's mom
Cyrus Newitt
 Annie's dad
Will Blagrove
Andrew Wilson
David Gregory
 Matty's teammates
Yuki Matsuzaki
 Tori
Bill McKinley
 maître d'
Jim Bouton
 bullpen coach
Tara Subkoff
 subpoena woman
Mary Gallagher
 other female coach
Aileen Zoccola
 Sachi Jonas
Amanda Moshay
 players' wives
Lyssa Lee Roberts
 groped girl
Seth Sanders
 cocky agent
Elyse Braner
Ryann Hendricks
Jessi Moore
Amanda Freed
Jaime Wohlbach
Anjelica Selden
Lovieanne Jung
Suze Kilner
Brian Distance
Michael Toolan-Roche
Caitlin Hanrahan
Deanna Vecchio
Samantha Yodowitz
Crystal Bustos
Andrea Duran
Jackie Dempsey
Tara Henry
Carri Martin
 US national team

Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS
In Colour
Prints by
 DeLuxe
[1.85:1]

Distributor
 Sony Pictures Releasing

10,849 ft +8 frames

Howl

USA 2010

Directors: Rob Epstein, Jeffrey Friedman

With James Franco, David Strathairn, Jon Hamm, Bob Balaban
Certificate 15 84m 13s

Rob Epstein's award-winning 1984 documentary *The Times of Harvey Milk* received renewed attention (including a Criterion edition) in the wake of Gus Van Sant's fictionalisation of the same story in *Milk* (2008). Now Epstein and co-director Jeffrey Friedman turn to another iconic countercultural American figure, the poet Allen Ginsberg. Van Sant executive produces and James Franco, who played Harvey Milk's lover Scott Smith in *Milk*, takes the lead, commanding the screen in two of the film's three narrative strands: Ginsberg reading his famous poem 'Howl' for the first time at the Six Gallery in San Francisco in 1955; and a long interview, based on transcripts, which the filmmakers imagine him giving in his apartment. The film jumps back and forth between these two strands and the trial on obscenity charges of 'Howl' publisher Lawrence Ferlinghetti in 1957.

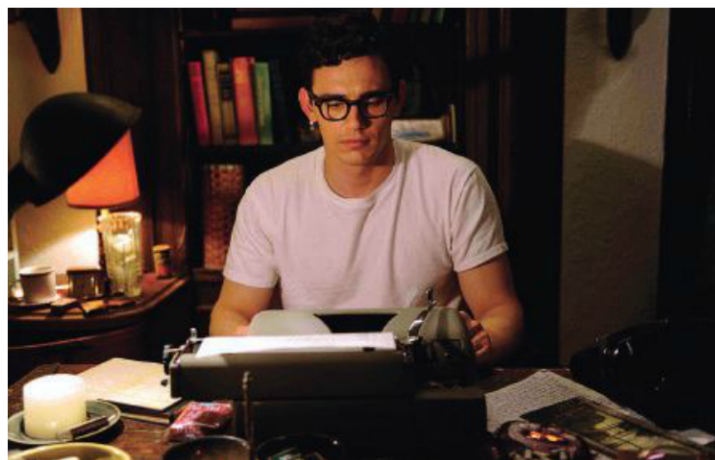
The film opens in black and white, with Franco's Ginsberg on a small stage, clutching a typescript from which he reads the famous opening lines of 'Howl' that begin: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness..." The recreated Six Gallery is crowded with angelheaded hipsters in batwing glasses, swigging from wine jugs. Epstein and Friedman imagine, probably correctly, that contemporary viewers, unlike the onscreen audience, won't be intoxicated by the poem's words alone, so when a line ends with "contemplating jazz", a sax soundtrack courtesy of Carter Burwell kicks in to accompany nifty split-screen credits reminiscent of *The Brady Bunch*.

As the appearance of Jon Hamm (*Mad Men*) as defence lawyer Jake Ehrlich and David Strathairn (*Good Night, and Good Luck*) as prosecutor Ralph McIntosh suggests, *Howl* bespeaks the 1950s nostalgia currently gripping the American cultural imaginary as it wrestles with a new moral majority. Hamm, Strathairn and the cadre of cameos who populate the trial – notably Mary-Louise Parker

SYNOPSIS San Francisco, 7 October 1955. In the Six Gallery on Fillmore Street, 29-year-old poet Allen Ginsberg reads his poem 'Howl' to an audience for the first time. Among the beatniks and hipsters in the audience is Lawrence Ferlinghetti, fellow poet and co-founder of City Lights bookstore. 'Howl' becomes the fourth title in City Lights' Pocket Poets series.

In 1957, Ferlinghetti is prosecuted for selling obscene material after copies of 'Howl' are seized. Defence lawyer Jake Ehrlich and prosecutor Ralph McIntosh call literary critics and professors from the Bay Area to take the stand during the summer-long trial, which is eventually decided in Ferlinghetti's favour. Ginsberg doesn't attend court: the film imagines him instead giving a freewheeling interview (based on true-life transcripts) about the formation of the Beat group, and about the poem itself.

Intercut with the three strands of re-enactment is an animation of 'Howl' by artist and Ginsberg collaborator Eric Drooker which highlights the poem's anti-authoritarian, erotic, ecstatic vision.



Burning bright: James Franco

as a prim English teacher witness for the prosecution and Alessandro Nivola and Jeff Daniels as hepcat critics for the defence – deliver convincing performances in an absurdist legal drama, but the trial primarily serves as punctuation between intense bursts of Franco's impassioned performance as Ginsberg.

While we return only sporadically to the scene of the 'Howl' reading, the poem remains at the centre of the film: its literary value is discussed during the trial, and in the interview Ginsberg describes its genesis and composition (this is possibly the only in-depth discussion of Blakean prosody ever committed to celluloid). The film also includes animation by Eric Drooker, based on the illustrations he created in collaboration with Ginsberg for the poet's *Illuminated Poems*. Animation and live action combine to accompany Ginsberg's narration of his journey from New York working-class Jew to *cause célèbre* of the San Francisco literati, focusing on his emotional entanglements with Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady and his eventual relationship with Peter Orlovsky, providing the film with a road-movie narrative as well as the ever compelling story of the Beats. Ginsberg's poetic and sexual formulations work themselves out in tandem as, in San Francisco, he recovers from psychiatric corrective treatment and embraces "the basic reality of homosexual joy" rather than shame, and thus a new writing style – leading to the poem's obscenity charge.

"An author should be real in treating his subject," concludes Judge Clayton Horn (an owlish tour de force by Bob

Balaban). It's a defence dear to the hearts of the directors, who succeed in conveying the social, political and psychological reality of Ginsberg's poem. *Howl* continues the fascinating evolution and liberation of the documentary as it redefines and recovers a more complex 'real' through animation, re-enactment and poetry.

♥♦ **Sophie Mayer**

CREDITS

Directed by
 Rob Epstein
 Jeffrey Friedman
Produced by
 Elizabeth Redleaf
 Christine Kunewa
 Walker
 Rob Epstein
 Jeffrey Friedman
Written for the screen by
 Rob Epstein
 Jeffrey Friedman
 Composed from court records, interviews and *Howl* by Allen Ginsberg
Director of Photography
 Edward Lachman
Editor
 Jake Pushinsky
Production Designer
 Thérèse DeFrez
Music by/
Orchestrated by
 Carter Burwell

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Production Companies
 A Werc Werk Works production in association with Telling Pictures and Rabbit Bandini Productions
 A Rob Epstein/Jeffrey Friedman film
 Developed with the assistance of the Sundance Institute Feature Film Program and a grant from the Sundance Institute Documentary Film Program
Executive Producers
 Gus Van Sant
 Jawal Nga
Co-producers
 Brian Benson
 Andrew Peterson
 Mark Steele
Line Producer
 Lynn Appelle
Associate Producers
 Peter Hale
 Bob Rosenthal
 Ken Bailey
 James Q. Chan
 Kelly Gilpatrick
Unit Production Manager

Lynn Appelle
Production Supervisor
 Devorah DeVries
Production Co-ordinator
 Canella Williams-Larrabee
Accountant
 Brent Peebles
Location Manager
 Abigail Zealey Bess
Researcher
 Emily Q. Osborne
Assistant Directors
 1st: Tom Fatone
 2nd: Nick E. Vanderpool
Script Supervisor
 Tony Pettine
Casting
 Bernie Telsey
 David Vaccari
 Tiffany Little Canfield
Camera Operators
 Gerard Sava
 B: Richard Rutkowski
Gaffer
 Jon DeBlau
Key Grip
 Jim McMillan
Visual Effects
 Mark Christiansen
Motion Graphics
 Aron Kantar
Animation Designed by
 Eric Drooker
Animation Producer/
Head of Animation
 John Hays
Animation – US
 Animation Studios:
 W!dbrain
 Maverix Studios LLC
 Animation Editors:
 Stan Webb
 Kevin N. Bailey
 Animation Production Managers:
 Michael Baker
 Allison P. Brown
 Animation Storyboard Artists:
 Eric Drooker
 John Hays
 Animation Art Director:
 Tod Polson
 Lead Character Designer:
 Eric Drooker
 Animation Character Design:
 Ed Bell
 Valentino 'Achui' So

Animation – Thailand

Animation Studios:
The Monk Studios
Animation Executive
Producer:
Juck Sornsaman
Animation Producer:
Valthip Srinaka
CG Supervisor:
Salvador Simo
Layout Supervisors:
Lee Croudy
Sasapitt Rujirat
Animation Supervisor:
Thunyawat Puniya-
Ngarm
Model Supervisor:
Thanittha Prompatima
Art Director
Russell Barnes
Set Decorator
Robert Covelman
Six Gallery Paintings
by
Paul G. Fero
Paintings in Allen's
Apartment by
Gene DeFrez
Moloch Card by
Pablo Ferro
Property Master
Jeff Butcher
Costume Designers
Kurt and Bart
Costume Supervisor
Laura Steinman
Make-up Department
Head

Persefone Karakosta
Key Make-up Artist
Sarit Klein
Key Hair Stylist
Colleen Callaghan
Title Design
Edgeworx
Creative Design:
Dave Tesson
Credit Roll Design
Ben Laffin
Music Supervisor
Hal Willner
Soundtrack
"Tonight at the Sands";
"Steve's Place"; "To
Have & Have"; "Dim
the Lights"; "On the
Beat"; "Uptown
Boogie"; "Lady Be
Good"; "Dizzy Gillespie,
Milt Jackson, Joe
Carroll; "A Horace, of
Course"; "Forever
Hers"; "This Wheel's on
Fire" – Bob Dylan, The
Band
Sound Designer
Tom Myers
Sound Mixer
Jan McLaughlin
Re-recording Mixer
Lora Hirschberg
Supervising Sound
Editor
Lora Hirschberg

CAST

James Franco
Allen Ginsberg
David Strathairn
Ralph McIntosh
Jon Hamm
Jake Ehrlich
Bob Balaban
Judge Clayton Horn
Alessandro Nivola
Luther Nichols
Treat Williams
Mark Schorer
Mary-Louise Parker
Gail Potter
Jeff Daniels
David Kirk
Todd Rotondi
Jack Kerouac
Jon Prescott
Neal Cassidy
Aaron Tveit
Peter Orlovsky
Andrew Rogers
Lawrence Ferlinghetti
Heather Klar
Jack's girlfriend
Kadance Frank
Allen's girlfriend

Joe Toronto

sailor
Johary Ramos
hustler
Nancy Spence
Neal's girlfriend
Allen Ginsberg
himself, archive footage
Paige Allen
Nikki Borges
Erica Boseski
Deborah Bowman
Olmo Cefa
Margo Curry
Alex Emanuel
Cecilia Foss
Michael Gough
Diane Hess
Anna Kuchma
Paul Letersky
Carl Low
Matthew Martin
Desiree Matthews
Galway McCullough
Deric McNish
Phil Newsom
Marissa Pepple
Kimberly Prentice
Allyson Reilly
Sean Reilly
Charles Rubey
Stephanie Schmiderer
Chad Scott
Troy Skeeters
Matthew Staley
Rafe Terrizzi
Rob Tode
Lisa Whitt
Six Gallery audience
Jeremiah Alexander
Maria-Elaina Antoniou
Katherine Boyle
Peter Bush
Barbara Danicka
John Farrer
William Fowle
Andrew Goldfarb
Jeanette Gould
Eddie Earl Hatch
Dennis Hearn
Bill Hunter
John Jett
Martin Kalwill
Ron Keith
Caitlin McCol
Helen Merber
Cyril Merle
Antonia Molina
Kat Murello
J.T. O'Connor
Jon Prevatt
Denna Reilly
Natali Reton
Moss Roberts
Harriet Rosenthal
Ina Rosenthal
Stacy Scotte
Ali Sharaf
Patrick Ellison Shea
Barbara Sigel
Marc Sklar
Joanna Spano
Cathy Spears
Joseph Starbin
Craig Thompson
Bernice Toland
Dianne Zarembo
Rose Zingale
courtroom

Dolby Digital
Colour by
Technicolor
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Soda Pictures

7579 ft +11 frames

The Insatiable Moon

New Zealand/United Kingdom 2010

Director: Rosemary Riddell

With Rawiri Paratene, Sara Wiseman, Ian Mune, Greg Johnson

Lee Tamahori's brutally hard-hitting 1994 movie *Once Were Warriors* was a cultural watershed for New Zealand, raising the global profile of the country's small but burgeoning film industry and provoking inflamed national debate on race relations, domestic violence and Maori social deprivation. In terms of sheer social impact, it's been a tough act to follow – and few have tried. Almost two decades on, Rosemary Riddell picks up the gauntlet with her feature debut *The Insatiable Moon*, adapted from the novel by her husband, former Baptist minister Mike. Planned as a mid-budget co-production with Britain, the project turned into a labour of love for the couple, who pushed ahead with it despite the late withdrawal of several major planks of funding – a genesis unfortunately all too evident in the well-intentioned but shakily ineffectual result.

The film centres on Arthur, a Maori former psychiatric patient living in a boarding house in Auckland's affluent inner-city suburb Ponsonby, who claims to be the second son of God. He's a far cry from culturally enshrined *Warriors* protagonist Jake 'the Muss', who's been criticised for reinforcing a stereotype of the disenfranchised urban Maori as hard-drinking and violent. But in redressing this image, *The Insatiable Moon* portrays Arthur – whose presence is often accompanied by eerie pipe music – as nothing short of beatific; it's a reductionist manifestation of the 'spiritual native' that's just as

SYNOPSIS Auckland, New Zealand, present day. Arthur, who has been diagnosed with a psychiatric illness, lives in an inner-city boarding house. He claims to be the second son of God. He meets community worker Margaret, whose marriage is under strain, and they feel an overwhelming connection. One of the other boarding-house residents, convicted paedophile John, hangs himself after feeling tempted to molest the local vicar's daughters. At the funeral, the mother of his victim Alice, who also committed suicide, causes a bitter scene, which Arthur diffuses by leading a prayer. Margaret sees a vision of angels. Arthur discusses with Margaret her loss of religious faith. The two spend a romantic night together. After a real-estate agent's overcrowding tip-off, the boarding house is threatened with closure. Arthur makes a scene at a community meeting, preaching against material greed. Increasingly unstable, he is hospitalised. Seeing the nurse who is sedating him as a devil, he attempts escape, but dies from a drug reaction. Alice's mother donates \$100,000 to keep the home going. Margaret and her husband reconcile. Arthur appears as a comforting vision to his alcoholic homeless friend.

stereotypical. His telepathic insights and the angelic visions he inspires suggest that his claim to be God's son may be more than mere delusion – an ambivalence which muddies the film's attempt to address the issue of New Zealand's failing mental healthcare system. This is messily diverted to a tangential tragedy involving one of the other residents of Arthur's boarding house, convicted (white) paedophile John, who like Arthur has been moved out of a ward as part of the nation's controversial community mental-health initiatives.

Though angling for grit, the film jarringly veers into light comedy and saccharine romance. It embraces a simplistic pastoral-style ethos summed up by Arthur's reference to Ponsonby's gentrification as "more flash houses with less people in them; people seem to drink a lot of coffee, but they don't seem so happy." The attempt to shut the boarding house down, which Arthur battles against, is portrayed as symptomatic of this urban spiritual malady. While the film admirably draws attention to very real social ills, its love-your-neighbour message is ultimately too fuzzily trite to offer any real hope of resolution. **♦♦ Carmen Gray**

CREDITS

Director
Rosemary Riddell
Producers
Pip Piper
Mike Riddell
Rob Taylor
Writer
Mike Riddell
Based on his novel
Director of
Photography
Thomas Burstyn
Editor
Paul Maxwell
Production Design/
Art Director
Brent Hargreaves
Music Composed by
Neville Copland

©The Insatiable Moon
(NZ) Ltd
Production
Companies
Rialto, Blue Hippo
Media, Holy Bucket
Productions presents
Completed with
assistance from New
Zealand Film
Commission Post-
production Fund
Executive Producers
Tim Sanders
David Ball
Line Producer
Maile Daugherty
Associate Producers
Thomas Burstyn
Anton Steel
Jo Flouws Williams
Rob Kilpatrick
Lois Kilpatrick
Alex Duncan
Rosemary Duncan
Production Manager
Laina Cheung
Location Manager
Troy Stanton-Kerr
Post-production
Supervisor
Maile Daugherty
2nd Unit Director
Anton Steel
Assistant Directors
1st: Fraser Ross
2nd: Steve Khrono
Script Supervisor
Zohra Trinder
Casting
Rosemary Riddell
Gaffer
Jon Freedman
Key Grip
Todd Nevill
Costume Design/
Costume Supervisor
Charitelle Gerrard
Hair/Make-up
Supervisor
Vanessa Hurley
Musicians
Neville Copland
Dean Kerr
Soundtrack
"The Sound" – Luke
Hurley; "A Full Moon
Melody" – Miller
Christensen-Yule, Gala
Harwood; "Arnold
Brooker" – Mahinarangi
Toker; "Life Has Just

Begun" – samRB,
Andrew Buckton; "Tell
the World of His Love in
the Heavens"; "Kua whiti
te marama" – Rawiri
Paratene; "Guide Me Oh
Thou Great Jehovah";
"Wedding March" –
Linn Lorikins; "Amazing
Grace"; "Wella Wella
Wella Well" – Ray Woolf;
"Amazing Grace" – Ian
Mune
Sound Designers
Mike Bayliss
Craig Perry
Sound Recordist
Craig Perry
Sound Mixer
Tom Miskin
Supervising Sound
Editor
Steve Finnigan
Mental Health Adviser
Johnny Matteson
Inspired by
Arthur of Ponsonby

CAST

Rawiri Paratene
Arthur
Sara Wiseman
Margaret
Ian Mune
Norm
Greg Johnson
Bob
Mick Innes
John
Jason Hoyte
Kevin
Sophie Hakaraia
Karen
Sarah Valentine
Penny
Don Linden
Wal
Lee Tison
Pete
Rob McCulley
Sandy
Jimmy Vraniqi
Morrie
Grant McFarland
Taffy
Andrea Kelland
Bridget
Ray Woolf
Roger
Teresa Woodham
Carolyn
Vicky Yiannoutsos
Barbara
John Leigh
Brian
Bruce Phillips
Digby
Matthew Chamberlain
Tony de Villiers
Laurel Devenie
Sarah
Sophie Fromont
Hannah
Alice Fromont
Kate
Elliot Christensen-Yule
bank teller
Sarah Somerville
Grace
Phil Peleton
doctor
Andrew Beattie
Rikus Vermaak



Lost in a forest: Sara Wiseman, Rawiri Paratene

orderlies
Jennifer Freed
 Hana Vranjic
 Ginie Denry
 nurses
Tim Beveridge
 speaker
Linn Lorkin
 organist
Sarah James
Johnny Angel
 angels
Chris Steel
 jogger
Benjamin Murray
Sean Loftin
Angela Gray
 TV technicians
Luke Hurley
 busker 1
Johnny Matteson
 busker 2
Brett Anderson
Stephen Hardy
David Luff
Warwick Templeton
James Cross
Ryan Simcock
Jason Green
Michael Cobb
Robbie Gover
 boarding house
 residents
Skye Clark
Amy Davidson
Carolyn Davidson
Scott Elliott
P. Crosse
Nora Garcia
Nicole Franke
Scott Furlong
Alf Kraus
Martin Johnson
Max Johnson
Zac Johnson
 café patrons
Angela Gray
 waitress
Shane Manoa
 bank security guard
Michael Solomon
Gimmar O'Shea
Jordan Barnes
Gordon Eade
Polly Riddell
Troy Stanton-Kerr
Rob Tapper
 passers by
Balwart Patel
 greengrocer
William Ross
 disapproving man
Paulie Trevallion
Jules Trevallion
 glamorous couple
Regan Wisniewski
 glamorous woman
Pip Piper
 shadowy man
Callum Stembridge
 stranger
Sean O'Conner
Wayne Butler
 funeral directors
Shaelie Kreymborg
Brendon Roberts
Dianne McCall
Kirstie Krypner
Laurence Driscoll
Shawn Moodie
Terry Hobin
Patricia Hollan
Val Osbourne
 funeral goers
Hieke Ott
Ursula Ott
Craig Bickerstaff
Val Osbourne
Eric Bristow
Carleen Craig
Wayne Bennett
Graeme Steel
Judi Steel
Barry Dom
Wayne Butle
Paul Allan
Caroline Green
Lauren Ryan
Donna Neale
Jocelyn Aydon
Helena Easey
Catherine Gail
Rachel Fawcett
Judith Crimmins
Ravi Narayan
Frank Borrell

Lesley Douglas
Mamie Hazeldine
Warren Barkley
Shaelie Kreymborg
Laurence Driscoll
Aleisha Moore
Scott Elliott
Polly Anna Riddell
John Highland
Shaina Decryan
Leah Leong
Melissa Vickerson
Hamish McCrae
Grace Fitzgerald
Rique Higgins
Anne Buckley
Colin Buckley
Angela Cheeseman
Charlotte Alexander
Annie McGrath
Julie Moreton
Peter Jeffries
Brendon Roberts
Christina Adamson
Graeme Gilby
Andrew Patterson
Rebecca Ball
Alex Shasha
Zeke Kennedy
Samuel Wilkens
Stephanie Lenk
Mari Herbert
Barry Jordan
Dorothy Durecocut
Dianne McCall
John Mead
Tracey Keisoul
Ginnie Williams
David Grierson
Rose Hindley
Peta Dade
Kajal Krishna
Colleen Alexander
Angelina Schmid
Heaven-Leigh Schmid
Christine Barber
 public meeting
 attendees
Sgt Max Sirhoy
 police officer
Paul Fromont
 visitor
Kath Taylor Kemp
Colleen Alexander
Bonnie Sumner
Lauren Ryan
Ravi Narayan
Rebecca Hall
Paul Allen
 bank customers
Maile Daugherty
 Karen's friend
John Sweetman
 TV announcer

In Colour
[1.85:1]

Distributor
 Blue Dolphin Film &
 Video

Inside Job

USA 2010

Director: Charles Ferguson
 Certificate 12A 108m 34s

In 2005's *Syriana*, Matt Damon played an unusually straightforward oil representative; in a key scene, he laid out an impassioned but plausible case for why Arabic oil lords should be exploited by him and no one else. In *Inside Job*, Damon sounds nerdier and less convincing in the service of a much worthier cause; narrating the underlying reasons for the American (subsequently world-impacting) recession, he can't bring the same fire he brought to fictional capitalistic rapaciousness.

Inside Job is less interesting than the background of its director, Charles H. Ferguson, internet entrepreneur (he sold his company Vermeer Technologies for \$133 million in 1996), life member of the influential Council on Foreign Relations, impassioned foreign-policy wonk and devoted cinephile. Regrettably, a documentary about a committed political geek using his money to produce agitprop for the wider public might have been more interesting than *Inside Job*; the follow-up to Ferguson's 2007 Iraq war documentary *No End in Sight*, it provides a decent overview of the recession for the incredibly ill-informed, but there's pretty much zero new information here.

Instead, the main value of the film is in offering clear, concise and patient explanations of Collateralised Debt Obligations (CDOs) and the other strange financial apparatus that, with the help of an unthinkingly laissez-faire economic policy, helped once again demonstrate the untrustworthiness of unsupervised American investors and bankers looking for a golden parachute even if that meant the destruction of their companies.

Such, anyway, is the story offered here, and while this reviewer found no reason to disagree, *Inside Job* won't do much to win over the politically opposed (or seduce the ambivalent). The film begins with dramatically swirling helicopter views of Iceland, an attempt at widescreen drama subsequently undermined by what's basically a talking-heads film in a severe aspect ratio. Ferguson's thesis is established; his interviews (with those who agreed to participate – Alan Greenspan and other controversial figures declined to take part) are predetermined affairs. Off camera, Ferguson offers up the voice of smug

SYNOPSIS A documentary on the causes of the American recession. The film briefly summarises the 20th century's financial history before examining the deregulation that triggered bad investments, with a particular emphasis on Collateralised Debt Obligations (CDOs). Financiers, economists and politicians are interviewed, and the film ends with a call to action to stop unthinking deregulation.



The smartest guys in the room?: Ben Bernanke, Timothy Geithner

retribution rather than interrogation; the facts are already known.

Most financial journalism assumes a level of familiarity with basic terms that excludes the worried but novitiate reader; *Inside Job* often seems like a glossary of key terms rather than an actual argument, though the clear explanations do at least perform a commendable public service. As a primer for the ill-informed, it's leagues ahead of the usual cranky video activist documentaries, and as a clip show of 1990s financial hubris – with footage of Greenspan et al – it's oddly evocative of a just-gone era, in much the same way that Ondi Timoner's *We Live in Public* (2009) stirred memories of the internet 15 years ago. For all its demerits, *Inside Job* is far more watchable than it should be. **➡ Vadim Rizov**

CREDITS

Directed by

Charles Ferguson

Produced by

Charles Ferguson

Audrey Marrs

Written by

Charles Ferguson

Directors of

Photography

Kalyanee Mann

Svetlana Svetkey

Editors

Chad Beck

Adam Bolt

Set Design

Marko Marrs

Music

Alex Heffes

©Economic Crisis Film

LLC

Production

Companies

Sony Pictures Classics

presents a

Representational

Pictures film in

association with Screen

Pass Pictures

A Charles Ferguson film

Executive Producers

Jeffrey Lurie

Christina Weiss Lurie

Associate Producers

Kalyanee Mann

Anna Moot-Levin

Production

Accountant

Robin Cutter

Post-production

Supervisor

Alan Oxman

Researcher

Kalyanee Mann

Aerial

Cinematography

Gray Mitchell

Gaffers

Arthur Aravena

John Frisbie

Jason Hubert

Stephen Kaye

Geir Magnússon

Robert McKenna

Solo Cello

Matthew Barley

Music Supervisor

Susan Jacobs

Soundtrack

"Big Time" – Peter

Gabriel; "New York

Groove" – Ace Frehley;

"Takin' Care of

Business" – Bachman-

Turner Overdrive;

"Congratulations" –

MGMT

Sound Design

Abigail Savage

Rich Bologna

Sound Supervisor

Tom Efinger

Location Sound Mixers

David Hocs

Michael Jones

David Mendez

Re-recording Mixer

Tom Efinger

WITH

William Ackman

managing partner,

founder and CEO of

Pershing Square Capital

Management

Daniel Alpert

founding managing

director of Westwood

Capital

Jonathan Alpert

licensed

psychotherapist

John Campbell

department chair of

Harvard University's

Department of

Economics

Kristin Davis

convicted of promoting

prostitution

Martin Feldstein

George F. Baker

Professor of Economics

at Harvard University

Jerome Fons

consultant specialising

in credit risk

applications and

litigation support

Barney Frank

Democratic

Representative for

Massachusetts

Robert Gnaizda

general counsel, policy

director and former

President of the

Greenlining Institute in

Berkeley

Michael Greenberger

professor, University of

Maryland School of Law

Eric Halperin

Special Counsel for Fair

Lending at the US

Department of Justice

Glenn Hubbard

Dean of the Columbia

University Business

School

Simon Johnson

Ronald A. Kurtz

Professor of

Entrepreneurship at the

MIT Sloan School of

Management

Christine Lagarde

French Minister of

Finance, Economic

Affairs, Industry and

Employment

Jeffrey Lane

CEO of Modern Bank

Andrew Lo

Harris & Harris Group

Professor of Finance at

the MIT Sloan School of

Management

Lee Hsien Loong

Prime Minister of

Singapore

Andri Magnason

Icelandic filmmaker and

author

David McCormick

former Under Secretary

for International Affairs

at the US Department of

Treasury

Lawrence McDonald

co-writer of *A Colossal*

Failure of Common

Sense

Harvey Miller

bankruptcy lawyer,

partner at Weil, Gotshal

and Manges, LLC

Frederic Mishkin

economist and

professor at Columbia

Business School

Charles Morris

author of *The Trillion*

Dollar Meltdown: Easy

Money, High Rollers and

the Great Credit Crash

Frank Partnoy

Professor of Law at the

University of San Diego

Raghuram Rajan

economist and Eric J.

Gleacher Distinguished

Service Professor of

Finance at the Booth

School of Business,

University of Chicago

Kenneth Rogoff

Thomas D. Cabot

Professor of Public

Policy and Professor of

Economics at Harvard

University

Nouriel Roubini

Professor of Economics

at the Stern School of

Business at New York

University

Andrew Sheng

chief adviser to the

China Banking

Regulatory Commission

Allan Sloan

journalist

George Soros

currency speculator,

stock investor,

businessman,

philanthropist and

political activist

Eliot Spitzer

lawyer and former

politician

Dominique Strauss-

Kahn

managing director of

the International

Monetary Fund

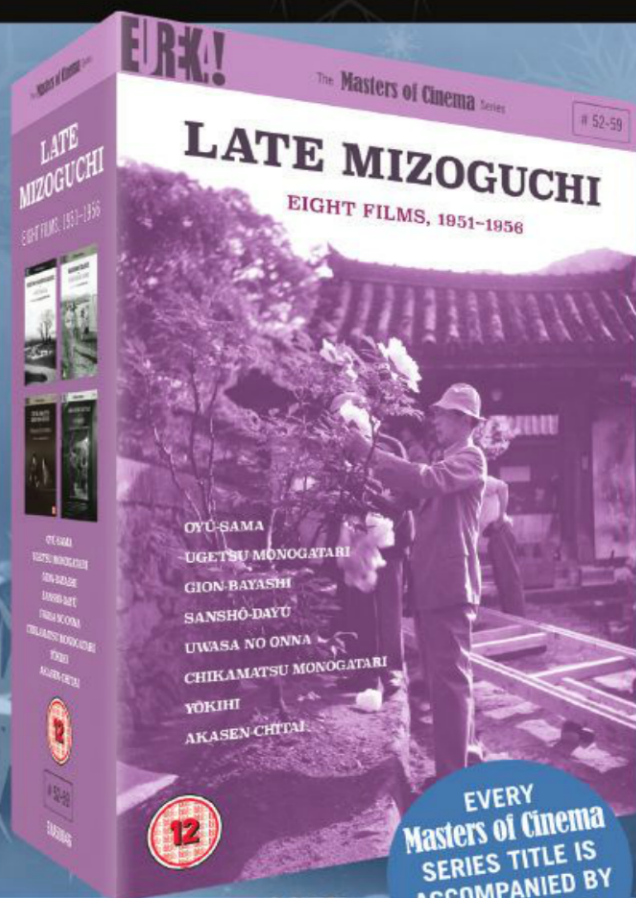
Scott Talbott

lobbyist for the Financial

Services Roundtable

Gillian Tett

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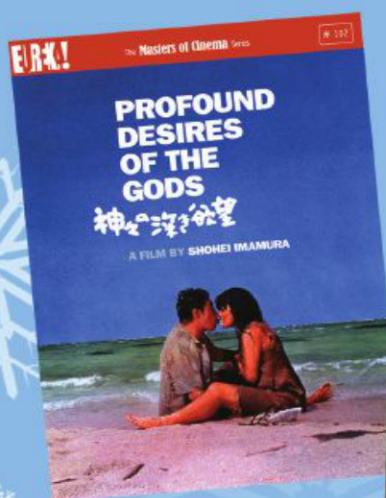
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CHIKAMATSU MONOGATARI
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It's Kind of a Funny Story

USA 2010

Directors: Ryan Fleck, Anna Boden
With Keir Gilchrist, Emma Roberts, Viola Davis, Lauren Graham
Certificate 12A 101m 26s

If you saw this mild-mannered coming-of-age story with the credits lopped off, it would be nigh on impossible to recognise it as the work of the same filmmaking duo responsible for the acclaimed indie dramas *Half Nelson* (2006) and *Sugar* (2008). Ryan Fleck and Anna Boden's previous two outings were notable for taking their time to unfold, giving the viewer the sense of protagonists (respectively, a crack-addicted Brooklyn teacher and a Dominican baseball player making his way to the US) weighing up the decisions that will shape their fate. Here though, the learning curve for smart but stressed teenager Craig (Keir Gilchrist), whose spell in a psychiatric unit allows him to put his anxieties in perspective, plots its course via a neat progression of predictably arranged conversations and confrontations – what once seemed the stuff of life has given way to the stuff of screenwriting contrivance.

Given that the writer-director team are tackling an adaptation for the first time, namely Ned Vizzini's autobiographical novel aimed at a young adult readership, perhaps a different flavour was to be expected, and one can hardly blame the filmmakers for tilting at a wider marketplace than the indie ghetto of critical respect and modest box office. If this is supposed to be Fleck and Boden's bid for the mainstream, however, it's barely fit for purpose, proving far too anodyne to grab an audience weaned on the wicked-wit/buddy-bonding formula delivered by the likes of Judd Apatow and Todd Phillips.

In the circumstances, the 'young adult' designation assigned to Vizzini's source may be the key marker. The purpose on screen here seems to be education and reassurance for teens who may be about to face the kind of adolescent depression that sends nervy high-schooler Craig into the care of a New York hospital psych unit. The hints of sexuality, profanity and drug use are mild enough to make this suitable for parents and kids to watch together, and the best case you could make for the film is that it never cheapens the subject-matter which, as a fairly



Crush proof: Keir Gilchrist, Emma Roberts

ubiquitous part of growing up, is due some sensitive, serious consideration. In the process of rendering the film warm, fuzzy and would-be inclusive, Fleck and Boden have softened the story and characters to the point where the supposed neuroses on display are hardly readable as such. Where James Mangold's *Girl, Interrupted* (1999), say, at least had a sense of outrage at put-upon Winona Ryder's travails within the 1960s mental healthcare system, Craig is met at every turn with understanding niceness from kindly professionals and well-behaved fellow inmates alike.

Gilchrist is agreeable enough in terms of screen presence, but his character's unfortunate habit of stress vomiting at inopportune moments typifies the film's slightly crass tendency to reduce psychological dysfunction to mere quirks. Hence the Hasidic acid casualty constantly worried about noise, the morose Egyptian eventually lured out of his room by a Rachid Taha record at a patients' pizza party, and Emma Roberts as a self-harmer whose razor scars belie an otherwise unstoppably perky disposition. Perhaps surprisingly, it's Zach Galifianakis who delivers the only thing approaching unpredictability in the entire proceedings. His presence in the cast may prompt expectations of another helping of the wacky man-child shtick that's served him in *The Hangover* and *Due Date*, but to his credit he never lapses into kooky cliché. We never quite know from scene to scene whether

we're going to get matey lucidity, volatile petulance or the fogged despair of one long in the jaws of the black dog. His pain is persuasive, the answers to his questions not so forthcoming, leaving you with the impression that Fleck and Boden, whatever their motivations, made the movie about the wrong guy.

➡ **Trevor Johnston**

CREDITS

Directed by
Ryan Fleck
Anna Boden
Produced by
Kevin Misher
Ben Browning
Written for the screen by
Ryan Fleck
Anna Boden
Based on the novel by
Ned Vizzini
Cinematography
Andrij Parekh
Editor
Anna Boden
Production Designer
Beth Mickle
Music by/Score
Produced by
Broken Social Scene

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and Wayfare
Entertainment Ventures
LLC
Production Companies
Focus Features presents
in association with
Wayfare Entertainment
a Misher Films
production
A Wayfare
Entertainment
production
A film by Anna Boden &
Ryan Fleck
Produced in association
with Journeyman
Pictures/Gowanus
Projections, Twins
Financing
Executive Producers
Jeremy Kipp Walker
Michael Maher
Peter Rawlinson
Patrick Baker
Production Co-ordinator
Joshua Huffman
Production Accountant
Steve Guilbaud

Location Manager
Jeff Brown
Post-production Supervisor
Kelley Cribben
Script Supervisor
Tony Osso
Casting
Cindy Tolan
A-Camera
Bino Marsetti
Steadicam Operator
Maceo Bishop
Chief Lighting Technician
Bill Newell
Key Grip
Dave Stern
Visual Effects
Curious Pictures
Special Effects Co-ordinator
Philip Beck Jr
2nd Special Effects
Philip A. Beck
Associate Editor
Alexander Kopit
Art Director
Mike Ahern
Set Decorator
Carrie Stewart
Property Master
Alexis Weiss
Construction Co-ordinator
Richard Hebrank
Costume Designers
Kurt and Bart
Costume Supervisor
Amy Andrews Harrell
Department Head Make-up
Leo Won
Key Make-up Artist
David Presto
Special Effects Make-up
Mike Marino
Department Head Hair
Bobby Diehl
Key Hair Stylist
Sarah Stamp
Titles
Eric Ladd
Technicolor Design.

Hollywood
Music Supervisor
Andrea Von Foerster
Soundtrack
"Chameleon" – Broken Social Scene Presents: Brendan Canning; "No Smiling Darkness/Snake Charmers Association"; "Weddings"; "Ambulance for the Ambience"; "Major Label Debut (Fast)" – Broken Social Scene; "Millionaire" – Izza Kizza; "Busy Shoppers" by Len Stevens; "Let's Go Surfing" – The Drums; "Smash It Up" – The Damned; "Happy Today" – The WoWz; "Tourist in Your Town" – Pink Mountaintops; "Icarus" – White Hinterland; "Intro" – The xx; "The Breaks" – Kurtis Blow; "2-4-6-8 Motorway" – The Torn Robinson Band; "Murderous Assault"; "Lost in the Galaxy" by Harry Lubin; "Don't Forget Your Torch"; "Soledad" – Pharos Sanders; "Where You Go" – Elden Calder; "Beym Rebin's Sude"; "Under Pressure" – Queen, David Bowie; "The Ills" – Mayer Hawthorne; "Da Rockwilder" – Method Man, Redman; "Where Is My Mind?" – Maxence Cyrin; "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" by Bob Dylan; "Blood" – The Middle East; "It's Alright" – Black Sabbath; "Cold Heat" – Lil' Lavair and The Fabulous Jades; "We Have Each Other" – Kenny Smith; "Check Me Out" – Little Denise; "Habina" – Rachid Taha; "Be (Intro)" – Common, contains sample of "Mother Nature" – Albert Jones; "Not at My Best" – Brendan Canning, Kevin Drew, Charles Spearin, Andrew Whiteman, Justin Peroff, Sam Goldberg
Production Sound Mixer
Noah Vivekanand Timan
Supervising Sound Editor
Paul Hsu
Stunt Co-ordinator
Roy Farfel
Film Extracts
This Island Earth (1955)
CAST
Keir Gilchrist
Craig
Emma Roberts
Noelle
Viola Davis
Dr Eden Minerva
Lauren Graham
Lynn
Jim Gaffigan
George
Zoe Kravitz
Nia
Zach Galifianakis
Bobby
Dana De Vestern
Alyssa
Karen Chilton
Nurse Harper
Asif Mandvi
Dr Mahmoud
Jared Goldstein
Ronny
Alan Aisenberg
Scuggs
Thomas Mann
Aaron
Jeremy Davies
Smitty
Rosalyn Coleman
Monica
Lou Myers
Jimmy
MacIntyre Dixon
Roger
Bernard White
Muqtada
Novella Nelson
the professor
Matthew Maher
Humble
Molly Hager
Becca
Ato Blankson-Wood
Jennifer
Adrian Martinez
Johnny
Daniel London
Solomon
Caillin Kinnunen
science geek
Stephen Scott
Scarpulla
HS director
Joe Young Han
HS do-gooder
Leo Allen
Mr Reynolds
Morgan Murphy
Joanie
Billy McFadden
little Craig
Susan J. Blommaert
HS teacher
Mary Birdsong
Bobby's ex
Ethan Herschenfeld
acid head
Ben Folstein
Neil
Rosalyn Coleman
Under Pressure nurse 1
Kenya Brome
Under Pressure nurse 2
Delia Reed
Under Pressure nurse 3
Stewart Steinberg
Charlie, custodian

Dolby Digital/DTS Prints by
Technicolor
[L85:1]

Distributor
Universal Pictures
International UK & Eire
9,129 ft +0 frames

SYNOPSIS New York, present day. Insecure teenager Craig is anxious about his academic prospects, and is nursing a crush on his best friend's girlfriend, Nia. Concerned by his suicidal impulses, Craig checks himself into a psychiatric unit, where renovations mean that adolescent patients have to share the adult wards. Craig immediately wants to leave again, but kindly Dr Minerva insists he stay for five days so that he can be assessed.

Craig is befriended by Bobby, a seemingly well-adjusted husband and father who's in the grip of severe depression, and Noelle, a self-harming adolescent who is attracted to Craig because of his sensitivity and lack of ego. Craig's declaration of love to the visiting Nia proves poorly timed when Noelle overhears, but Bobby's advice helps Craig to win the latter's heart. Craig is discharged from the hospital, though Bobby's self-doubt keeps him in the unit.

Craig begins a relationship with the similarly recovered Noelle.

Legend of the Fist: The Return of Chen Zhen

Hong Kong/People's Republic of China 2010

Director: Andrew Lau

With Donnie Yen, Qi Shu, Anthony Wong, Huang Bo

Certificate 18 106m 19s

Chen Zhen is the character played by Bruce Lee in Lo Wei's *Fist of Fury* (1972). Several pretenders to Lee's title of kung-fu superstar have since taken on the mantle – just as Chen Zhen here borrows a superhero costume from a mannequin to fight injustice (or rather, Japan) as the 'Masked Warrior' – as a way of marking their territory. First up was Ho Tsung-Tao, billed as 'Bruce Lee', who appeared as Chen's brother in the cheap and cheeky *Fist of Fury Part 2* (1976). But the heavyweight contenders are Jet Li, who took the role in *Fist of Legend* (1994), and Donnie Yen, who first played Chen in the TV series *Fist of Fury* (1995).

Though Yen returns to the role here, it's more a victory lap than a real contest. Yen, who doubles as fight choreographer, allows himself a series of set pieces which show off his star quality, though with a bit of a smirk that suggests laurels being rested on. A prologue offers a mix of parkour and bayonet fun on the Western Front as a historical footnote about ill-treated Chinese labourers among the Allies is used as a springboard for stuntwork in the mud and rain and explosions. In a lift from classic Hollywood signalled by naming a Shanghai nightclub Casablanca (though, for the period, Shanghai Express or The Bitter Tea of General Yen would be a better fit), Chen – sporting a stuck-on caterpillar moustache and a sharp white tux – interrupts his torch-singer double-agent girlfriend's attempt at singing a Japanese song with a piano recital of 'The Internationale', which stirs proto-communist sentiments in Chinese dancers, waiters and lowlifes; and the acting muscles get flexed in a typical martial-arts-hero scene as Chen displays an anguished-yet-stoic reaction upon waking up to the news that all his friends have been hanged and his sister raped by the Japanese (he pays back the officer primarily responsible with a death-punch to the crotch).

Shot through with a kind of gung-ho nationalism that makes the average Hollywood film of 1943 or Reagan-era 1985 seem dangerously subversive, this keeps playing to the crowds – all foreigners are evil (Japanese) or useless (British), and the insistent message is that they should "fuck off" (as the Claude Rains-equivalent corrupt-on-the-surface-patriotic-underneath policeman finally tells a bizarre composite westerner). Quite how the underdeveloped subplot about Chen's alternate identity as a superhero fits in is a question the filmmakers fail

SYNOPSIS Shanghai, 1925. Chen Zhen, a skilled martial artist known for defeating the Japanese officer who murdered his teacher, has assumed the identity of a friend who died in the First World War, where Chen formed a bond of comradeship with a group of Chinese serving as indentured labourers on the Western Front. Chen is friendly with Liu Yutian, proprietor of Casablanca, a nightclub patronised by the various foreign factions who have established control over zones of the city. Colonel Chikaraishi, the Japanese commander, intends to enlarge his sphere of influence in preparation for an invasion, and also seeks vengeance on Chen because he is the son of the officer the hero killed in honourable combat.

When the Japanese try to assassinate a Chinese general, Chen puts on the costume of 'the masked warrior', a film superhero, and defeats the killers. In this disguise, Chen thwarts other Japanese schemes. He falls for Kiki, a singer at Casablanca. Kiki turns out to be a Japanese spy, though she is struck by conscience after Chikaraishi orders her to kill a friend who is engaged to a Chinese patriot. Chikaraishi captures Chen and has him tortured, while his soldiers murder Chen's comrades and rape his sister. Chikaraishi wants to settle his old score and so releases Chen so that he can recover for a fight. Chikaraishi kills Kiki, and Chen battles the entire Japanese detachment before killing Chikaraishi in single combat.

As the Masked Warrior, Chen continues to fight against the Japanese.

to resolve, though it's possible the film is just trying to anthologise as many types of entertainment cinema from the past century as possible – hence the full glamour treatment given to Shu Qi as the conflicted anti-heroine with Chinese, Japanese and western names, who gets to deliver a couple of production numbers and the occasional timeout from the high-life and high-kicks to demonstrate proletarian solidarity in the slums.

◆ Kim Newman

CREDITS

Directed by
Andrew Lau
Produced by
Andrew Lau
Producer
Gordon Chan
Screenplay
Chi Sing Cheung
Gordon Chan
Directors of Photography
Andrew Lau
Ng Man Ching
Editor
Azrael Chung
Art Director
Eric Lam
Original Music
Chan Kwong Wing

©Media Asia Films (BVI) Ltd
Production Companies
Media Asia Films Ltd, Enlight Pictures Ltd, Shanghai Film Media Asia Ltd present a Basic Pictures production
Associate Production Company: China Film Co-production Corporation
Executive Producers
John Chong
Zhang Zhao
Zhang Guoli
Wang Changtian
Ren Zhonglun
Line Producers
Cheung Siu Kin
Hong Kong Production: Chin Man-Ki
Associate Producers
Lorraine Ho
Ellen Chang
Paul Cheng
Unit Production Manager
Shanghai Production: Chen Fenglei
Production Manager
Hong Kong Production: Paul Au
Production Accountants
Hong Kong Production:

Leo Sze
Rosita Chow
Location Manager
Shanghai Production: Shen Bin
Post-production Co-ordinator
Cdk Yu
Assistant Directors
Shanghai Production: Kong Lingping
Hong Kong Production: 1st: Cdk Yu
2nd: Michael Fong
Script Supervisor
Shanghai Production: Huang Hao
Casting Manager
Shanghai Production: Ye Lifeng
2nd Unit Camera Operator/Steadicam Operator
Hong Kong Production: Jai Ip
Gaffer
Hong Kong Production: Yik-Chuen Cheung
Key Grip
Shanghai Production: He Jun
Visual Effects
Menfond Electronic Art & Computer Design Co. Ltd.
Associate Art Directors
Hong Kong Production: Renee Wong

Li Tsz Fung
Property Master
Hong Kong Production: Lam Wai Kin
Costume Designer
Dora Ng
Make-up Supervisor
Shanghai Production: Pei Yiwai
Make-up Artist
Hong Kong Production: Maggie Choy
Hair Stylists
Hong Kong Production: James Lau
Shanghai Production: Gao Changming
Orchestra
China Philharmonic
Choir
Beijing Choir Group
Soundtrack
"Goodbye"; "Far Away Home Town"; "Carmen"; "Happy Song"; "The World Is Small"; "Day and Night"; "Soldats"; "Friendship Forever"; "Let's Charleston Dance"
Sound Designer
Kinson Tsang
Choreographers
Hong Kong Production: Tony Ho
Leung See Wan
Sound Recordist
Shanghai Production: Wang Zhe
Re-recording Mixer
George Lee
Stunt Co-ordinators
Hong Kong Production: Yan Hua
Kenji Tanigaki
Action Director
Donnie Yen

Huang
Zhou Yang
Qi Zhihan
Huo Si Yan
Weiwei
Kohata Ryuichi
Colonel Chikaraishi
Shawn Yu
cast member
Kurata Yasuaki
Chikaraishi's father
Akira (Exile)
Ma Yue
Chen Jiajia
Zhang Songwen
Funaki Ikki
Gregory Wong
Gao Tian
Lai Xi
Miao Chi
Huang Xiaolei
Zhang Hui
Xia Yiyao
Minowa Yasufumi
Ma Su
Zhuo Hong
Hu Shanshan
Wang Feng
Zhang Huaiyu
Liu Tao
Huang Chen
Zhang Zhihong
Muzi Yu

voice acting
Chapman To
Go Hayama

Dolby Digital
In Colour
[2.35:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Metrodome Distribution Ltd

9,568 ft +14 frames

Hong Kong/Chinese theatrical title
Jing mo fung wan
chen zhen

CAST

Donnie Yen
Chen Zhen
Qi Shu
Kiki
Anthony Wong
Liu Yutian
Huang Bo



Kick against the pricks: Donnie Yen

Lemmy

USA 2010

Directors: Greg Olliver, Wes Orshoski

Certificate 15 116m 28s

"Have I worn you down, Wes?" asks heavy metal legend Lemmy, addressing the camera – and, behind it, co-director Wes Orshoski – during outtakes that conclude the unapologetically hagiographic documentary bearing his nickname. And if there's one quality that has evidently sustained Lemmy over the sixty-five years of his hard-lived life, and a musical career well into its fifth decade, it's sheer dogged persistence – the tenacity that propelled him from backstage roadie into the Hawkwind limelight, and which has sustained his own take-no-prisoners outfit Motörhead.

As befits an individual never known for flair or subtlety, *Lemmy* the movie is a boilerplate, meat-and-potatoes rockumentary that's primarily an indulgent chronicle of excesses, posturings and absurdities that, like all examples of the sub-genre, seldom strays from territory long ago satirised by Rob Reiner's *This Is Spinal Tap* (1984).

Of course, Reiner and company were themselves partly inspired by the antics of Lemmy and his contemporaries, many of whom pop up here to lavish praise upon a wild-card expat candidate for the title of Greatest Living Englishman (albeit Welsh-raised): "a man of iron" (Ozzy Osbourne's phrase) who has "never been incapacitated" by drink or drugs despite his prodigious appetites for both, the "greatest guy" with "not a fake bone" in his body, a "complex emotional person," an "amazing... powerful lyricist" who "transcends movements" and who will be "surely missed throughout the world" when he eventually ascends to Valhalla.

These encomia quickly become monotonous, especially as they punctuate a film whose running-time sprawls indulgently close to the two-hour mark – rather ironic, given Motörhead's well-established tendencies towards speed and directness – and which will prove much better suited to late-night TV broadcasts and DVD rather than theatrical exposure. Though the tone is kept pretty light, and humorous moments inevitably abound, *Lemmy* never matches the hilarity – or, indeed, the pathos – of Sacha Gervasi's *Anvil: The Story of Anvil* (2008), the most notable recent example of the rock-doc form.

Orshoski and co-director Greg Olliver – who between them cover script, editing and cinematography duties – are self-acknowledged devotees of Motörhead and Lemmy, and their movie is very much a "by the fans, for the fans" enterprise, one unlikely to inspire the skeptical to buy CDs or catch a concert. That said, the range of contributors is a shade more eclectic than usual, spanning Pulp's Jarvis Cocker and wrestler 'Triple H,' as well as breathless fans brandishing "devil horn" hand-gestures. But there's little

in the way of analysis or objectivity – rock journalists and critics are entirely absent (even *Rolling Stone's* Mark Binelli who “hung out” with Lemmy for a lengthy 2009 article) – and no mention of Lemmy’s own, well-received 2002 autobiography *White Line Fever*.

Though ostensibly a warts-and-all delve behind Lemmy’s fearsome public image (we’re assured that he’s really more pussycat than Rottweiler), the film tends to keep a certain respectful distance from its subject – only occasionally does the mask slip and we get a fleeting sense of the drudgery that must be involved in cranking out record after record and gig after gig, year after year.

From what we see in *Lemmy*, he’s essentially a gruffly genial, solitary sort who doesn’t have that much to say for himself – he’s happiest, we’re told, playing one-armed bandits and trivia machines, or dressing up in paramilitary outfits and larking about with tanks – and who is, despite advancing physical infirmities, still content to play the role of bad-ass elder statesman of rock. Of course, there’s some irony in being celebrated as a “renegade” after a career so forcefully devoted to the musically conservative, unreconstructed macho form that is heavy metal – but, as Lemmy bellows from the stage in an archive clip featuring the track *The Chase Is Better Than the Catch*, “I know just what I’m doing.” **♥ Neil Young**

CREDITS

Directed by
Greg Oliver
Wes Orshoski
Produced by
Greg Oliver
Wes Orshoski
Written by
Greg Oliver
Wes Orshoski
Director of Photography
Greg Oliver
Editor
Greg Oliver

©Lemmy Movie LLC

Production Companies
Damage Case Films
presents with Three
Count Films & Secret
Weapon Films a film by
Greg Oliver & Wes
Orshoski
Production services
provided by THEM
Media Inc.
Co-executive Producers
Todd Singerman
Steffan Chirazi
Camera Operators
Greg Oliver
Wes Orshoski
Karl Schroder
Jeremy Mack
Brian Oliver

Visual Effects
Ralph Scaglione
Soundtrack
“Damage Case,” “I’m So
Bad (Baby I Don’t
Care),” “Burner,”
“Trigger,” “Shut You
Down,” “Motorhead,”
“The Chase Is Better
Than the Catch,”
“Speedfreak,” “Teach
You How to Sing the
Blues,” “White Line
Fever,” “Bomber,” “Louie
Louie,” “Whorehouse
Blues,” “Cat Scratch
Fever,” “Killers,” “(We
Are) The Roadcrew,”
“Ace of Spades,” “One
Short Life,” “Overkill” –
Motorhead; “Without
Expression” – Terry
Reid; “American Beat,”
“You Got Me Dizzy,”
“Lawdy, Lawdy Miss
Clawdy,” “Big River,”
“Bad Boy” – The Head
Cat; “Shakin’ All Over” –
Johnny Kidd & the
Pirates; “Run Rudolph
Run” – Dave Grohl,
Lemmy; “Ace of
Spades” – Tom Doolan;
“Dandy” – The Rocking
Vickers; “Killed by
Death” – Motorhead,
Paul Inder; “Silver
Machine” – Hawkwind;



Man of iron: Lemmy

“Neat Neat Neat” – The
Damned; Lemmy; “The
Chase Is Better Than
the Catch” – Metallica;
“Damage Case” –
Metallica; Lemmy;
“Happy Birthday” –
Motorhead band &
crew; “Family Guy
Theme” by Walter
Murphy; David
Zuckerman, Seth
MacFarlane – the cast of
Family Guy;
“Boogeyman,” “Don’t
Matter to Me” –
Lemmy; “Rock It” –
Motorhead; “Don’t
Worry, Be Happy” –
Lemmy’s Singing Fish
Sound Mix
Frank Cabanach
Steve ‘HB’ Perski
Nate Gowtham
James von Buelow
Roger Loran

WITH
Lemmy
Dr. Drew
Mike ‘Psycho’
Catherwood
Dave Navarro
Kat Von D
Nikki Sixx
Billy Bob Thornton
Geoff Rowley
Slash
Tim Butcher
Roger De Souza
Arnie Annabeles
Stefan Sjoland
Dan Halen
Matt Sorum
Mikkey Dee
Hobbs
Jason Everman
Todd Singerman
Peter Hook
Jarvis Cocker
Captain Sensible
Dave Brock
Nik Turner
Tony James
Mick Jones
Stacia
Marky Ramone
Pepper Keenan
Kirk Hammett
Neville Chesters
Dee Snider
Henry Rollins

Slim Jim Phantom
Danny B. Harvey
Corey Parks
Triple H
Jim Heath
Adam Parsons
Mike Inez
David Ellefson
Jason Newsted
Pascal Cooper
Scott Ian
Ozzy Osbourne
Lars Ulrich
Steve Vai
Joan Jett
Dave Vanian
Dave Grohl
Bob Kulick
Mario Maglieri
Mike Weber
Michael Maglieri
Misty
Christie
Harry Feeney
Shel Talmy
Nick Gribbon
Alice Cooper
Robert Trujillo
James Hetfield
Fast Eddie Clark
Duff McKagan
Lars Frederiksen
Ice T
Phil Campbell
Cameron Webb
Paul Inder

[Uncredited]
David Duchovny
Greg Oliver
Wes Orshoski

In Colour/Black and
White

Distributor
E1 Films

10,482 ft +0 frames

Little Fockers

USA 2010

Director: Paul Weitz

With Robert De Niro, Ben Stiller, Owen Wilson, Dustin Hoffman

Certificate 12A 97m 39s

Tension in the 2000 comedy *Meet the Parents* arose out of the disparity between the film’s stars – Robert De Niro as the intimidating, mirthless ex-CIA agent Jack Byrnes and Ben Stiller as his accident-prone future son-in-law Gaylord ‘Greg’ Focker. Inherent in that mismatch was a conflict between movie Wasps and movie Jews, the former uptight and humourless, the latter comically, uncontrollably fallible. As the franchise limps into its third instalment after the 2004 sequel *Meet the Fockers*, any poison that set-up once held has been neutralised, along with the vital suspense of the comedy-of-embarrassment subgenre (as popularised by sitcoms such as *The Office* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm*). Now that Greg has met the parents many times over, how many opportunities realistically remain for him to continue to humiliate himself?

The plummeting quality control in *Little Fockers* can be measured by our dawning realisation, once the jokes about musical condoms and anal suppositories begin mounting up, that its title is the classiest thing about it. No effort has been expended on the script, which puts Greg under pressure from the ailing Jack to prove himself man enough to take over the role of patriarch. The issues involved are small beer: should Greg enrol his children in a costly private school that labels its pupils ‘Young Humans’?

Will his new home and pool be ready in time for the kids’ birthday party? Misunderstandings accumulate along the way – Jack thinks Greg is having an affair (he isn’t), the school principal believes Jack and Greg are a gay couple (they’re not).

It’s to be expected that characterisation is low on the film’s list of priorities, but not that it should be so wildly inconsistent, as it is in the scene in which Jack encourages his daughter Pam to leave Greg and take their young children to live with a rich ex. This sloppiness extends to a scene featuring De Niro and his erstwhile onscreen amigo Harvey Keitel, who haven’t appeared in the same film since *Cop Land* 13 years ago. You’d never even know they’d met before for all the spark they exhibit in their single exchange. Perhaps neither of the credited screenwriters could come up with a decent scene for Keitel and De Niro to play because they were too busy contriving the episode in which Jack receives an injection in his erect penis from Greg, witnessed by Greg’s horrified son. It’s one of numerous scenes here that fail to transform tastelessness into comedy.

Undermining any possible levity is a seam of misogyny that manifests itself most harshly in offhand (male) references to the female body. When Jack’s grandson asks him whether women can “poop out of their vaginas” it can be filed safely under *Embarrassing Things Children Say*. That loophole isn’t available to Jack when he enquires whether Greg still finds Pam attractive “after her body has endured the hellish ordeal of birthing twins”. “It’s all good under the hood,” Greg replies. “That’s disgusting,” sneers Jack. Quite.

♥ Ryan Gilbey



Stare crazy: Robert De Niro, Ben Stiller

SYNOPSIS A documentary portrait of ‘Lemmy’, formerly bassist/vocalist of “space rock” innovators Hawkwind, and since 1975 lead singer, bassist and songwriter for seminal heavy-metal band Motorhead. Lemmy is shown in his Los Angeles apartment, buying CDs on the nearby Sunset Strip, drinking in his local bar, playing his beloved slot-machines in a Las Vegas casino, recording with Dave Grohl and, later, Metallica. Grohl and Metallica’s James Hetfield are among 48 musicians, showbusiness figures and collaborators past and present who in interviews attest to his stature within the world of rock music and his prodigious appetites. Lemmy displays his various collections, including a trove of Nazi-era German memorabilia and militaria, is seen recording a new Motorhead album, then touring in Germany, Finland and Russia, culminating in a triumphant concert at Moscow’s Luzhniki Stadium in December 2009.

SYNOPSIS Chicago, the present. Gaylord 'Greg' Focker is married to Pam, daughter of Jack and Dina Byrnes. After suffering a heart attack, Jack asks Greg to prepare to become head of the family. Jack and Dina come to stay with Greg, Pam and their twins.

Greg, a nurse, is asked by drug-company representative Andi to speak at a convention about a drug to combat erectile dysfunction. Discovering texts from Andi, Jack believes him to be having an affair. Tension is heightened by delays to the construction of Greg and Pam's new house, intended as the site of the twins' forthcoming birthday party, and by Jack putting pressure on Greg to enrol the children in a specialist school. When Greg's son injures himself at the school open day, Jack encourages Pam to leave Greg for her wealthy ex-boyfriend Kevin. Greg spends the night alone at the new house, where Andi tries to seduce him. The pair fall into the unfinished swimming pool, and are woken the next day by Greg's father Bernie, who has arrived for the party, now relocated to the grounds of Kevin's house. At the party, Jack and Greg have a fistfight, but Greg helps to save Jack's life when he has another heart attack.

CREDITS

Directed by
Paul Weitz
Produced by
Jane Rosenthal
Robert De Niro
Jay Roach
John Hamburg
Written by
John Hamburg
Larry Stuckey
Based on characters
created by Greg Gienina,
Mary Ruth Clarke
**Director of
Photography**
Remi Adefarasin
Edited by
Greg Hayden
Leslie Jones
Myron Kerstein
Production Designer
William Arnold
Original Score
Stephen Trask

@Universal Studios and
DW Studios LLC
Production Companies
Universal Pictures and
Paramount Pictures
present in association
with Relativity Media a
TribeCa/Everyman
Pictures production
A Paul Weitz film
Executive Producers
Nancy Tenenbaum
Daniel Lupi
Meghan Lyvers
Andrew Miano
Ryan Kavanaugh
Associate Producer
Katterli Frauenfelder
**Unit Production
Managers**
Daniel Lupi
Chicago Unit:
Meredith Zamzky
Production Supervisor
Will Weiskie
**Production
Co-ordinators**
Demelza Cronin
Additional Photography:
Malika R. Cohen
Production Accountant
Rachel Prentiss
Location Managers
Colleen Gibbons
Chicago Unit:
Al Cohn
Additional Photography:
Boyd Wilson
**Post-production
Supervisor**
Frank A. Cuomo
2nd Unit Director
Garrett Warren
Assistant Directors
1st: Katterli Frauenfelder
1st: Gary Marcus
2nd: Paula Case
Additional Photography
2nd: Dawn Massaro-
Adams
Script Supervisors
Annie Welles
Additional Photography:
Carol De Pasquale
Casting
Joseph Middleton
**Additional Photography
Director of
Photography**
Oliver Wood
Camera Operators
P. Scott Sakamoto

B: David E. Diano
Additional Photography
A: Joe Chess
Steadicam Operator
P. Scott Sakamoto
Chicago Unit Gaffer
Gino Crededio
**Chief Lighting
Technician**
David Lee
Key Grips
Jack Chouchanian
Chicago Unit:
James Roorda
Additional Photography:
Randal Tambling
**Visual Effects/
Animation**
Rhythm & Hues Studios
Visual Effects
Level 256, Inc.
**Special Effects
Supervisors**
Michael Lanteri
Chicago Unit:
John Milinac
Special Effects
Jay B. King
Roland Lowe
Additional Photography
Co-ordinator:
Steve Cremin
**Supervising Art
Director**
Sue Chan
Art Directors
Thomas T. Taylor
Chicago Unit:
Gary Baugh
Set Designer
Barbara Mesney
Set Decorators
David Smith
Chicago Unit:
Tony Barraca
Property Masters
Todd Ellis
Chicago Unit:
Aaron Holden Jr
Additional Photography:
Scott Maginnis
**Construction
Co-ordinators**
Dave DeGaetano
Chicago Unit:
Troy Osman
Costume Designer
Molly Maginnis
Costume Supervisors
Eden Coblenz
Additional Photography:
Bob Mathews
**Make-up Department
Head**
Steve Artmont
Make-up Artist
Suzi Ostos
Hair Department Head
John Isaacs
Hairstylist
Chicago Unit:
Dominic Mango
**Main/End Title
Designed by**
yU+co
**Orchestra Conducted
by**
Pete Anthony
Mike Nowak
**Supervising
Orchestrator**
Steve Bartek
Soundtrack
"Beautiful Morning" –
The Rascals; "The Name
Game"; "Express
Yourself"; "Get Your

Hands Up" – The
DeeKcompressors;
"Tibet" – The Jumping
Buddha Ensemble; "The
Shakuhachi Shuffle";
"New's Gift"; "Byrnes,
Jack Byrnes Remix" –
Joseph Bonn; "Jaws –
Main Title"; "The Empty
Raft" from *Jaws* by John
Williams – John Williams;
"What's New PussyCat?"
Music Consultant
George Drakoulis
Sound Designer
Eric Warren Lindemann
**Production Sound
Mixers**
Willie Burton
Additional Photography:
José Antonio García
Re-recording Mixers
Jon Taylor
Bob Beemer
**Supervising Sound
Editor**
Eric Warren Lindemann
Stunt Co-ordinators
Garrett Warren
Chicago Unit:
Rick LeFevour
Lead Cat Trainer
Dawn M. Barkan

CAST

Robert De Niro
Jack Byrnes
Ben Stiller
Gaylord 'Greg' Focker
Owen Wilson
Kevin Rawley
Blythe Danner
Dina Byrnes
Teri Polo
Pam Focker
Jessica Alba
Andi Garcia
Laura Dern
Prudence
Harvey Keitel
Randy Weir
Dustin Hoffman
Bernie Focker
Barbra Streisand
Roz Focker
Kevin Hart
Nurse Louis
Daisy Tahan
Samantha Focker
Colin Hanks
Henry Focker
Tom McCarthy
Dr Bob
Yul Vázquez
Junior
Jack Axelrod
Chappy
Clent Bowers
Mr Androvsky
Olga Fonda
Svetlana
Laksh Singh
Dr Patel
Trula Marcus
stage producer
Jake Keiffer
Rufus
Rob Huebel
sleazy doctor
John Di Maggio
Jordan Peele
Kelli Kirkland Powers
EMTs
Deepak Chopra
himself
Robbie Tucker
EHS tough kid

Nick Kroll
young doctor
Sergio Calderón
Gustavo
Aaron Zachary Philips
confused child
David Pressman
Hugh Dane
doctors
Amy Stiller
Kristen
Richard Cutovsky
newspaper vendor
Trinity Warren
Samuel Schultz
Cade Rogers
Ava Rose Williams
Frankie M. Torres
climbing kids
Kyla Warren
Erin Haisan
Ryder Bucaro
Calder West Griffith
Lei'tah Star
David Williams
party kids
Randy Chuang
Joe Thamawat
monks
Harry Bali
Sadu
Paul Herman
caricature artist
Leslie Garavito
fire pit child
Cade Rogers
Cort Rogers
Troy Brown
bounce house kids
Erika Jensen
Robert Miano
Katharine Kramer
Roy Jones Jr
Derek Rensallat
party parents
Vladimir Kubr
ballpit kid
Semere-Ab Etmet
Yohannes
fire walker
Nicole Pano
art teacher
Michael Naughton
anatomy professor
Celina Zambon
Carmencita
Shih Chou
party monk
Stan Egi
man on subway
Antonio Bolivar
Michelle Castillo
Theodore M. Crisell
Neisha Folkes
Jiliana Laufer
Molly Rogers
flamenco dancers

**Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS**
In Colour
[L.B.S.]

Distributor
Paramount Pictures UK
8,787 ft +15 frames

Alternative UK publicity
title
**Meet the Parents: Little
Fockers**

Living on Love Alone

France 2010

Director: Isabelle Czajka

With Anaïs Demoustier, Pio Marmai, Laurent Poitrenaux

Coincidentally, this review is being written on the day that 18-year-old student protester Edward Woollard has been sentenced to 32 months' imprisonment for impulsively hurling a fire extinguisher at a crowd of police officers. A similar moment of madness will wreck the life of 23-year-old French graduate Julie Bataille (Anaïs Demoustier), whose martial surname up to then has been singularly inappropriate: her sullen Charlotte Gainsbourg *moue* is more often used to convey simmering but unspecified dissatisfaction with the cards that life has been dealing her.

Julie isn't a student protester but in many ways her post-graduation life perfectly illustrates one of the most pervasive current debates about the value of education. She's worked hard to obtain two degrees and a second language, yet she alternates between unemployment, rent-paying shift work and brief stints in supposedly sought-after jobs that prove less than glamorous in reality. A position with a high-profile PR agency involves more catering and childminding than anything creative, while a publishing job requires her to sell part-work subscriptions door to door to people who are either wholly uninterested or desperate for anyone to chat to.

Her love life is equally unsatisfactory, consisting of one-night (and afternoon) stands with much older married men; in one particularly skin-crawling moment, her lover (and ostensible supervisor) gives her the money to pay for the room and then quietly settles the bill himself, possibly out of much practised instinct. Within her family, her closest emotional affinity is with her shambling tinnitus-stricken father (one of the film's few moments of genuinely uncomplicated affection and warmth sees her drying his hair while gently

mocking his unworldliness), while her hectoring mother and older brother urge compromise via an exquisitely awful gathering that's ostensibly assembled to mark her birthday.

Small wonder that when the possibility of escape presents itself – in the form of rumpled layabout Ben (Pio Marmai) – Julie jumps at the opportunity, though Ben's dodgy connections are apparent from the moment Julie discovers a load of clearly counterfeit number plates in the boot of the car that he lends her. His monologue about being able to escape all worldly concerns wouldn't fool anyone less starry-eyed, but for someone like Julie, any escape route has to be worth a shot – especially if there's a trip to the sun-kissed south and a brief period of hedonistic happiness along the way.

Although the film's second half recalls *Badlands*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Breathless* and any number of thrillers about a guy, a girl and a gun, writer-director Isabelle Czajka's cool, controlled approach is tonally much closer to Laurent Cantet's probing studies of contemporary French malaise such as *Human Resources* (1999) and *Time Out* (2001). As with those, background political/social/economic themes grow organically out of the drama, whether it's the absurd price of accommodation in Paris or radio headlines about strikes over pay – though Czajka is more interested in focusing directly on Julie's various rites of passage than in exploring wider concerns.

Fortunately, Demoustier (who was also in Czajka's 2006 debut *The Year After*) is more than capable of carrying the film – she's particularly effective in quieter moments of self-realisation as she looks over a balcony or examines herself in a hotel-room mirror. Depending on the age, outlook and experience of the viewer (Czajka herself is in her late forties), Julie's mulish unwillingness to concede even the smallest accommodation with reality either makes her a role model or a warning – though it's hard not to feel for her as yet another of her fleeting fantasies begins to crumble.

♦♦ Michael Brooke

SYNOPSIS Paris, the present. After 23-year-old Julie Bataille is successfully interviewed for a job at an upmarket PR agency, she celebrates by moving out of her father Jean's flat and finding one of her own. Disillusionment rapidly follows: her new boss is aloof and uncommunicative, and her manager uses her as a glorified nanny, with near-disastrous consequences when a child briefly goes missing on a Disneyland jaunt.

Sacked after a mix-up over clients' meals, Julie is interviewed by a publishing firm and demonstrates her sales technique to Ben, an actor impersonating a customer. She gets the job, borrows Ben's friend's car, and is trained in door-to-door selling by Bernard, a married man who confesses his hatred of the job during a subsequent hotel-room tryst with her. Julie resigns and returns the car.

Ben claims to live entirely free of normal worldly concerns, and asks her to come to Spain with him. After a tense family dinner in which her mother and older brother lecture her on responsibility, Julie accepts Ben's invitation and enjoys an initially idyllic holiday. Her growing suspicions that he fuels his lifestyle through crime are confirmed when she finds his gun. He teaches her to shoot it, and confesses that he smuggles arms. They successfully evade border patrols, but Ben is caught shoplifting a CD from a garage and Julie impulsively pulls out the gun. They flee, but are quickly apprehended.

While waiting to be charged by the police, Julie recalls a carefree swim with Ben.

CREDITS

Directed by
Isabelle Czajka
Produced by
Patrick Sobelman
Screenplay
Isabelle Czajka
Director of Photography
Crystel Fournier
Editor
Isabelle Manquillet
Art Director
Nathaly Dubois
Original Music
Composed and Arranged by/Piano
Eric Neveux

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Pickpocket Productions,
France 3 Cinéma
Production Companies
AGAT Films & Cie
presents in co-
production with France
3 Cinéma, Pickpocket
Productions an AGAT
Films & Cie, Pickpocket
Productions (Serge
Duveau), France 3
Cinéma co-production
A film written and
directed by Isabelle
Czajka
With the participation of
France Télévisions,
CANAL+, Cinécinéma,
CNC – Centre national
du cinéma et de l'image
animée
In association with
Cinéma 4, Banque
Postale Image 3,
Soficinéma 4
Développement and
Soficinéma 5
Développement
Developed with the
support of Soficinéma 4
Développement and
Soficinéma 5
Développement,
Procirep and Angoa-
Agioa
Unit Production Manager
Karine Pinchon Raphaël
Production Manager
Marie-Frédérique
Lauriot-Dit-Prévost
Assistant Directors
1st: Frédéric Alexandre
1st: Fany Pouget
2nd: Mariette Lyonnet
Script Supervisor
Brigitte Tijou
Casting
Sarah Teper
Lella Fournier
Steadicam Operator
Stéphane Chollet
Gaffer
Muriel Olivier
Key Grip
Jérémy Leloup
Property Master
Marcel Gaillard
Costumes
Christel Birot
Key Make-up/Hair
Michel Vautier
Electric Guitars
Olivier Marguent
Eric Neveux
Music Supervisor
Pascal Mayer
Soundtrack
"Lie to Me (Koozto
Remix)" – Kiff One
featuring Mowgli, Mous
MC: "Hey DJ" – LS:
"Magic Potion" – The
Supermen Lovers:
"Dernier Baiser à
emporter", "Le comptoir
du photo-service",
"Parking Theme" by Eric
Neveux; "Fuck the
People" – The Kills
Sound Recordist
Guillaume Valeix
Sound Re-recording
Emmanuel Crosset

Sound Editor
Hervé Guyader

CAST

Anais Demoustier
Julie Bataille
Pio Marmai
Ben
Laurent Poitrenaux
Bernard
Jean-Louis Coulloc'h
Jean, Julie's father
Christine Brücher
Corinne, Julie's mother
Manuel Vallade
Mathieu, Julie's brother
Adélaïde Leroux
Laure
Océane Mozas
Diane
Armonie Sanders
Charlotte
Stéphane Chivot
guy in nightclub
Mohamed Bouaoune
Jamel
Julien Haurant
man serving food at
Cojean
Alexandre Carrière
recruitment officer
Jean-Michel Mole
pensioner
Jennifer Decker
Laura
Donia Mohamed
Safia
Guillaume Verdier
Disney employee
Frédéric Zajderman
man on motorway
Christian Julien
policeman
Romain Ogerau
plainclothes policeman
Ethan Haut
Lucas
Quentin Gonzalez
Emile
Elisa Heusch
Rosalie
Jean-Christophe
Menanteau
Renaud
Charlotte Hirsch
Daphné
Yann Gaël Elleouet
nightclub barman
Jean-Marc Dugat
taxi driver
Brigitte Mazeres
customer in photo shop
Patrick Sobelman
photo shop manager
Stéphane Avril
waiter in café
Paul Tomasini
recruitment officer
Dolby Digital
In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Ciné Lumière

French theatrical title
**D'Amour et d'eau
fraîche**

The Mechanic

USA 2010

Director: Simon West

With Jason Statham, Ben Foster,
Donald Sutherland, Tony Goldwyn
Certificate 15 92m 9s

One of the more neglected areas of potential in Hollywood's endless recycling of its own history is the remake wherein – instead of a futile attempt to improve on a past glory – there exists significant room for improvement. Reviewing *The Mechanic*, one of Michael Winner's first American films, for the *New York Times* upon its release in 1972, Vincent Canby concluded, having taken objection to the movie's empty spectacle and ghastly production design, that "another, tougher director might have made something quite interesting of the same script". Transplanting the luxurious home of loner hitman Arthur Bishop from Mulholland Drive to the bayous of Louisiana but otherwise hewing close to Lewis John Carlino's original story (Carlino shares screenwriting credit here with Richard Wenk), the best that can be said of director Simon West's re-do is that it brings us a step closer to the possibility of third time lucky.

Under the influence of minimalist hitman classic *Le Samourai* (1967), Winner's film opened with a dialogue-free 16 minutes in which Charles Bronson's 'mechanic' methodically set about one of his specialist assassinations without trace. More Bond than Melville, West's remake ups the ante with a pre-title sequence in which a fiercely guarded Colombian cartel boss is surprised in his swimming pool by Bishop (Jason Statham) emerging from the depths to engineer his drowning. Like the later assassination sequences, all of which have been newly conceived for the remake, this opening treads a fine line between ingenuity and ridiculousness, with Bishop going to great but questionably necessary lengths to make each killing seem like an accident.

Bishop has a flutter of conscience when, early on, he is ordered to dispense with his friend and colleague Harry McKenna (Donald Sutherland), but – convinced by his superiors that Harry's double-dealing led to the deaths of several colleagues during a mission

SYNOPSIS Colombia, the present. Contract killer Arthur Bishop, who specialises in making killings look like accidents, has infiltrated the home of a cartel baron; hiding in the swimming pool, he drowns him, then makes his escape.

Home in Louisiana, he meets his colleague Harry McKenna. He is shocked when the organisation he works for orders him to murder Harry. His boss tells him that Harry has double-crossed them, leading to the deaths of some of their colleagues on a mission in South Africa. Bishop kills Harry, keeping Harry's inscribed revolver as a souvenir.

Bishop meets Harry's aimless son Steve, and is persuaded to let him in on the secrets of his father's profession and train him as a hitman.

Bishop bumps into a colleague who was supposedly killed in South Africa. Realising that he has been lied to about Harry, Bishop goes after the head of his organisation, who is killed in a car chase trying to escape Bishop's clutches. Steve finds his father's gun amid Bishop's belongings. Intent on vengeance, he leaks petrol around Bishop's car at a gas station and shoots at it; the car goes up in flames. Returning to Bishop's house, Steve unknowingly triggers a booby trap set by Bishop; his own car explodes. Police examining CCTV footage of the gas station explosion see Bishop throwing himself out of the car moments before the blast.



Tool of the trade: Jason Statham

in South Africa – he proceeds to wipe him out as dispassionately as ever. He subsequently takes on Harry's bereft, troubled son Steve (Ben Foster) as apprentice, training him in the ways of the paid assassin.

The existential baggage around Bishop in the first film, as a man living life on his own terms, unhindered by morality, has been jettisoned in favour of a less overreaching, meat-and-potatoes approach. But where Bronson was once moodily laconic, Statham is dreadfully humourless. He still listens to classical music, as if that were proof of deeper feeling, but stripped of backstory, emotion or likeability, the new Bishop has only his pedantic professionalism to recommend him.

Unwilling to face up to the implications of cold-hearted killing, the script labours to make Bishop's victims – a grotesquely corrupt religious cult leader, a lascivious boy-fancying thug – seem deserving targets. But this soft-peddalling backfires in the film's muddled final section, with Steve's inevitable discovery that his new mentor is responsible for his father's

death. In the protégé's ensuing (and understandable) attempt at vengeance, *The Mechanic* ruinously expects us to get behind Bishop, as if Statham's top billing – or recognisability – were enough. But neither Statham nor the script has given us anything to go on.

♥ Samuel Wigley

CREDITS

Directed by
Simon West
Produced by
David Winkler
Bill Chartoff
René Besson
Screenplay
Richard Wenk
Lewis John Carlino
Story
Lewis John Carlino
Director of Photography
Eric Schmidt
Edited by
Todd E. Miller
T.G. Herrington
Production Designer
Richard Lassalle
Music
Mark Isham

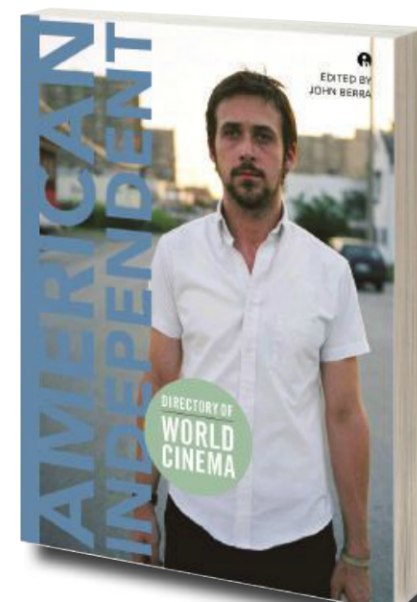
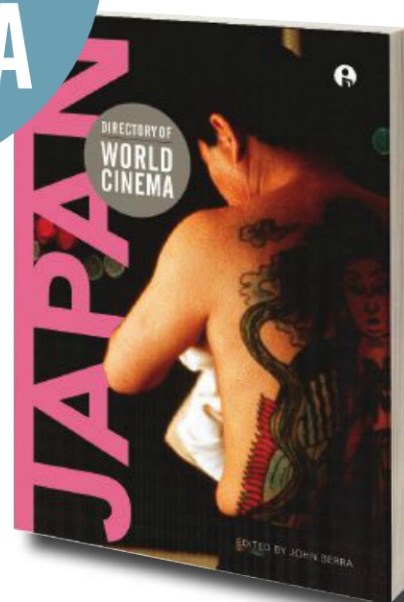
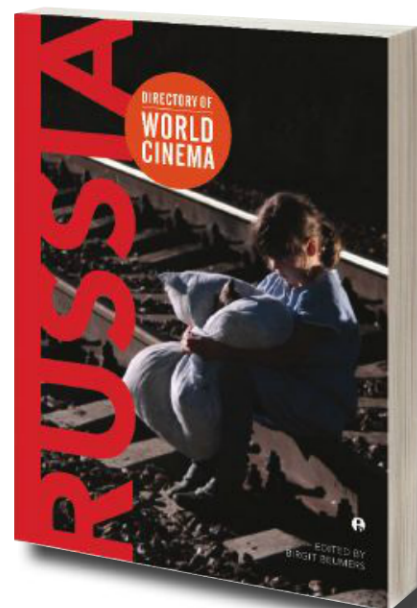
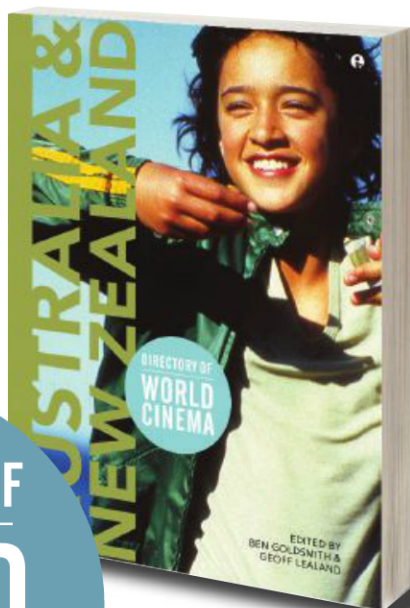
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LLC

Production Companies
Millennium Films
presents a Chartoff
Winkler production and
a Nu Image production
A film by Simon West
Executive Producers
Irvin Winkler
Robert Chartoff
Avi Lerner
Dannir Dimbort
Trevor Short
Boaz Davidson
Co-producer
Jib Polnemus
Line Producer/Unit
Production Manager
Matthew Leonetti Jr
Production Supervisor
Matthew Hirsch
Production Co-ordinator
Jennifer Ray
Production

Accountant
Amy Aggarian
Location Managers
Batou A. Chandler
Additional Photography:
Kendrick Hudson
Post-production Co-ordinator
Brian Hayashi
2nd Unit Director
David Letich
Assistant Directors
1st: William Paul Clark
2nd: George R. Bott
2nd Unit
1st: Dennis Maguire
2nd: Cali Pomes
2nd: John M. White
Additional Photography
1st: Dieter Busch
2nd: Tommy Martin
Script Supervisors
Amy Sanderson
2nd Unit:
Alice St. Germain
K. Lynn Martin
Additional Photography:
Jan Rudolph
Casting
Amanda Mackey
Cathy Sandrich Gelfond
Additional Photography Director of Photography
Alan Caudillo
A Camera/Steadicam Operators
Jacques Jouffret
Additional Photography:
Michael May
B Camera Operators
Alan Caudillo
2nd Unit
Francis James
Reni Tournois
Chief Lighting Technicians
Sean Finnegan
2nd Unit:
Daniel Tkaczky
Declan Ryan

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Gaffer
Additional Photography:
Michael J. Berger
Key Grips
Richard Ball
2nd Unit:
Duane Cooper
William Daimant
Additional Photography:
Andre Costa
Visual Effects Supervisor
Glenn Neufeld
Visual Effects by
Worldwide FX
Special Effects Co-ordinators
Kevin Harris
Additional Photography:
Jack Lynch
Set:
Dunk Tyndall
Associate Editor
Jim Schulte
Art Directors
Jason Hamilton
Additional Photography:
Nathan Amundson
Set Decorators
Leonard R. Spears
Additional Photography:
Kristin Bickler
Property Manager
Charlie Guano Jr
Property Masters
2nd Unit:
Andrew 'Big Toe' Wert
Additional Photography:
Forest Fagan
Construction Co-ordinator
George 'Chuck' Stringer
Construction Manager
Additional Photography:
Jerry Henry
Costume Designers
Christopher Lawrence
Additional Photography:
Susan Thomas
Costume Supervisor
Deborah Hall
Department Head Make-up
Stacy Kelly
Key Make-up Artists
Paige Reeves
Additional Photography:
Stacy Kelly
Department Head Hair
Donna Spahn-Jones
Key Hair Stylists
Yolanda Mercadel
Additional Photography:
Donna Spahn-Jones
Additional Music
Cindy O'Connor
Neal Acree
Orchestra Conductor
Adam Klemens
Orchestrator
Brad Dechter
Music Supervisor
Selena Arizanova
Soundtrack
"Trio in E-flat, op.100
'Andante con trio'" by
Franz Schubert – (1)
arranged and
performed by Stephen
James Edwards, (2)
arranged by
Christopher Todd
Landon; "Do It Again" –
Galactic; "Why Blues";
"Mississippi
Kkkrossroads" – Chris
Thomas King; "Thunder
in the Jungle" –
Thunderball; "Verbal" –
Amon Tobin; "Now I
Know" – Renholder;
"Better Off Dead";
"Goree" – Nuru Kane;
"Chicken Bone" –
Chickasaw Mudd
Puppies; "Shake (Yo
Mama)" – North
Mississippi Allstars
Sound Designer
David Esparza
Sound Mixers
Jeffrey E. Haupt
Additional Photography:
David O. Daniel
Re-recording Mixers
Chris David

Gabriel J. Serrano
Supervising Sound Editor
David Esparza
Action Designer
David Leitch
Stunt Co-ordinators
Noon Orsatti
Additional Photography:
Chad Stahelski
Fight Choreographer
Sam Hargrave
Military Technical Adviser
Ron Blecker

CAST

Jason Statham
Arthur Bishop
Ben Foster
Steve McKenna
Donald Sutherland
Harry McKenna
Tony Goldwyn
Dean Sanderson
Mini Anden
Sarah
James Logan
Jorge Lara
Jeff Chase
Burke
Christa Campbell
Kelly
Eddie Fernandez
Lara's guard
Joshua Bridgewater
carjacker
John McConnell
Vaughn
Joel Davis
husband
Mark Anthony Nutter
Mir Finch
Ardy Brent Carlson
bellhop
Lara Grice
Mrs Finch
Lance Nichols
Henry
J.D. Evermore
gunrunner
Ada Michelle Loridans
Finch's daughter
Linzzi Zaorski
jazz club singer
Dawn Neufeld
news reporter 1
Molly Rosenblatt
news reporter 2
Bill Scharpf
Dean's driver
John Teague
Ney
David Leitch
Sebastian
Jennifer Ortega
Lara's girl 1
Lateace Towns-Cuellar
Lara's girl 2
Paul Abraham
shuttle driver
David Dahlgren
Dr X
Stuart Greer
Ralph
Kasia Wolejnio
front desk clerk
Larrel France
Vaughn's intern
Danny Cosmo
peasant
Derek Schreck
security guard
Choop
'Arthur' the dog

Dolby Digital In Colour [2.35:1]

Distributor
Lionsgate UK

8,294 ft +0 frames

Never Let Me Go

USA/United Kingdom 2010

Director: Mark Romanek

With Carey Mulligan, Andrew Garfield, Keira Knightley
Certificate 12A 103m 35s

Spoiler alert: this review gives away a major plot twist

At first glance, Hailsham could be just another lower-division English boarding school... except, that is, for the pupils' electronic wrist tags, the fearful tales discouraging them venturing beyond the perimeter fence, the complete absence of any parental influence. Or indeed surnames. For readers of Kazuo Ishiguro's acclaimed 2005 source novel, the secret will already be out, yet even those aware of the story's much discussed sci-fi twist (in this dystopian alternative reality, the children are clones whose organs will keep the rest of us healthy) can hardly fail to appreciate the subtlety with which this film version creates a gently sinister environment – a world resembling our own in all but a few small yet insidiously unsettling details.

The purpose, though, isn't primarily to expound on the iniquities of science transgressing moral boundaries – even if it is certainly up for discussion – but to provide an effectively constricting context for a tragic love story. In the opening section set at Hailsham in 1978, sensitive Kathy falls for endearingly untogether Tommy, only for her scheming supposed friend Ruth to get her claws on him instead. Since the whole tale is being filtered through Kathy's memories, we feel her pain and frustration, emotions obviously intensified by the realisation that none of them can expect to see their mid-twenties. Subsequently, once the grown-up cast have assumed the roles, with Carey Mulligan yearning affectingly while Keira Knightley assumes steely proprietorial control over a browbeaten Andrew Garfield, the full ramifications of this pubescent betrayal power the character-driven drama. While soul-searching revelations, regret and forgiveness can alter the emotional contours of these pre-planned lives, there's still little to be done about their fast-approaching destiny, even if Alex Garland's deft screen adaptation tantalisingly flags up the prospect of 'deferral' for genuine loving couples seeking a hint of execution.

Such kinds of flexibility in an otherwise pitiless universe provide breathing space for the narrative, which has little interest in delivering the rebellion-against-the-overlords scenario that's a cinematic and literary commonplace. This might frustrate viewers who like their characters with a bit more gumption, but it's entirely in keeping with the film's overall aim of drawing the audience into contemplating their own mortality. Utilising a carefully delineated palette of milk-tea browns and half-hearted turquoises familiar from many a 1960s and 70s institutional colour scheme,

director Mark Romanek is continually at pains to remind us that these young people are trapped in a system which isn't theirs to control, hence the knowing way he often holds the frame after the characters have exited, emphasising their transience in a world that will continue without them. Language strikingly underlines the system's grip on society, here rolling out chilling euphemisms (after three or four "donations", the "donors" usually "complete" their short lives) to disguise the horrifying prospect of having your body effectively looted during the prime of life.

If the opening scene-setting captions and the closing voiceover seem, respectively, to give the game away too soon and make the story's resonance for our lives thuddingly over-obvious, for the vast majority of its running time the film's thought-through storytelling, spot-on performances and velvety Rachel Portman score work tellingly in concert. A different, perhaps more full-blooded approach might have wrought teary melodrama from the material, but Romanek and company seem to have been seeking a response of quiet thoughtfulness, and have richly succeeded in that aim.

👉 Trevor Johnston

CREDITS

Directed by
Mark Romanek

Produced by
Andrew Macdonald
Allon Reich

Screenplay
Alex Garland
Kazuo Ishiguro
Based on the novel by
Kazuo Ishiguro

Cinematography
Adam Kimmel

Editor
Barney Pilling

Production Designer
Mark Digby

Music
Rachel Portman

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Dune Entertainment III
LLC (in all territories
except Brazil, Italy, Japan,
Korea and Spain)

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Company, Twentieth
Century Fox Film
Corporation and Dune
Entertainment III LLC (in
Brazil, Italy, Japan, Korea
and Spain)

Production Companies
Fox Searchlight Pictures,

DNA Films and Film4
present a DNA Films
production for DNA Films
and Film4

Made in association with
Dune Entertainment
Executive Producers

Alex Garland
Kazuo Ishiguro
Tessa Ross
Co-producer
Richard Hewitt

Associate Producer
Joanne Smith

Production Manager
Donald Sabourin

Production Co-ordinator
Layla Mall

Production Accountant
Linda Gregory

Supervising Location Manager
Jonah Coombes

Location Managers
Josh Yudin
Scotland Unit:
Lloret Dunn

Post-production Supervisor
Clare St John

Assistant Directors
1st: Lee Grumett
2nd: Jo Tew

Script Supervisor
Diana Dill

Casting
Kate Dowd

B Camera Operators/ Steadicam
Julian Morson
Peter Cavacuti
Gaffers
John Colley
Scotland Unit:
Steve Arthurs

Visual Effects
Baseblack

Special Effects Supervisor
Sam Conway

Post-production Consultancy
Steve Harrow
Steeple Post Production
Services

Supervising Art Director
Dennis Schnegg

Art Director
Paul Cripps

Set Decorator
Michelle Day

Property Master
Nick Thomas

Construction Manager
Dan Crandon

Costume Designers
Rachael Fleming
Steven Noble

Wardrobe Supervisor
Charlotte Child

Chief Make-up/Hair Designer
Stan Grigg

Hair/Make-up Artists
Bindy Parrish
Tapio Salmi

Title Design
Farrow

Violin Solos
Marcia Crayford

Cello Solos
Paul Watkins

Conductor
David Snell

Orchestrators
Jeff Altman
Rachel Portman

Music Supervisors
Randall Poster
George Drakoulis

Soundtrack
"Hailsham School Song";
"Count Your Blessings
and Smile" – George
Formby; "Never Let Me
Go" – Jane Monheit;

"Sunshine Street";
"Ligiana dalla lingua di
fuoco (ttoli)" by Stelvio
Cipriani; "Harbor Lights"
– Guy Lombardo and His
Royal Canadians; "Yé
Banks and Braes" – Phil
Kelsall; "Going to Work"
by Tony Meehan;

"Sailboats and
Cyresses"; "Overture
from Mikado" by Gilbert
and Sullivan – Darrell
Fancourt, the D'Oyly
Carte Opera Company

Sound Design
Glenn Freemantle

Production Sound Mixer
Jim Greenhorn

Re-recording Mixers
Mike Dowson

Richard Pryke
Supervising Sound Editor
Glenn Freemantle
Stunt Co-ordinators
Frank Henson
Nirinder Dhudwar
Film Extracts
Let George Do It (1940)

CAST

Carey Mulligan
Kathy H
Andrew Garfield
Tommy
Keira Knightley
Ruth
Isobel Meikle-Smith
young Kathy
Ella Purnell
young Ruth
Charlie Rowe
young Tommy
Charlotte Rampling
Miss Emily
Sally Hawkins
Miss Lucy
Nathalie Richard
Madame
Andrea Riseborough
Chrissie
Domhnall Gleeson
Rodney
Kate Bowes Renna
Miss Geraldine
Hannah Sharp
Amanda
Christina Carrafiell
Laura
Oliver Parsons
Arthur
Luke Braynt
David
Fidelis Morgan
matron
Damien Thomas
doctor
Huggy Leaver
delivery man 1
Charles Cork
delivery man 2
Sylvie Macdonald
bumper crop girl
David Sterne
Keffers
Kate Sissons
Amy Lennox
sitcom girls
Anna-Maria Everett
waitress
John Gillespie
male office worker
Rachel Boss
female office worker
Lydia Wilson
Hannah
Monica Dolan
nurse
Chidi Chickwe
George

Dolby Digital/DTS/SDDS In Colour Prints by DeLuxe [2.35:1]

Distributor
20th Century Fox
International (UK)

9,322 ft +14 frames

SYNOPSIS The mid-1990s. In an alternative Britain, where medical science has created 100-year-plus life expectancy, Kathy H, a 28-year-old 'carer', looks back on her past. In 1978 at Hailsham boarding school, she fell for fellow pupil Tommy, but had him stolen away by supposed friend Ruth. The children at Hailsham are monitored closely by principal Miss Emily's staff, and never leave the grounds. It comes as a shock to them when new 'guardian' Miss Lucy reveals that they are all clones, or 'donors', created to have their organs harvested in early adulthood. By 1985, Kathy has been moved to a rural halfway house shared with Ruth and Tommy, now a sexually active couple, notwithstanding Kathy's intuition that Tommy feels closer to her. The slightly older Rodney and Chrissie despairingly talk of a 'deferral' for donors verifiably in love, but fear the worst. By 1994, Kathy has become a 'carer' offering support to donors, in the process encountering the now separated Ruth and Tommy, who've both begun their donations. In one final reunion, Ruth apologises for keeping Tommy and Kathy apart, and these two at last consummate their mutual affection. They track down Miss Emily in the hope of securing a 'deferral' but she shatters their hopes, revealing that Hailsham was an abortive experiment in assessing the humanity of the clones. Ruth 'completes', as does Tommy – with Kathy witnessing the operation. Now due to become a donor herself, Kathy wonders whether the clones are so different from those whose lives they save.

Ride, Rise, Roar

USA 2010

Director: David Hillman Curtis
Certificate 12A 87m 4s

Ride, Rise, Roar calls to mind a perfectly agreeable child doomed from birth to languish in the shadow of an esteemed older sibling. The film documents a live tour undertaken in 2008 by the musician David Byrne; the illustrious precursor in question is, of course, Jonathan Demme's *Stop Making Sense* (1984), featuring Byrne's former band Talking Heads. Unfortunately for the makers of *Ride, Rise, Roar*, the earlier work happens to be the most involving and innovative concert film ever made.

The new picture's initial attempts to distinguish itself are hampered by an overlapping set list: despite featuring some of Byrne's solo cuts, it shares with Demme's movie such Talking Heads songs as 'Once in a Lifetime', 'Heaven' and 'Life During Wartime'. There's a prosaic approach to the division between life and art, offstage and onstage, with the former rendered in dry monochrome, the latter in zesty colour, a technique that already felt staid in 1991's *In Bed with Madonna*.

Once our expectations are lowered, there turns out to be much in the filmmakers' intentions, if not their actual achievements, to admire. Rather than going for the traditional you-were-there effect of the average concert film, first-time director Hillman Curtis deliberately breaks the flow of performance with behind-the-scenes rehearsal footage and interviews, as well as drop-ins on Byrne's home studio. The unusual nature of the show lends itself to scrutiny: Byrne commissioned three choreographers, none of whom usually works in pop music, to integrate dancers into the gigs. The effect recalls the intermittent collaborations between the Fall and Michael Clark (notably the 1988 ballet *I Am Curious, Orange*).

Byrne specified that the dancers

should exist within the show rather than as a separate entity. The effect is even more striking than that: the dancers forcefully influence the musicians, rather than merely augmenting them. Byrne's keyboard player explains that he allowed his playing to be influenced each night by the movements of a different dancer. The element of dance, traditionally subservient in live popular music (think of the dancers in cages at early Beastie Boys shows), drives and even manipulates the other performers here.

During 'Houses in Motion' a dancer positions Byrne this way and that as though he were an action figure. In 'I Zimbra' the dancers shift the microphone stands around the stage mid-song, forcing the backing singers to follow, and even holding the microphones over them as they lie on the stage. By the end of 'Burning Down the House' dancers and band members alike, all wearing tutus, are moving in unison like branches of the same flamboyant organism. If there's nothing here to match the cartoonishly oversized suit that became the defining image of *Stop Making Sense*, then those tutus surely come a respectable second. The incongruous effect is only enhanced when Byrne barks the line: "T'm! An! Ordinary! Guy!"

Less persuasive are the touches that feel like mere reprisals. The synchronised routine using office swivel chairs for 'Life Is Long' is cute enough but pales beside the memory of Byrne's haunting dance with a living-room lamp during 'This Must Be the Place (Naïve Melody)' in *Stop Making Sense*. The interviews rarely go beyond the level of DVD extras; when they do, in the few minutes spent with Brian Eno, the effect is disruptive, since Byrne is outshone by his more dynamic collaborator. Groping for a payoff, Curtis yokes the film's final scenes to the occasion of the 2008 US election. Without the necessary groundwork to precede it, this can only look apologetic, as though pop music weren't worthy of attention without political ballast to bulk it up.

♦♦ Ryan Gilbey

SYNOPSIS A documentary about David Byrne's 2008-09 live tour, mixing solo songs with material by his former band Talking Heads. The shows were notable for being tightly choreographed, with a troupe of dancers using props and interacting with the musicians. Interspersed with colour footage of complete onstage performances of 14 songs are black-and-white inserts documenting rehearsals, interviews with Byrne's collaborators (including Brian Eno) and shots of Byrne in Manhattan. The film culminates with the election of Barack Obama and a performance of 'Everything That Happens Will Happen Today'.

CREDITS

Directed by David Hillman Curtis

Produced by Will Schluter

Director of Photography Ben Wolf

Editors Matt Boyd

Music David Byrne

Music Brian Eno

Production Companies A Hillman Curtis Films

Production production in association with Ravel Films, Topiary Productions and Todo Mundo

Co-producer Ben Wolf

Field Producer Albany, NY;

Camera Operators Arianna Orland

Titles A: Ben Wolf

Soundtrack B: Marshall Stief

Soundtrack James Victore

Soundtrack "Once in a Lifetime";

Soundtrack "Life Is Long"; "I Zimbra";

Soundtrack "Road to Nowhere";

Soundtrack "One Fine Day"; "The Great Curve"; "My Big Nurse"; "Burning Down the House"; "Houses in Motion"; "Air"; "Life

During Wartime"; "Heaven"; "I Feel My Stuff"; "Everything That Happens Will Happen Today" – David Byrne

Choreography Noémi LaFrance

Choreography Annie-B Parson

Choreography robbinschilds

Choreography [i.e. Sonya Robbins,

Choreography Layla Childs]

Sound Recordists Newport News, Virginia:

Sound Recordists Mike Urdaneta

Sound Recordists Santa Barbara,

Sound Recordists California:

Sound Recordists Mickey McMullen

Sound Recordists Albany, NY:

Sound Recordists Eli Janney

Sound Mix Pat Dillett

Sound Mix Gregory Thompson

Tour Crew

Tour Manager Keith Anderson

Production Manager Mark Edwards

Lighting Designers David Ambrosio

Lighting Designers Jon Pollack

WITH

David Byrne

Lily Baldwin

Natalie Kuhn

Steven Reker

Graham Hawthorne

Paul Frazier

Mauro Refosco

Mark Degli Antoni

Red Ray Frazier

Jenni Muldaur

Kaissa

Annie-B Parson

David Whitehead

Sonya Robbins

Layla Childs

Noémi LaFrance

Brian Eno

In Colour/Black and White

[L85:1]

Distributor Kaleidoscope Home

Distributor Entertainment

7836 ft +0 frames

Season of the Witch

USA 2010

Director: Dominic Sena
With Nicolas Cage, Ron Perlman, Stephen Campbell Moore
Certificate 15 94m 37s

When Lars von Trier dedicated *Antichrist* to Tarkovsky in 2009 it prompted much derision, but the chasm between the Danish provocateur's hysterical, tasteless film and the Russian master's sombrely mystical work seems slight compared to that between *Season of the Witch* and the classic to which it apparently pays homage. This latest release from Hollywood schlock-action director Dominic Sena takes its inspiration not from the 1972 George A. Romero horror of the same name but, preposterously, the revered Bergman masterpiece *The Seventh Seal*.

Such slip overreaching hasn't deterred Nicolas Cage, who worked with Sena on 2000's *Gone in 60 Seconds* and who returns now in another questionable career move. He plays Behmen, a medieval knight who – in an echo of the Swedish classic's plot – comes home from the Crusades to find Europe overrun by plague and is then enlisted to transport a girl (Claire Foy) accused of pestilence-causing witchcraft to an abbey to be tried. The film – which clocks in at a rushed 95 minutes – strives for an epic *Lord of the Rings* feel, but supernatural action isn't a genre that thrives on budgetary limitations; it's clear from the cartoonishly artificial battle scenes at the outset that effects won't carry the film.

What little grip *Season of the Witch* has rests on psychological suspense. Whether or not the captive is really a witch is withheld from the audience, as the party wrestle with the temptation to trust her. Unlike witch-trial standards about innocents' persecution such as *The Crucible*, the film positions itself squarely in the supernatural realm with an opening scene in which an executed witch exacts her revenge. This depiction of female evil carries with it none of the misogynistic provocation of Charlotte Gainsbourg's sinisterly witchlike character in *Antichrist*, Sena's offering being too light and slight to offend. Corny banter between Cage's character and his sidekick Felson (Ron Perlman) sets the tone, but although Cage is impossible to take seriously in ridiculous blond ringlets, there are a few laughs to be found in what is a disappointingly sedate performance from this typically off-the-wall actor.

Aside from a clichéd bridge-crossing scene and a run-in with a wolf pack, the protagonists' journey is all too swift and easy. Suspense regarding the girl's true nature is dispelled with a ludicrous twist as the film staggers through a finale of creaky CGI fire-and-flying-beasts silliness. "We're gonna need more holy water," a priest declares. Sena would need more than that to salvage this fiasco.

♦♦ Carmen Gray



Ordinary guy: David Byrne

CREDITS

Directed by
Dominic Sena
Produced by
Charles Roven
Alex Gartner
Screenplay
Bragi Schut
Director of Photography
Amir Mokri
Edited by
Mark Helfrich
Dan Zimmerman
Production Designer
Uli Hanisch
Music by/Music Produced by
Atli Örvarsson

©Season of the Witch
Distributions, LLC

Production Companies
Relativity Media
presents an Atlas
Entertainment and
Relativity Media
production
Louisiana Production
Company: Cine
Productions LLC
Production Services
Hungarian Producer:
Mid-Atlantic Films
Croatian Unit:
Blue Sky Croatia
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Films in Motion

Executive Producers
Ryan Kavanaugh
Alan G. Glazer
Steve Alexander
Tom Karnowski
Tucker Tooley
Co-producer
Gloria Fan

Unit Production Managers
Richard Sharkey
Tom Karnowski
Austria Crew:
Vaclav Eisenhammer
Production Managers
Miklós Tóth
Croatian Unit:
Dubravko Petrovic

Production Supervisors
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Jason Hewitt
Oak Porcelli
Brendan Garst

Production Co-ordinators
Hilde Odella
Austria Crew:
Vera Matousova
Croatian Unit:
Filip Zefran
Prologue Unit:
Amy Horkay

Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Elizabeth Hutchison
Supervising Production Accountant
Luigi Riltano

Location Managers
János Cserven
László Roránusz
Austria Crew:
Ernst Vogl
Shreveport Additional
Photography –
Louisiana:
Phillip Brooks
Post-production Supervisor
James K. Jensen
Shreveport Additional Photography 2nd Unit Directors
Shreveport:
Mark Helfrich
Crusades:
Vic Armstrong
Assistant Directors
1st: Craig Pinckes
2nd: Bogi Mócz
Austria Crew Splitter
Unit
1st: Kati Magenheim
Splitter Unit
1st: Krisztina Barkóczy
2nd: Réka Szabó
Shreveport Additional
Photography
1st: Jamie Freitag
2nd: Tommy Martin
Shreveport Additional
Photography Splitter
Unit
1st: Andi Budman
Prologue Unit
2nd: Martina
Góthansová

Script Supervisors
Dóra Simkó
Gabi Winkler
Splitter Unit:
Dóra Endrőnyi
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Martin Kittrosser
Casting
Elaine Grainger
Shreveport Additional
Photography –
Louisiana:
Lisa Maria Dupree
Shreveport Additional Photography Director of Photography
Dante Spinotti

Camera Operators
A: Mark Spicer
B: Balázs Révész
C: Buda Gulyás
Shreveport Additional
Photography
A: Henry Tirl
B: Bob Foster

Steadicam
Balázs Révész
Gaffers
Gábor Hevesi
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Jeff Peterson
Shreveport Additional
Photography 2nd Unit:
Andrew 'Andy' Clapp

Key Grips
János Kiss
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Wells Smith



Knight's tale: Nicolas Cage

Shreveport Additional Photography Visual Effects

Supervisor:
Adam Howard
Supervisor/Consultant:
John Bruno
Producer:
Nancy St. John
Visual Effects by
UPP

Demon Witch Sequences by
Tippett Studio
Additional Visual Effect
KILT

Special Effects
Supervisor:
Paul Stephenson
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Jason Babin

Co-ordinator:
Szilvia Páros
Shreveport Additional
Photography
A: Henry Tirl
B: Bob Foster

Production Designer
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Ed Verreaux
Supervising Art Director
Kai Karla Koch

Art Directors
Gabriella Simon
László Rajk
Tibor Lázár
Bence Erdélyi
Croatian Unit:
Nenad Pecur
Shreveport Additional
Photography:

James A. 'Jim' Gelarden
Set Decorators
Monica Rottmeyer
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Kate Sullivan

Concept Artists
Rainer Stock
Ricardo Contreras
Property Masters
Zoltán Szalkai
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
James Kroning

Construction Co-ordinator
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Dan Coe

Construction Manager
Prologue Unit:
László Nagyidai Jr

Costume Designer
Carlo Poggiali
Costume Supervisor
Jo Koror
Chief Hair/Make-up Stylist
Aileen Seaton

Make-up Department Head
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Allan Apone
Key Make-up Artist
Katalin Jakóts

Key Make-up
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Amy C. Weinberg
Krystal Kershaw
Special Effects Make-up
Shreveport Additional
Photography:

James Rolan
Puppeteer
Ricardo Contreras
Key Hair Stylist
Gabriella Németh

Hair Department Head
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Tommy Strawther
Titles
Eric Fitzgerald
Hollywood Title

Music Performed by
The London
Metropolitan Orchestra
Conductor:
Andy Brown

Vocal Solos
Thórildur Örnarsdóttir
Azam Ali

Orchestrations
Julian Kershaw
Dallas Almer
Jessica Dannheiser
Tim Davies
Vladimir Podgoretsky
Jeff Toyne

Sound Design/Supervision
Scott Martin Gershin
Sound Mixers
Mac Ruth
Prologue Unit:
Zoltán Tihanyi
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Steve Aaron

Re-recording Mixers
Kevin O'Connell
Beau Borders
Stunt Co-ordinators
Tom Struthers
Prologue Unit:
Dave Judge
Domonkos Párdányi
Shreveport Additional
Photography –
Opening/Final Battle
Sequence:
Andy Armstrong

Fight Co-ordinator
Shreveport Additional
Photography:
Dave Morizot

CAST

Nicolas Cage
Behmen
Ron Perlman
Felson
Stephen Campbell Moore
Debelzaq
Claire Foy
the girl
Stephen Graham
Hagamar

Ulrich Thomsen
Eckhart
Robert Sheehan
Kay

Christopher Lee
Cardinal D'Ambroise
Kevin Rees
dying monk
Andrew Hefler
jail bailiff

Fernanda Dorogi
old woman, Gvaudon
Rebekah Kennedy
peasant Turk girl
Matt Devere
sergeant in arms

Róbert Bánlaci
livery boy
Barna Illyés
Cardinal's priest
Kevin Killebrew
demon voice

Simone Kirby
midwife
Elen Rhys
peasant girl
Nick Sidi
priest

Rory MacCann
soldier commander
Nicola Sloane
spinster
Brian F. O'Byrne
grandmaster
Ada Michelle Loridans
Mila

Lisa Marie Dupree
tavern girl
Gergely Horpácsi
soldier
László Imre
Norbert Kovács
Zsolt Magyari
soldiers

József Kovalik
Ferenc Berecz
Balázs Lengyel
Géza Kovács
undead monks

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS
In Colour
Prints by
Technicolor
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Momentum Pictures

8,516 ft +4 frames

Son of Babylon

United Kingdom/Iraq/France/
USA/United Arab Emirates/Egypt/
Palestine/The Netherlands 2010

Director: Mohamed Al-Daradji

**With Shezad Hussien, Yassir Taleeb,
Bashir Al-Majed**

"I don't understand Kurdish but I can feel her pain and suffering." Non-Kurdish viewers might feel much the same way as the Arabic-speaking woman who utters these words of sympathy in *Son of Babylon* – even if we, unlike her, have the benefit of subtitles. While the west has made many Iraq-themed films in the wake of the Second Gulf War, it has usually ended up just telling stories about itself and its own touristic experiences there, while genuine Iraqi voices have remained largely unheard.

Baghdad-born filmmaker Mohammed Al-Daradji represents a rare exception. His neorealist feature debut *Ahlaam* (2005), shot in and around Baghdad when it was still very much a war zone, used a local, non-professional cast, and was inspired by the writer/director's own experiences helping the staff of a Baghdad psychiatric hospital in the chaotic weeks following the fall of Saddam Hussein in 2003. *Son of Babylon* is set in those same weeks and again transcends linguistic and cultural divides by finding a universal language, intelligible to viewers of any provenance, in a nation's collective grief.

Also helping to universalise *Son of Babylon* is its alignment to that most familiar of genres, the road movie. Elderly Um-Ibrahim (Shezad Hussein) and her 12-year-old grandson Ahmed (Yassir Taleeb) set out on a 600-mile journey from the Kurdish north down to Nasiriyah via Baghdad, travelling by foot, car, bus and even tractor in search of Um-Ibrahim's son (Ahmed's father) Ibrahim, missing since the First Gulf War. Ahmed has been left with only his father's flute and military jacket for heirlooms, and his rite of passage through a land ravaged by war and traumatised by loss will lead him in the end to abandon his boyish ambitions to be a soldier and choose instead his father's former career as a musician. Meanwhile, in the absence of Ibrahim, an Arab named Musa (Bashir Al-Majed) becomes a father figure to Ahmed, and, despite his unwilling involvement in the previous regime's genocidal campaign against the Kurds, ultimately earns forgiveness from Um-Ibrahim. So in this quest for Iraq's lost generation, Al-Daradji finds a bittersweet balance between hope and despair, setting small scenes of redemption and reconciliation against an otherwise overwhelming backdrop of mass graves, ruins and sorrow.

Throughout all this, communication remains a prominent issue. Stuck forever in the past, Um-Ibrahim speaks only Kurdish, whereas Ahmed is learning Arabic as well, while Musa

puts his command of Kurdish to good use even if he gained it in altogether less friendly circumstances. The American soldiers at roadblocks who bark their orders only in English are largely despised ("Saddam is a bastard, and the Americans are pigs!"). In a moment of utter desolation, Ahmed will even resort to seeking answers ("Tell me, how can I help my grandmother?") from a decidedly unresponsive donkey. Tears and lamentation seem to be the only common form of expression here, though the film's final image, in which a devastated Ahmed raises his flute to his lips, hints at how the artistic transformation – whether through music or indeed film – of a country's tragedy might just mark the beginnings of the long road to national recovery.

➡ **Anton Bitel**

CREDITS

Directed by

Mohamed Al-Daradji

Produced by

Isabelle Stead

Atia Al-Daradji

Mohamed Al-Daradji

Dimitri de Clercq

Written by

Jennifer Norridge

Mohamed Al-Daradji

Mithal Ghazi

Directors of

Photography

Mohamed Al-Daradji

Duraid Munajjim

Edited by

Pascale Chavance

Mohamed Jbara

Production Designer

Adviser

Alison Jeffery

Music

Kad Achouri

©Human Film, Iraq Al-

Rafidain, CRM-114,

UKFC

Production

Companies

Human Film, Iraq Al-

Rafidain, CRM-114

present in association

with UK Film Council,

The Sundance Institute,

Screen Yorkshire a

Mohamed Al-Daradji

film

In co-production with

Pyramovies, Sunnyland

Film, Art, Cinema

Production Center

With the participation of

Fonds Sud Cinéma,

Ministère de la Culture

et de la Communication

– CNC – Centre national

de la cinématographie –

Le Ministère des Affaires

Étrangères et

Européennes

With the support of

Netherlands Film Fund,

Rotterdam Media Fund,

HIVOS, Doen and the

support of Middle East

International Film

Festival/Abu Dhabi, UK

Trade & Investment,

Mawred Fund

Made with the support of

UK Film Council New

Cinema Fund and

Development Fund

Developed with the

assistance of Screen

Yorkshire Production

Fund

A Human Film, Iraq Al-

Rafidain, CRM-114

production

Executive Producers

Antonia Bird

Nashwa Al Ruwaini

Hugo Heppell

Co-producers

Daniel Evans

Rashid Masharawi

Bader Ben Hirsi

Production Manager

Hussein Jbara

Production

Co-ordinators

Abas Fakher

Baghdad:

Abbas Khadaeair

Accountant Iraq

Kareem Hussein

Location Manager

Sulaymaniyah

Shaker Hmoud

Post-production

SYNOPSIS Iraq, April 2003, three weeks after the fall of Saddam Hussein. Elderly Kurdish woman Um-Ibrahim travels with her 12-year-old grandson Ahmed, hoping to reach Nasiriyah, 600 miles south, where her adult son Ibrahim, missing since the first Gulf War, is reportedly being held prisoner. Taking with him the flute and military jacket of the father he has never met, Ahmed is just as keen to see the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. They hitch a ride to bombed-out Baghdad with a sympathetic Kurdish driver, then travel on to Nasiriyah in a crowded bus, encountering roadblocks and breakdowns along the way. Arriving in Nasiriyah they find its prison in ruins, and learn of mass graves recently discovered nearby.

On the bus back to Baghdad, Um-Ibrahim and Ahmed meet kind, middle-aged Musa. When the bus breaks down, the three set off on foot, and Musa confesses his unwilling involvement in the former Ba'athist regime's genocidal campaign against Iraqi Kurds. Though spurned by Um-Ibrahim, Musa hangs around, taking them first to a local mosque where a prisoner of war is being held, and then to a mass grave. Despite her despair, Um-Ibrahim forgives Musa, who reluctantly leaves at Ahmed's request, though not before telling the boy how to find him in future.

After another fruitless visit to a mass grave, grandmother and grandson get on a bus home. When Ahmed sees the sign for 'The Remains of Babylon' he excitedly turns to wake Um-Ibrahim – but she has died.

Supervisor

Daniel Evans

Assistant Directors

1st: Yahya Al-Allaq

1st: Kaheel Khalid

2nd: Bayan Jameel

Script Supervisor

Tha'ir Iraq

Poetry by

Fadil Al-Bayadi

Hamed Al-Maliki

Director of

Photography

Sulaymaniyah

Dan Salzmann

Camera Operator

Amar Jamal

Gaffers/Grips

Yasser Hayder

Sulimaniyah-Baghdad:

Udai Sad'Don

Visual Effects

Human Film

Pepper Post

Art Directors

Udai Mania

Hayder Jabar

Mohamed Moeaser

Sulaymaniyah:

Bashir Flaieh

Ahmed Jumaa

Tamara Nouri

Costume Designer

Akhlash Saddam

Hair/Make-up Adviser

John Parnham

Hair/Make-up Artist

Fausi Mohamed Kadum

Production Sound

Recordists

Ahmed Yassin

François Boudet

Re-recording Mixers

Mike Dowson

Brendon Nicholson

Andrew Caller

Supervising Sound

Editor

Glenn Freemantle

CAST

Shezad Hussien

Um-Ibrahim

Yassir Taleeb

Ahmed

Bashir Al-Majed

Musa

Salih Abdul Rahman

Farhad

Mahmood

Kefaya Dakhel Kareem

Um-Fatima

Mohamed Hussein

Jbara

Qasim

Haythem Abass

Razak

Yazy Hassan Hasoon

woman singing

Asmaeel Al-Matri

sheikh of Hille Mosque

Raad Azoeer

Baghdad bus driver

Sayyed Hassan Al-

Mosawi

Baghdad bus driver

assistant

Lateef Maoat Al-

Asadi

Baghdad coach station

man 1

Raheem Radi

Baghdad coach station

man 2

Shwala Atia

Baghdad coach station

woman 1

Najat Mansour

Baghdad coach station

woman 2

Najeeb Jree

Nasiriyah prison official

Hussein Nahi

Nasiriyah prison

assistant 1

Ali Mhaoush

Nasiriyah prison

assistant 2

Tiswahnin Abdul

Kadum

Nasiriyah prison

mourning woman 1

Soa'd Jabir

Nasiriyah prison

mourning woman 2

Sajad Mohamed Ali

Nasiriyah coach driver

Ali Jesien

Nasiriyah coach

passenger man 1

Zuhaa Abass

Nasiriyah coach

passenger woman 1

Teeba Mahmood

Nasiriyah coach

passenger woman 2

Mohamed Kareem

Taha Ahmed

Mostafa Mouhi

Hashim Kassim

Reyad Mohamed

Nasiriyah coach

passengers

Mosa Abbas Sajid

mass grave 1 official

Ahmed Harneed

Fadiel Awaja Hussein

mass grave 2 officials

Hilla Ali

Shwaa Hassan

Wafaa Abdul Hussein

Shaymaa Shameel

Baydaa Wali

Noor Mahmood

mass grave 2 women

Jwda Kokis

Motar Mshatet

mass grave 2 men

Ahmed Jabar Hussein

Red Cross official

Hussein Sajid

Saddam Mohamed

Jbeel

Anour Abed Ali

Jassib Hassoun

Red Cross assistants

Najat Mshatet

woman on truck mass

grave 1

Steve Tucker

George Wells

Alan Gingerboling

Stov Patel

Bernard Link

Luca Costa

Jason Crosby

Bruce Chadweek

Trompie Mares

Miles Conway

American soldiers

Greg Kelly

Patrick Lally

Bryan Bounds

additional American

voice artists

Dolby Digital

In Colour

[2.35:1]

Subtitles

Distributor

Dogwoof Pictures

Iraqi/UAE/Egyptian/

Palestinian theatrical

title

Um Hussein

French/Dutch theatrical

title

Son of Babylon

The Tempest

USA/United Kingdom/India 2010

Director: Julie Taymor

With Helen Mirren, Russell Brand, Djimon Hounsou, Ben Whishaw

Certificate PG 109m 57s

Of the renowned filmmakers working today, none is quite the pretender that Julie Taymor is – no one seems to have convinced such a large section of the public and the critical community of her brilliance and originality on so little evidence. Famous for directing *The Lion King* on Broadway (as if she'd designed the innovative puppet-costumes) and the new Spider-Man musical (notorious so far for its accidents and ever-expanding costs), Taymor's claims to eminence include an iconic-clichéd Beatles musical (*Across the Universe*) about a 1960s in which the Beatles don't exist, a rote if flashy biopic of Frida Kahlo and, worst of all, a film version of Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* which may stand as the most insipid, tasteless adaptation of the Bard yet attempted. Now she's returned to that scorched earth with Shakespeare's final and in many ways least compelling play, and the upshot is never less than a lesson on how not to film Shakespeare, and at the same time on how to call attention to yourself, auteur-wise, with music-video ideas layered on like a hundred silk scarves in a burlesque show where we never get to the goods.

Taymor's strategy is simple: take on 'classic' material, rely on arbitrary 'alternatives', visual and otherwise, and then hope the old texts will carry the day. *The Tempest* could be said to evoke the crasser aspects of Ken Russell's hit-making period, but only if Taymor had a sense of humour and reserves of vaudeville energy. Her Prospero is, in a standard-modern-issue Shakespearean gambit, Helen Mirren's über-Mum Prospera, and the magic suggested in the play is given thin CGI

more or less observed by Prospera and Ariel and who bicker and banter on their way to nowhere in particular. The Milanese politics are hardly Byzantine, and the characters are all fairly uncomplicated. (It's not for nothing that the only notable films of the play are loose, subtext-injected riffs: Fred M. Wilcox's *Forbidden Planet* and Paul Mazursky's *Tempest*.) On film, *The Tempest's* endless repetitions and lumpy exposition are trying, and the heightened, antique Shakespearean dialogue is just as difficult to put over as it's always been. Taymor is no Olivier or Welles, though all Shakespearean experimenters would do well to look to Kurosawa, who jettisoned the texts and just focused on the stories. Stirred you may be at the Old Vic by live Shakespearean grandeur, but on celluloid the cathedrals of blank verse are most often stale and unnatural.

Taymor believes CGI sunsets and frogs wearing Whishaw's pallid face will bring her to the finish line, but her movie wouldn't even be serviceable as a teaching aid for middle-schoolers (which is where it will be most seen in years to come, at least in the US). With her guidance, teenagers would more than likely learn to avoid Shakespeare like a contagion.

➡ **Michael Atkinson**

CREDITS

Directed by
Julie Taymor
Produced by
Julie Taymor
Robert Chartoff
Lynni Hendee
Julia Taylor-Stanley
Jason K. Lau
Screenplay
Julie Taymor
Adapted from the play
by William Shakespeare
Director of Photography
Stuart Dryburgh
Editor
Françoise Bonnot
Production Designer
Mark Friedberg
Music Composed by/Keyboards
Elliot Goldenthal

©Tempest Productions, LLC
Production Companies
Touchstone Pictures and Miramax Films present a Miranda Films, Talkstory Productions, Artemis Films production in association with Mumbai Mantra Media Limited, Prologue Films A Julie Taymor film
Executive Producers
John C. Ching
Deborah Lau
Ron Bozman
Tino Puri

Rohit Khattar
Stewart Till
Anthony Buckner
Greg Strasburg
Co-executive Producer
Beaux Carson
Co-producer
Nalini Lalvani
Associate Producer
Phyllis Lavoie
Unit Production Managers
Ron Bozman
Harvey Waldman
Production Supervisors
Dana Sattler Hanks
Hawaii Boat Unit:
Renee Confair Sensano
Production Co-ordinators
Angela M. Laprete
NY Unit:
Nick Thomason
Production Accountants
Matilde P. Bandini
William 'Chico' Powell
Location Manager
Valerie Y.O. Kim
Post-production Supervisor
Jeff Robinson
Assistant Directors
1st: Sean Cameron
Guest
2nd: Richard A Cooper
2nd: Alyson M. Latz
Script Supervisor
Mary Cybulski
Artistic Adviser, Water Photography Effect
NY Unit:
Brian Oglesbee

Camera Operators
A: Dana W. Gonzales
NY Unit
A: Lukasz Jogalla
B: Carlos Guerra
Visual Effects Unit
B: Kim Marks
Steadicam Operator
Visual Effects Unit:
Tommy Lohmann
Gaffers
James McGuire
NY Unit:
Bill O'Leary
Key Grips
Gary Kangrga
NY Unit:
Rick Marroquin
Visual Effects Supervisor
Kyle Cooper
Visual Effects Unit Directors of Photography
Kim Marks
Tommy Lohmann
Visual Effects Designed/Produced by
Prologue Films
Visual Effects Crew
972
Special Effects
NY Unit Supervisor:
Steve Kirshoff
Co-ordinator:
G. Bruno Stemple
NY Unit Co-ordinator:
John Stfanich
Associate Editor
Bob Allen
NY Art Director
Kim Jennings
Hawaii Art Director
Alex DiGerlando
Set Decorator
Alyssa Winter
Property Master
Kris Moran
Construction Co-ordinators
Hawaii Boat Unit:
Paul K. Guncheon
NY Unit:
Nicholas R. Miller
Costume Designer
Sandy Powell
Costume Supervisor
Susan J. Wright
Make-up Department Head
Judy Chin
Key Make-up Artists
Maryann Marchetti
NY Unit:
Kyra Panchenkov
Caliban Make-up Created by
Matthew W. Mungle
Richard Redlisen
Happy/Nymph Prosthetic Make-up Designer
NY Unit:
Mike Marino
Happy Prosthetic Make-up Artist
NY Unit:
Dave Presto
Hair Department Head
Mandy Lyons
Key Hair Stylist
Jeffrey Rebelo
Title Designer
Kyle Cooper
Music Conducted by
Jonathan Sheffer
Orchestrated by

Robert Elhai
Elliot Goldenthal
Music Produced by
Teese Gohl
Elliot Goldenthal
Soundtrack
"Darkened Sands," "Full Fathom Five," "Where the Bee Sucks" by Elliot Goldenthal, William Shakespeare – Ben Whishaw; "O Mistress Mine" by Elliot Goldenthal, William Shakespeare – Reeve Carney; "Coda" by Elliot Goldenthal, William Shakespeare – Beth Gibbons; "Legong Dance (Serangan)" – Gamelan Serangan
Sound Designer
Blake Leyh
Production Sound Mixer
Drew Kunin
Re-recording Mixers
Lee Dichter
Andy Kris
Supervising Sound Editor
Blake Leyh
Stunt Co-ordinators
Charlie Croughwell
Stephen Pope

CAST

Helen Mirren
Prospera
Russell Brand
Trinculo
Reeve Carney
Prince Ferdinand
Tom Conti
Gonzalo
Chris Cooper
Antonio
Alan Cumming
Sebastian
Djimon Hounsou
Caliban
Felicity Jones
Miranda
Alfred Molina
Stephano
David Strathairn
King Alonso
Ben Whishaw
Ariel
Jude Akuwudike
boatswain
David Scott Klein
Prospera's husband
Bryan Webster
guard

Dolby Digital In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Buena Vista International (UK)

9,895 ft +6 frames

Two in the Wave

France/Belgium 2009

Director: Emmanuel Laurent

There's a sequence in *Two in the Wave* in which Jean-Luc Godard, interviewed in the 1960s, observes: "Cinema is what brings art and life together." Cut to an interview with his ex-wife, the actress Anne Wiazemsky, discussing her role in *La Chinoise* (1967), where she recalls discovering, after a conjugal row, that the dialogue for the next day's shoot was, word for word, their previous night's argument. The standard biographical ploy of interpreting the life through the work is particularly tempting when it comes to the New Wave. With the exception of François Truffaut, who died in 1984, its luminaries have remained working for more than 50 years and are now nearing the end of their lives. So Emmanuel Laurent's archival documentary on the New Wave's early years can be seen alongside other recent works detailing the rich art/life overlap characteristic of their generation, among them Agnès Varda's *The Beaches of Agnès* (2008) and Richard Brody's Godard biography *Everything Is Cinema* (2008).

Billing itself as "the story of a friendship" between Godard and Truffaut, the film chronicles their years of feverish cinephile apprenticeship, their mutual support for one another as filmmakers, and the bitter post-1968 falling-out that remained unresolved when Truffaut died. The standard oedipal narrative of the New Wave underpins the film, with cinema seen as a surrogate family and the actor Jean-Pierre Léaud cast as a child fought over by two warring parents. While this biographical approach focuses what is essentially a solid historical account of the New Wave, it is also highly selective; as if, out of a desire not to be seen to be dishing dirt, aspects of the lives have been judged to be off limits. But this can't explain the glaring omission of any sustained attention to Anna Karina, without whom no account of Godard's early films is complete. In other words, this is the New Wave told as a 'Boy's Own' – and boys only – story.

Two in the Wave is most satisfying when marshalling its archival array of photographs, clips and interviews to illuminate the films, whether demonstrating the origins of *Breathless's* famous jump cuts in Jean Rouch's *Moi, un noir* (1958), or in Truffaut's explanation of how he directed Léaud in *The 400 Blows* (1959). There's an excellent extended section

dealing with the New Wave's masters and mentors – including Hitchcock, Lang and Rossellini – which illustrates how Truffaut and Godard saw themselves as filmmakers emerging from a tradition made up of elective affinities. This sort of historical study and close analysis of cinema has been expunged from British television, so it's gratifying to see a documentary doing such work. That said, it's done in a surprisingly old-fashioned and somewhat stolid manner, more reminiscent of a university seminar than a digital editing suite, which suggests the film is as much its writer Antoine de Baecque's work as its director's.

A prolific cultural historian and former *Cahiers du cinéma* editor, de Baecque is the biographer of both Truffaut and Godard. His commentary lends *Two in the Wave* a certain pedagogical rigour but also deprives it of a sense of the sheer creative exhilaration – the feeling of anything being possible – that the New Wave embodies. This is most evident in the overly reverential treatment of the film's archive materials, which are set before the viewer like relics to be solemnly venerated rather than images and sounds to be playfully recombined and given new life. Superfluous shots of de Baecque tapping at a laptop and actress Isild Le Besco perusing old copies of *Cahiers* and mooning around Paris indicate a lack of visual imagination in treating, as opposed to narrating, the material to hand. But the most striking contrast between *Two in the Wave's* dutiful academicism and the joyful vigour of its subject comes in a sequence dealing with *Une histoire d'eau* (1958). Truffaut had shot footage for a short romantic comedy in a region of Paris inundated by floods but then abandoned the project. Godard re-edited the material, adding a hilarious, digressive commentary that lent the images another life. Just such a splash of artistic boldness might have made *Two in the Wave* stirring, rather than merely dryly informative. ➡ **Chris Darke**

CREDITS

Directed by
Emmanuel Laurent
Producer
Emmanuel Laurent
Written by
Antoine de Baecque
Directors of Photography
Nicholas de Pencier
Etienne Carton de Grammont
Editor
Marie-France Cuenot

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Production Companies
Films à Trois presents a Films à Trois production With the support of Prociép/Angoa With the participation of Argos Film, Ciné Tamaris, Les Films du Jeudi, MK2, StudioCanal, Warner Bros., INA, Gaumont Pathé Archives, RTBF
Production Manager
Martin de la Fouchardière
Sound
Henri Malkoff

Sound Mixer
Philippe Grivel
Sound Editor
Jean Dubreuil
Film Extracts
Les Mistons (1957)
Les Quatre Cents Coups (1959)
Jules et Jim (1961)
Antoine et Colette (1971)
Tirez sur le pianiste (1960)
La Peau douce (1964)
Baisers volés (1968)
Domicile conjugal (1970)
Les Deux Anglaises et le Continent (1971)

WITH

Isild Le Besco

narrated by
Antoine de Baecque

In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
New Wave Films

French/Belgian theatrical title
Deux de la Vague

SYNOPSIS A magical storm wrecks a ship near an isolated Mediterranean island where the sorceress Prospera, a deposed royal from Milan, lives with her teenage daughter Miranda, the enslaved fairy-spirit Ariel and a single, uncivilised native, Caliban. The survivors fall into three groups: King Alonso and his semi-treacherous cohort, who usurped Prospera back in Italy and now hunt the landscape for the young prince Ferdinand; Ferdinand alone, who meets and falls in love with Miranda; and a pair of drunken fools, Trinculo and Stephano, who fall in with Caliban and suddenly endeavour to take over the island from Prospera's rule. Prospera monitors the visitors while Ariel manipulates them into exhaustion, terror and betrayal, eventually cornering Alonso and his companions and confronting them with Prospera's righteous rage and, eventually, forgiveness.

SYNOPSIS Using archive photographs, interviews and film clips, this documentary explores the background, success and eventual commercial failure of the French New Wave, seen through the relationship between Jean-Luc Godard and François Truffaut over two decades between the 1950s and 1970s.

Waste Land

United Kingdom/Brazil 2009

Director: Lucy Walker

Certificate PG 98m 57s

Making a movie about New York artist Vik Muniz's garbage art, created in collaboration with Rio trash-pickers, poses some of the same potential dangers as Muniz's project, ranging from condescension to exploitation. But director Lucy Walker, who essayed the crisis documentary with nuke-proliferation alarm *Countdown to Zero* (2010), finds a diplomatic balance between uplift and fidelity to reality in this brisk making-of account, which revisits a lifestyle and locale fascinatingly depicted in Edouardo Coutinho's *Boca de Lixo* (1993).

Muniz's inspiration here arises from the sometimes dicey notion of 'giving back'. The successful Brazilian-born artist known for using fraught materials travels to Jardim Gramacho, the world's largest landfill, and resolves that the sales proceeds from the resulting art will benefit the impoverished participants. We latch on to some generally proud and good-looking *catadores* (as the trash-pickers are called in Portuguese), who include Isis, sifting through the junk in her colourful tights and earrings, and Tiaô, founder of a union to recognise the work of the recyclers. Walker shows their excitement at various stages of the project, and also Muniz's determination and periodic misgivings, discussed with wife Janaina Tschape and associate Fabio Ghivelder.

Part of the documentary's appeal is as a pure visual record of art and nature. Muniz's works are simulacra of art-history standards such as David's *The Death of Marat* that also evoke masterpiece-grade found-object street art. And yet their source, the Jardim, is just as dazzling: screen-filling expanses of knicks and knacks, pouring cornucopia-like from trucks, all grounded in the vibrant amber popularised by co-producer Fernando Meirelles (*City of God*), with occasional one-click zooms and a cleansing Moby synth-wash on the soundtrack.

Walker works with gentle but clear counterpoint, putting word of auction interest alongside Tiaô's bad news that the union workers' earnings have been stolen. She has a knack for knowing what not to mention: the film doesn't press Muniz's mix of collaboration and charity too hard, yet much comes across in his often on-message sentiments or Tiaô sobbing with emotion after the auction of the ersatz-Marat he posed for.

Chains of aesthetic and philosophical thought invite speculation: the ant that Isis recalls seeing on her son's dead body, an ant crawling on Muniz's lightbox; the worker-models' repeated contrast between their honest toil and prostitution, which plays into Muniz's conceptual echo chamber when one reflects on the use of prostitutes as models in 19th-century painting. Bookending the film with Muniz and Tiaô's separate appearances on the same Brazilian talk show, Walker

SYNOPSIS Brooklyn and Rio de Janeiro. Artist Vik Muniz plans to pursue a project involving garbage in Rio. He and associate Fabio Ghivelder visit a dump in the city and meet a group of garbage-pickers (*catadores*) who pick recyclable materials from the rubbish. Muniz recreates classic art tableaux featuring pickers Isis, Suellem, Magna, Irma and Tiaô, leader of the pickers' union. A gallery-owner shows interest in the work. Tiaô's union is robbed. Muniz, Ghivelder and Muniz's wife Janaina Tschape discuss the effects of success and exposure on the pickers, who now seem disenchanting with their lifestyle.

Muniz takes Tiaô to London for an auction of a work in which he features. When it fetches a good price, Tiaô is overcome with emotion. Back in Brazil, the pickers attend the opening of Muniz's exhibition at Rio's Museum of Modern Art. Muniz gives each picker a copy of his or her artwork, and hangs it himself.

Credits update us about the lives of the pickers now.

makes a classic warm-fuzzy-amusing ending while acknowledging the levelling gaze of the public eye.

Despite the poignant 'closure' of Muniz hanging his works in the *catadores'* homes as if repatriating their images, the where-are-they-now credits describe varying fortunes among the *catadores* post-Muniz – with one woman's untrackable disappearance perhaps the most pointed rebuke to the movie magic. The meta *mise en abyme* of art, its reproduction and its subjects does threaten to obscure the crucial fact that the Jardim will shut down next year, but if Walker eschews a wallow, she's made something thought-provoking enough that we know we should worry.

► Nicolas Rapold

CREDITS

Directed by
Lucy Walker

Co-directed by
João Jardim

Produced by
Angus Aynsley

Produced by
Hank Levine

Director of Photography
Dudu Miranda

Co-directors of Photography
Heloisa Passos

Co-directors of Photography
Aaron Phillips

Co-directors of Photography
Ernesto Herrmann

Edited by
Pedro Kos

Music
Moby

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Production Companies
Almeiga Projects

Production Companies
presents an Almeiga

Production Companies
Projects and O2 Filmes

Production Companies
production

Executive Producers
Fernando Meirelles

Executive Producers
Miel De Botton Aynsley

Executive Producers
Andrea Barata Ribeiro

Executive Producers
Jackie De Botton

Co-produced by
Peter Martin

Line Producers
Brazil Unit:

Line Producers
Andrea Armentano

Line Producers
Blanca Corona

Line Producers
UK Unit:

Line Producers
Alex Moreno

Associate Producer
US Unit:

Associate Producer
Emilia Mello

Production Managers
Brazil Unit:

Production Managers
Karla Bastos

Production Managers
Mariana Cassa

Production Managers
US Unit:

Production Managers
Mahyad Tousi

Production
Co-ordinators

Production
Brazil Unit:

Production
Cristina Abi

Production
UK Unit:

Production
Nour Wazizi

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Financial Director
Brazil Unit:

Post-production Supervisor
Tiago Arakilian

Research
Brazil Unit:

Research
Renée Castelo Branco

Assistant Director
1st: Gabriella Weeks

Additional Cinematography
Brazil Unit:

Additional Cinematography
Fabio Ghivelder

Additional Cinematography
Kika Cunha

Additional Cinematography
Manuel Aguiar

Additional Cinematography
Peter Martin

Camera Operator
UK Unit:

Camera Operator
Rob Wilton

Steadicam Operator
UK Unit:

Steadicam Operator
Barry Davis

Key Grips
Brazil Unit:

Key Grips
Edgar Mujica

Key Grips
Paulo Fernandes

Key Grips
'Doquinho' Miranda

Visual Effects
Creative Director:

Visual Effects
Gary Breslin

Visual Effects
Producers:

Visual Effects
Forrest Heide

Visual Effects
Maria Catherine

Visual Effects
Sandoval

Titles
PanOptic

Soundtrack
"Isolate"; "Not Sensitive";

Soundtrack
"Aerial"; "JLTF"; "Shot in

Soundtrack
the Back of the Head";

Soundtrack
"Swear"; "Overland";

Soundtrack
"Beautiful" – Moby;

Soundtrack
"Flutesque" – We;

Soundtrack
"Taphead"; "Music for the

Soundtrack
Twin Peaks Episode" –

Soundtrack
Stars of the Lid; "Do

Soundtrack
verde de coari vem meu

Soundtrack
gás Sapucal"

Location Sound Mixers
Aloysio Compasso

Location Sound Mixers
José Lozeiro

Location Sound Mixers
Heron Alencar

Location Sound Mixers
Paulo Ricardo

Location Sound Mixers
Paulo Ricardo Nunes

Location Sound Mixers
Vanilton 'Vampiro' Dos

Location Sound Mixers
Santos

Location Sound Mixers
Zezé D'Alice

Location Sound Mixers
Cristiano Maciel

Location Sound Mixers
Ludovik Lasserre

Location Sound Mixers
Mahyad Tousi

Location Sound Mixers
Mahyad Tousi

Location Sound Mixers
Mahyad Tousi

Location Sound Mixers
Mahyad Tousi

Location Sound Mixers
Mahyad Tousi

Re-recording Mixers

Samuel Lehmer

Gary Alexander

Sound Editor

Patrick O'Sullivan

WITH

Vik Muniz

Fabio Ghivelder

Isis Rodrigues Garros

José Carlos 'Zumbi' Da

Silva Baia Lopes

Sebastião Carlos 'Tiaô'

Dos Santos

Valter Dos Santos

Leide Lauretina 'Irma'

Da Silva

Magna De França

Santos

Suellem Pereira Dias

Jo Soares

Ben Ruggerio

Janaina Tschape

Lúcio Vianna Alves

Carlos Eugênio

Coutinho Figueiredo

Geraldo Da Silva

'Brizola' Oliveira

Alba Valéria

Gloria Cristina Dos

Santos

João De Almeida

Luis

Clara Elis Freitas Dos

Santos

Idenise Maria De Freitas

Daisy Santos Soares

Carlos 'Carlão'

Santiago

Heberth Mendes Sobral

Giovani José Dos

Santos Costa

Formiga Wildlene

Pereira Archanjo

Carla Simone Dos

Santos

André Santos 'Russo'

Correia

Caio Pereira Dias

Cauane Pereira Dias

Lorena Pereira Dias

Vera Lúcia Pereira

Nilson José Dos Santos

Oswaldo Ferreira

'Velinho' Da Silva

Gabriella Weeks

Brooke De Ocampo

Bruno

Vicente Lopes Muniz

Ana Rocha

Simon De Pury

Anderson 'Funabem' Da

Conceição

Davi De França Santos

Lucy Cândido De

Moraes

Rosemary Ferreira

'Rose' De Souza

Sergio Rayland Ferreira

Rayelle Fernanda

Ferreira Machado

Rayelle Suênia Da

Costa Guimarães

Sergio Rayland Ferreira

Rayane Suênia Da

Costa Guimarães

Rian Eric Palhares Da

Paz

Rosilane Da Silva

'Neném' Palmares

Maria Aparecida Faria

Neli Lauretina Faria

Raissa Lauretina Da

Silva

Gênesis Leonel Da Silva

Diane Leonel Da Silva

Richard Ferreira Da

Silva

Ana Paula Leonel Do

Amaral

Andriele Da Silva

Gervasio

Gabriela Peixoto Dos

Santos

Mayra Leonel Dorido

Dolby Digital

In Colour

Subtitles

Distributor

El Films

8,905 ft +13 frames

West Is West

United Kingdom 2010

Director: Andy De Emmony

With Om Puri, Linda Bassett,

Aqib Khan, Jimi Mistry

Certificate 15 103m 0s

Resurrecting a stable of comedy characters you might assume had been consigned to talking-heads nostalgia on 'I Love the 90s' programmes, this fish-out-of-water sequel to *East Is East* (1999) certainly had the odds stacked against it. Finding backing for the film took the best part of a decade, and its prologue hints that little – apart from five years – has moved on in the 1970s Salford bubble writer Ayub Khan Din originally created. The Khans' youngest son Sajid, deprived of the oversized parka that allowed him to hide so endearingly from the world in the first film, here takes centre stage as a mixed-up teenager (Aqib Khan uncannily replacing Jordan Routledge in the role), fending off racist bullies at school and, at home, denying his Pakistani heritage to the fury of his father George.

This unpromising groundhog-day scenario is effectively diverted by a radical change of scenery, when George decides that a spell in Pakistan exploring his roots will set Sajid on the straight and narrow. Predictable as the ensuing story arc is – initially reluctant, Sajid warms to his extended family and comes to embrace his mixed heritage – there are familiar elements that make the film consistently watchable, and hard not to warm to, not least the profane irreverence of Khan Din's script. Hearing a gobby, foul-mouthed teenager let loose with comic gusto (unqualified by any social-realist worthiness) is an undimmed pleasure, as is Sajid's untempered disrespect on arriving in the remote Punjab ("Are they all related to us?" he sneers, casting his eye over the throng assembled at the Khan family seat). Details no doubt drawn from Khan Din's own biography – such as the fact that Sajid's Punjabi vocabulary amounts to a handful of obscenities – will ring true to many of mixed parentage, Pakistani or otherwise. That said, the *Carry On*-worthy culture-clash humour is overwhelmingly broad and gratefully predictable (one British character suffers the Pakistani equivalent of 'Delhi belly', and the lack of western plumbing standards is a frequent reference point).

Comedy aside, as in the original film it is George's character that provides dramatic ballast, along with Om Puri's reliably commanding, nuanced performance as the volatile patriarch. His abandoned first wife and daughters – abstractly referred to in *East Is East*, primarily as a comic touchstone – are made flesh and blood here. Forced to confront his own failings and self-denial, George realises that his oldest son Maneer's difficulty in finding a Pakistani bride is his own doing, as local families are unwilling to trust Maneer given his father's track record. The film has attracted criticism in some quarters for failing to engage with contemporary radicalisation of British Muslims,



Refuseniks: 'Waste Land'



Voyage around my father: Om Puri

Sanjeev Kumar, Shankar Mahadevan
Sound
 Simon J. Willis
Sound Re-recording Mixers
 Gareth Bull
 Richard Straker
Supervising Sound Editor
 John Downer
Stunt Co-ordinators
 G.S. Gaggi
 Renny Krupinski

CAST

Om Puri
 George Khan
Linda Bassett
 Ella Khan
Aqib Khan
 Sajid Khan
Robert Pugh
 Mr Jordan
Tom Russell
 Hughys (bully)
Lesley Nicol
 Auntie Annie
Jimi Mistry
 Tariq Khan
Vanessa Hehir
 Esther
John Branwell
 store detective
Yograj Singh
 customs official
Vijay Raaz
 Tanvir
Karanjit Anmol
 cousin 1
Sanjeev Attari
 cousin 2
Raj Bhansali
 Zaid
Dhanalaxmi Padmakumar
 Raushana Khan
Sheeba Chadha
 Rehana Khan
Ila Arun
 Basheera Khan
Emil Marwa
 Maneer Khan
Nadim Sawalha
 Pir Naseem
Kamal Arora
 Master Eyaz
Sunil Soni
 field worker
Kalra Chander
 Abdullah
Zita Sattar
 Neelam Haqq
Sujata Kumar
 Mrs Haqq
Enid Dunn
 Eunice

Dolby Digital
 In Colour
 [1.85:1]

Distributor
 Icon Film Distribution

9,269 ft +14 frames

Yogi Bear

USA/New Zealand 2010

Director: Eric Brevig
With Dan Aykroyd, Justin Timberlake (voices); Anna Faris
Certificate U 80m 20s

The studios continue their quest to strip iconic comic animals of whatever charm they have, obscuring the lines of budget-elegant signature drawing styles under multimillion-dollar fur pelts with every hair excruciatingly computer detailed. In a way an over-rendered 3D Wile E. Coyote short is more distressing than the *Yogi Bear* feature it precedes – there's an actual legacy to desecrate there, while you'll be hard pressed to find the demographic that was begging to revisit Hanna-Barbera's pilfering brown bear, his charm sparse enough to begin with.

With no purists to please, Warner Bros can flagrantly follow the template of 20th Century Fox's *Alvin and the Chipmunks* and *Garfield* franchises. Ranger Smith, Yogi's cartoon antagonist, now resembles Jon Arbuckle in Tom Cavanagh's abashed, fumbling reading, while the booty-shake dance number is as inevitable as death.

There are a number of historically funny people here – Anna Faris as a nature documentarian, Andrew Daly as Mayor Brown, *The Daily Show*'s Nate Corddry as Brown's second-in-command – but none of them are thespian enough to conceal their knowledge that they're in a movie that shouldn't exist. Dan Aykroyd, approximating Yogi's syncopated vaudevillian rhythms, continues his streak of not once eliciting intelligent laughter in the 21st century. Children in their Velcro-shoe years may enjoy the in-your-lap mugging and spit-takes of his Yogi; their parents may regret not being sterilised.

The most entertainment to be got from *Yogi* is watching just how formulaic the screenplay dares to be. The fundraiser-countdown plot is public domain; Boo Boo being fitted with a hidden camera in his bowtie telegraphs Brown's eventual undoing from the second reel. And I am not exaggerating when I say that I guessed one scene in the movie, right down to dialogue and shot sequence, based solely on the presence of an inflatable raft in the promotional poster.

The merely awful becomes pernicious through the addition of green sanctimony: dumpers of cultural waste, expressing sham horror at their environmental analogues. **Nick Pinkerton**

CREDITS

Directed by
 Eric Brevig
Produced by
 Donald De Line
 Karen Rosenfelt
Written by
 Jeffrey Ventimilia
 Joshua Sternin
 Brad Copeland
 Based on Characters
 Created by Hanna-Barbera Productions
Director of Photography
 Peter James
Edited by
 Kent Beyda
Production Designer
 David R. Sandefur
Music
 John Debnay

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Production Companies
 A Warner Bros. Pictures presentation
 A Sunswep Entertainment/De Line Pictures production in association with
 Rhythm & Hues
 With the participation of
 The New Zealand Large Budget Screen Production Grant
Executive Producers
 Andrew Haas
 James Dyer
 Lee Berger
Co-producer
 Tim Coddington
Unit Production Managers
 Jim Dyer
 Tim Coddington
Production Managers
 Simon Ambridge
 2nd Unit Crew:
 Simon Ambridge
Production Supervisor
 Kelly Helstrom-Maxwell
Production
Co-ordinators
 Andrew Cochrane
 2nd Unit Crew:
 Judy Dale
 Zara Hayden
Production Controller
 Giorgio Catalano
Location Managers
 Supervising:
 Peta Sinclair
 Whakamaru:
 Roger Preston
 Auckland:
 Brett Higginson
Post-production Supervisor
 Eric Bergman
2nd Unit Director
 Jim Dyer

Assistant Directors
 1st: James Giovannetti Jr
 2nd: Guy Campbell
2nd Unit Crew
 1st: Anton Steel
 1st: Mark Harlan
Script Supervisors
 Kristin Witcombe
 2nd Unit Crew:
 Aria Harrison
Casting
 Allison Jones
 NZ:
 Liz Mullane
 Miranda Rivers
Camera 3D Stereographers
 A: Manning Tillman
 B: Sean Kelly
3D Stereographer
 2nd Unit Crew:
 Sean Kelly
2nd Unit Crew Director of Photography
 André Fleuren
Camera Operators
 A: Cameron McLean
 B: André Fleuren
 C: Richard Black
Steadicam Operator
 Cameron McLean
2nd Unit Crew Chief Lighting Technician
 Ants Farrell
Key Grips
 Jay Munro
 2nd Unit Crew:
 Dion Hartley
Visual Effects Producer:
 Steve Kullback
 Co-ordinator:
 Adam Chazen
Visual Effects/Animation by
 Rhythm & Hues Studios
Visual Effects by
 Entity FX
Special Effects Supervisor
 Ken Durey
Animation Supervisor
 Alex Ormelle
Animation Producer
 Barry Weiss
Stereoscopic Plate Conversion
 Sassoon Film Design
Additional Editor
 Rick W. Finney
Supervising Art Director
 Jules Cook
Art Director
 Jill Cormack
Set Designer
 Daniel Birt
Concept Artist
 Filippo Valsecchi
Prop Master
 Lisa Brennan
Construction Supervisor
 Phil Chitty

though what business a period family comedy has dealing with such thorny concerns is anybody's guess. *West Is West* stays well – and wisely – away, more generously reflecting a cultural situation most Britons can recognise rather than the dysfunctions of an extreme few. If it ultimately feels superfluous to the original, or doesn't add anything new, it simply faces the same charges as most sequels; but then again, when have second helpings ever been about necessity? **Sophie Ivan**

CREDITS

Director
 Andy De Emmony
Producer
 Leslee Udwin
Writer
 Ayub Khan Din
Director of Photography
 Peter Robertson
Editors
 John Gregory
 Stephen O'Connell
Production Designers
 Aradhana Seth
 Tom Conroy
Music
 Rob Lane
Original Songs by
 Shankar Ehsaan Loy
 [i.e. Shankar Mahadevan, Ehsaan Noorani, Loy Mendonsa]

©Assassin Films Limited and BBC
Production Companies
 BBC Films presents a Leslee Udwin/Assassin Films production
 Made with the support of the UK Film Council's Development Fund
 Developed with the support of MEDIA Programme of the European Community
Executive Producers
 Jane Wright
 Shaana Levy

Kim Romer
Unit Production Manager
 Deepak Gawade
Production Managers
 Ciara McGowan
 Gaurav Sharma Gabbar
 Pramod Singh
Production Co-ordinators
 Kanishka Mehta
 Samantha Milnes
Production Accountants
 Rajiv Acharya
 Tarn Harper
Location Managers
 Dan Connolly
 Dinesh Pawar
Post-production Supervisor
 Michael Saxton
Assistant Directors
 1st: Tess Joseph
 2nd: Sam Dawking
 2nd: Matthew Baker
 2nd: Adam Morris
Script Supervisor
 Val White
Casting Directors
 Anji Carroll
 India:
 Tess Joseph
Gaffers
 Barkat Zaria
 Phil Brookes
Key Grips
 Fazal Khan
 Jonathan Head
Visual Effects
 Space Digital

SYNOPSIS Salford, 1976. Thirteen-year-old Sajid, the youngest child of Pakistani-born chip-shop owner George and his English wife Ella, faces racist bullying at school and acts up by shoplifting and truanting. Determined to discipline Sajid, George takes him to Pakistan for a month to stay on the farm maintained by his first wife, daughters and son-in-law. George faces a frosty reception from the family he abandoned 35 years earlier and has failed to visit, and Sajid is reluctant to embrace the local way of life.

Gradually, Sajid befriends a young local boy and warms to the Sufi, Pir Naseem, whom George has enlisted to teach him. One of his brothers, Maneer, has been staying at the farm in the hope of finding a Pakistani wife. Seeing that Maneer is struggling, Sajid takes it upon himself to find him a match. In the meantime, Ella arrives unannounced from England, concerned that George and Sajid have been away longer than planned and angry that George has been using the family's money to build a new house on the farmland. The initial hostility between Ella and Basheera, George's first wife, subsides when Ella sees that Basheera is not a threat to her marriage and Basheera realises that Ella has no intention of denying her and her daughters their inheritance. George shows remorse for his selfish behaviour and is reconciled with both sides of the family. Meanwhile Sajid has found a match for Maneer in a fellow half-Pakistani Mancunian; the pair marry and the families celebrate together.



'Yogi Bear'

Construction Co-ordinator
Kat Stephens

Costume Designer
Liz McGregor

Costume Supervisor
Pip Lingard

Costumes
2nd Unit Crew:
Amy Wright
Gavin McLean

Hair/Make-up Supervisor
Tracey Reeby

Hair/Make-up Artists
Michele Barber
Deb Watson
Frankie Lingham
Rhye Lingham
2nd Unit Crew:
Jean Hewitt
Kate Wilcox
Jane Petersen

Hair Supervisor
Davina Lamont

Main/End Title Designed by
yU+co.

End Titles
Scarlet Letters

Score Orchestrated by
Brad Dechter
Kevin Kaska
Kevin Kliesch

Music Supervisor
Julianne Jordan

Soundtrack
"Lasagna" – Weird Al;
"Rhythm of Love" – Plain White T's; "Baby Got Back" – Sir Mix-a-Lot; "The Sound of Sunshine" – Michael Franti, Spearhead; "Also sprach Zarathustra" by Richard Strauss;
"William Tell Overture" by Gioachino Rossini – Orchestral Academy of Los Angeles; "Rachel's Song" – Tom Cavanagh; "Nothin' but a Good Time" – Poison;
"Runnin' Wild" – Airborne; "Theme from Superman" by John Williams; "Don't Stop Believin'" – Journey; "My Best Friend" – Weezer

Sound Designer
Christopher S. Aud

Sound Recordists
Malcolm Cromie
2nd Unit Crew:
Eugene Arts
Richard Flynn

Re-recording Mixers
Ron Bartlett
D.M. Hemphill

Supervising Sound Editor
Christopher S. Aud

Stunt Co-ordinator
Augie Davis

CAS

Dan Aykroyd
voice of Yogi Bear

Justin Timberlake
voice of Boo Boo

Anna Faris
Rachel

Tom Cavanagh
Ranger Smith

T.J. Miller
Ranger Jones

Nate Corddry
Chief of Staff

Andrew Daly
Mayor Brown

Josh Robert Thompson
narrator

David Stott
Mayor's tailor

Greg Johnson
dirty shopper

Christy Quillam
stylist

Patricia Aldersley
elderly purse lady

Tim McLachlan
purse snatcher

Hayden Vernon
Dean Knowsley

Dean Knowsley
Barry Duffer

Michael Morris
Will Wallace

Will Wallace
security guards

Suzana Srpek
picnic table mom

Isabella Acres
Steve Alterman

Stephen F. Apostolina
Greg Baglia

Kirk Bailey
Shane Baume

Kate Carlin
Kerry Gutierrez

Emily Hahn
Luisa Leschin

Seth Morris
Raymond Ochoa

Juan Pope
Jennessa Rose

Michelle Ruff
Will Shadley

Jill Smith
Marcelo Tubert

Constance Ember
Vaughan-Kaplan

additional voice-overs

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS
Colour by
Technicolor
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Warner Bros
Distributors (UK)

Some screenings
presented in 3D
3D version
7,230 ft +0 frames
2D version
80m 19s
7,229 ft +0 frames

SYNOPSIS Jellystone Park, the present. Ranger Smith vainly attempts to safeguard holidaymakers' picnic baskets from Yogi Bear and his friend Boo Boo. Mayor Brown, a venal politician whose district includes Jellystone, moves to balance the budget by selling off the park for timber. With the help of nature documentarian Rachel, Smith organises an emergency fundraising event to save the park, which Yogi crashes and inadvertently undermines with his showboating. Humbled, the bear rallies the animals, who all converge on the park on the eve of Mayor Brown's announcement of his gubernatorial campaign. A concealed camera helps the animals to discredit Brown, saving the park.

CREDITS UPDATE

The reviews of these films were published in our December (*Adrift*), January (*Megamind*, *Skyline*) and February (*Blue Valentine*, *Freakonomics*, *Neds*, *True Grit*, *The Way Back*) issues but credits were unavailable at the time of going to press. We are still waiting for credits for *Waiting for "Superman"*.

Adrift

Brazil 2008
Certificate 12A 101m 43s

CREDITS

Directed by
Heitor Dhalia

Producers
Fernando Meirelles
Andréa Barata Ribeiro
Bel Berlink

Written by
Heitor Dhalia

Director of Photography
Ricardo Della Rosa

Editor
Gustavo Giani

Art Director
Guta Carvalho

Music
Antônio Pinto

©Universal Studios and
O2 Produções Artísticas
e Cinematográficas
Ltda

Production Companies
Lei do Audiovisual,
ANCINE, Lei de
Incentivo à Cultura,
Brasil - Um País de
Todos Governo Federal,
BR Petrobrás present
an O2 Filmes
production

Executive Producer
Matias Mariani

Production Manager
Antonio Iriwan

Production Co-ordinator
Cristina Abi

Financial Director
Eslí Leal Da Cruz

Location Producer
Giba Cusianna

Location Manager
Paulão Costa

Post-production Supervisor
Alessandra Casolari

Assistant Directors
1st: Tomás Portella
2nd: Flavia Zannini

Script Supervisor
Ale Pellegrino

Casting
Francisco Accioly
Anna Luiza Paes De
Almeida

Script Collaborator
Vera Egito

Underwater Camera
Lisandro Bastos De
Almeida

Camera/Steadicam Operator
Eric Catelan

Gaffer
Ulisses Malta

Key Grip
Mineiro

Costumes
Alexandre Hercovitch

Make-up
Marisa Amenta

Main/End Titles
O2 Filmes Visual Effects
Crew:
Ricardo Gorodetski

Additional Music
Edgard Scandurra

Piano, Metalofone, Violin, Rhodes, Wurlitzer, Drums, Bass, Percussion and Guitar
Antônio Pinto

Soundtrack
"Be My Baby" – The

Executive Producer
Rodrigo

Production Co-ordinator
Isabela

Financial Director
Clara

Location Producer
Bernardo Bichucher

Location Manager
Peter

Post-production Supervisor
Daniel Passi

Assistant Directors
Artur

Script Supervisor
Nathalia Zemel

Casting
Ava

Location Producer
Rafaela Prestes

Location Manager
Dora

Post-production Supervisor
Gregorio Duvivier

Assistant Directors
Lucas

Dolby Digital In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Revolver Entertainment

9,155 ft +4 frames

Brazilian theatrical title
À deriva

Ronettes
Sound Designer
Eduardo Virmond Lima

Sound Recordists
Renato Calaga
Valéria Ferro

Sound Mixer
Armando Torres Jr

Supervising Sound Editor
Alessandro Laroça

CAST

Vincent Cassel
Mathias

Debora Bloch
Clarice

Camilla Belle
Angela

Laura Neiva
Filipa

Cauã Reymond
barman

Izadora Armelin
Fernanda

Max Huszar
Antonio

Mathieu Rouge
Louis

Thiara Maia
Elvira

Maysa Miranda
Miranda

Thomas Huszar
Rodrigo

Josefina Schiller
Isabela

Gabriela Flarys
Juliana

Valentine Fontanella
Clara

Bernardo Bichucher
Peter

Daniel Passi
Artur

Nathalia Zemel
Ava

Rafaela Prestes
Dora

Gregorio Duvivier
Lucas

Dolby Digital In Colour
[1.85:1]
Subtitles

Distributor
Revolver Entertainment

9,155 ft +4 frames

Brazilian theatrical title
À deriva

Blue Valentine

USA 2010
Certificate 15 111m 57s

CREDITS

Directed by
Derek Cianfrance

Produced by
Jamie Patricof
Lynette Howell
Alex Orlovsky

Written by
Derek Cianfrance
Joey Curtis
Cami Delavigne

Cinematographer
Andrij Parekh

Edited by
Jim Helton
Ron Patane

Production Designer
Inbal Weinberg

Music
Grizzly Bear

Production Companies
Incentive Filmed
Entertainment presents
a Silverwood Films,
Hunting Lane Films
production in
association with
Chrysler, Shade
Pictures, Motel Movies,
Cottage Industries
A film by Derek
Cianfrance

Made possible with the
support of the
Commonwealth of
Pennsylvania and the
Pennsylvania Film Office
In association with
@radical.media

Executive Producers
Doug Dey
Jack Lechner
Scott Osman
Ryan Gosling
Michelle Williams

Co-executive Producers
Cassian Elwes
Rena Ronson

Co-producer/Unit Production Manager
Carrie Fix

Production Supervisor
Nicola Westermann

Production Accountant
Josh Bell

Location Manager
Marshall Johnson

Post-production Supervisor
Mike Harrop

Assistant Directors
1st: Mariela Comitini
2nd: Brad Robinson

Script Supervisor
Tony Osso

Casting
Cindy Tolan

Camera Operator
Oliver Cary

Gaffer 'Present'
Nina Kuhn

Gaffer 'Past'
Radium Cheung

Key Grip
Mike Mervide

Special Effects Co-ordinator
Drew Jirintano

Set Decorator
Jasmine Ballou

Property Master
Max Sherwood

Costume Designer
Erin Benach

Executive Producer
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Scott Osman
Ryan Gosling
Michelle Williams

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Oliver Cary

Gaffer 'Present'
Nina Kuhn

Gaffer 'Past'
Radium Cheung

Key Grip
Mike Mervide

Special Effects Co-ordinator
Drew Jirintano

Set Decorator
Jasmine Ballou

Property Master
Max Sherwood

Costume Designer
Erin Benach

Wardrobe Supervisor
Shelby Saboy

Make-up Department Head
Leo Won

Hair Department Head
Bobby Diehl

Title Sequence
Jim Helton

Title Design
Charles Christopher
Rubino

End Credit
Ditlev Films

Additional Music
Linus Huey

Background Music
Robert Bluemke

Music Supervisor
Joe Rudge

Soundtrack
"Unicorn Tears",
"Smoking Gun Bleeding
Knives", "You Always
Hurt the Ones You Love"
– Ryan Gosling; "We
Belong" – Pat Benatar;
"In Ear Park" –
Department of Eagles;
"Easier", "Dory",
"Foreground", "Shift
(Alternate Version)",
"Granny Diner",
"Lullaby", "I Live with
You", "Alligator (Choir
Version)" – Grizzly Bear;
"At the Drop of the Day"
– Matt Sweeney, Peter
Dinklage, Nick Foster;
"You and Me" – Penny &
The Quarters; "I Can't
Stop Thinking about It"
– The Dirtbombs;
"North Haven" – Matt
Sweeney, Bjorn Yttling;
"Smoke Gets in Your
Eyes" – The Platters

Sound Designer
Dan Flosdorf

Sound Mixer
Damian Elias Canelos

Stunt Co-ordinators
Manny Siverio
Blaise Corrigan

CAST

Ryan Gosling
Dean

Michelle Williams
Cindy

John Doman
Jerry Heller

Mike Vogel
Bobby

Ben Shenkman
Dr Sam Feinberg

Jen Jones
Gramma

Maryann Plunkett
Glenda

Faith Wladyska
Frankie

Marshall Johnson
Marshall

James Benatti
Jamie

Barbara Troy
Jo

Carey Westbrook
Charley

Eileen Rosen
Mimi

Enid Graham
professor

Ashley Gurnari
checker

Jack Parshutich
Billy

Samii Ryan
Amanda

Mark Benginia
concierge

Timothy Liveright
doctor

Tamara Torres
Maria

Robert Russell
Justice of the Peace

Michelle Nagy
music teacher

Felicia Reid
nurse

Mel Jurdem
old man

Alan Malkin
cab driver

Derik Belanger
Tony

Isabella Frigoletto
child 1

Madison Ledergerber
child 2

Jaimie Jensen
pregnant woman

Dolby Digital In Colour
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Optimum Releasing

10,075 ft +4 frames

INTRODUCTION AND TRANSITIONAL SEGMENTS

Directed by
Seth Gordon

Produced by
Mary Rohlich

Written by
Seth Gordon

Director of Photography
Bradford Whitaker

Edited by
Luis Lopez

Music Composed by
Michael Wandmacher

Production Consultants
Ed Cunningham
Andrew Gordon
Margaret Gordon

Additional Camera
Luis Lopez
Clay Tweel

Gaffer
EJ Huntemann

Animation/Graphics
Luis Lopez
Clay Tweel

Additional Editing
Clay Tweel

Orchestrations
Michael Wandmacher
Susie Seiter

Sound Mixer
Alex Riordan

Re-recording Mixers
Elmo Weber

WITH

Steven Levitt
Stephen Dubner
interviewees

CREDITS UPDATE

A ROSHANDA BY ANY OTHER NAME

Directed by
Morgan Spurlock
Produced by
Jeremy Chinick
Morgan Spurlock
Written by
Jeremy Chinick
Morgan Spurlock
Director of Photography
Daniel Marracino
Edited by
Tova Goodman

Production Company
A Warrior Poets production
Co-producers
Joanna Chejade-Bloom
Tova Goodman
Associate Producer
Enika Knowles
Production Co-ordinator
Elizabeth Hamilton
Camera
Erik Brauer
Steadicam Operator
David George Ellis
Gaffers
Dave Hammett
Alan Hostetter
Key Grips
Frank Blasko
Chris Caiati
Huttenberg Nassar
Graphics/Animations
Curious Pictures
Props
Jeremy D. Miles
Wardrobe
Alana Kelen
Tal Kohen
Giovanna Galeotifiore
Neysha Melissa
Make-up
Mindy Levinson
Minister of Sound
Brian Fish

WITH

Peter Zerneck
all American dad/
Marmaduke
Cristina Duran
all American mom/
Tallulah
Nicolas Bulba
all American son/Rufus
Shae Weber
all American
daughter/Alabama
Keenan Pollack
all American
infant/Gidget
Maya Cain
baby Tempress
Addy Iyare
Tempress' mother
Carl Alleyne
Tempress' mom's
boyfriend
Cheyenne Bascoe
Tempress
J. Avery Shoates
young Tempress
Rayshawn Govantes
Tempress' boyfriend
Leslie Marx
Francie Scanlon
Mala Wright
Veronica Heffron
Paul Matulef
Mark Fernandes
Hector Palacios

Rahmel Long
Peggy Davern
Almudin Ally
Terence B. Exodus
courtroom audience
Michael Worthington
bailiff
Richard Kohn
Judge Ignatius Lyons
Andy Kaufman
angry deli owner
Andrew Greiche
Jake
Kahiry Jawan Rese
Deshawn
Ashley Bryan
Jake's mom
Mark Dorsey
Jake's dad
Lori Richardson
Deshawn's mom
Hassan Brown
Deshawn's dad
Emma Myers
Angela, cubicle worker
Tyler
Kevin, cubicle worker
Dan Chen
Bruce, cubicle worker
Nicholas Tong
Dwight, cubicle worker
Alyssa Wheeldon
Jade Viggiano
Kelli Chaves
Erin Renee Taylor
Lisa Sobin
Tara Hall
Loren Cagno
Blaire Whitney
Danielle Sabrina
Lian T. Amado
high school girls
Davida Kelly
Bobbi
Mark Getman
Murray
Ron Douglas
Robert Lanie
Nikoli
Winner Lane
Jalani McNair
Loser Lane
Sarah Croce
yoga instructor
JQ
Unique
Ngozi Jane Anyanwu
Uneek
Jameesha Blackburn
Uneque
Loshona
Uneqqee
Zoe Sloane
Blake
Emily Shaw
Kristina Hovey
strippers
Dr Roland G. Fryer
Dr Sendhil
Mullainathan
professors of economics
Laura Wattenberg
baby name expert

PURE CORRUPTION

Directed by
Alex Gibney
Produced by
Peter Bull
Alex Gibney
Alexandra Johns
Written by
Peter Bull
Alex Gibney
Cinematography
Darren Lew
Junji Aoki
Ferne Pearlstein

Edited by
Sloane Klevin
Original Music
Human
featuring:
Sloan Alexander
Craig DeLeon
Michael MacAllister
Matthew O'Malley
James Leibow

Production Company
A Jigsaw production
Co-producer
Sloane Klevin
Associate Producer
Michiko Toyama
Production Co-ordination
Emmy Suzuki-Harris
Production Accountant
Barbara Karen
2nd Camera
Ronan Killeen
William O'Marra
Additional Cinematography
Ben Bloodwell
Antonio Rossi
Animation/Graphic Effects
Brady E. Poulson
Sound Designers
Bill Chesley
Andy Brannan
Daryl Pinsdorf
Location Sound
Matt Gelfod
David Hocs
Shuji Kosaki
Akihiko Kon
Re-recording Mixer
Tony Volante
Sound Editors
Major Giammaria
Heather Gross
Alexa Zimmermann
Consultant
Frank B. Gibney Jr

WITH

Akebono
retired *yokozuna* (Grand Champion)
Konishiki
retired *ozeki* (champion)
Yorimasa Takeda
freelance journalist
Akihiko Takeuchi
former editor *Shukan Post*
Barry Eisler
author and former CIA agent
Keisuke Itai
retired *kamusubi* (champion)

IT'S NOT ALWAYS A WONDERFUL LIFE

Directed by
Eugene Jarecki
Produced by
Kathleen Fournier
Eugene Jarecki
Written by
Eugene Jarecki
Cinematography
Sam Cullinan
Derek Hallquist
Edited by
Douglas Blush
Production Designer
Joe Posner
Music
Peter Nashel

Pete Miser

Production Company
A Charlotte Street Films production
Co-producer
Melinda Shoppin
Line Producer
Rebecca Siegel
Associate Producer
Joe Posner
Production Manager
Shirel Kozak
Production Accountants
Brian Pecker
Hermes Loudas
Motion Graphics Producer
Brian Oakes
Animators
Joe Posner
Brian Oakes
Supervising Editors
Simon Barker
Paul Frost
Conceptual Development
Joe Posner
Soundtrack
"Ave Maria" – Amy Butler, Mary Jane Newman; "Desteapta-te Romane (National Anthem of Romania)"
Sound Designer
Bill Chesley
Re-recording Mixers
Chris Koch
Ron Bochar
Film Extracts
It's a Wonderful Life (1946)

WITH

Melvin Van Peebles
narrator

CAN A 9TH GRADER BE BRIED TO SUCCEED?

Directed by
Heidi Ewing
Rachel Grady
Produced by
Rachel Grady
Heidi Ewing
Written by
Heidi Ewing
Rachel Grady
Cinematography
Tony Hardmon
Rob Van Alkemade
Edited by
Michael Taylor
Sloane Klevin
David Meneses
Nelson Ryland
Music
Paul Brill
Ion Furjanic

Production Company
A Loki Films production
Line Producer
Christina Gonzalez
Field Producer
Craig Atkinson
Gaffers
Christopher Rejano
Steve Semkiw
Visual Effects
The Molecule
Sound Department
Mark Bartels
Doug Mara
Steve Semkiw
Matthew Vogel

Sound Mix
Tom Efinger

WITH

Kevin Muncy
9th grader
Glen M. Giannetti
superintendent,
Chicago Heights District 206
Sally Sadoff
economist, University of Chicago
Marcy
Kevin's mother
Sophie
Steven Levitt's daughter
Ural King
9th grader
Teresa
Ural's mother
John List
economist, University of Chicago

In Colour/Black and White
[1.85:1]

Distributor
Optimum Releasing

3,398 ft +8 frames

Megamind

USA 2010

Certificate PG 95m 32s

CREDITS

Directed by
Tom McGrath
Produced by
Lara Brey
Denise Nolan Cascino
Written by
Alan Schoolcraft
Brent Simons
Editor
Michael Andrews
Production Designer
David James
Music
Hans Zimmer
Lorne Balfe

©DreamWorks Animation LLC
Production Companies
DreamWorks Animation
SKG presents a PDI/DreamWorks production
Executive Producers
Stuart Cornfeld
Ben Stiller
Associate Producer
Holly Edwards
Production Managers
André Araujo
Maude Lewis
Pre-production Manager
Kate Spencer Lachance
Central Production Supervisor
David Isetta
Pre-production Supervisor
Jessie Carbonaro
Production Supervisor
Kelly Matthews
Central Production Co-ordinator
Robert Eugene Ogden
Production Co-ordinators
Alyson Blume
Melissa A. Scott
Production Accountant
Matthew Burke
Casting
Leslee Feldman
Creative Consultants
Justin Theroux
Guillermo del Toro
Story
Head of Story:
Catherine Yuh Rader
Production Supervisor:
Erik Pope
Additional Head of Story:
Robert Koo
Story Artists:
David G. Derrick Jr
Tim Heitz
Andy Schuhler
Radford Sechrist
Toby Shelton
Ennio Torresan Jr
Additional Story:
Jeff Biancalana
Louie Del Carmen
Bob Logan
Shane Pignmore
Xavier Riffault
Nassos Vakalis
Stereography
Artistic Supervision:
Phil Captain 3D McNally
Stereo Co-ordinator:
Tim Kwan
Visual Effects Supervisor
Philippe Denis
Head of Character Animation
Jason Schleifer

Animation
Artistic Supervision:
David Burgess
Mark Donald
Anthony Hodgson
Sean Mahoney
Jason Ryan
Jason Spencer-Galsworthy
David Torres
Production Supervisor:
Susan Erokian
Animators:
Julie Nelson Hewitt
Bryce McGovern
Rani Naamani
Carlos Fernandez Puértolas
Carlos Miguel Rosas
C. Martin Bancroft
Julien Bocabelle
Ludovic Bouancheau
Chris Chapel
Guillermo Careaga
Kenney Chung
Paul Chung
Katrina Conwright
Melanie Cordan
Denis Couchon
Michelle Cowart
Donnachada Daly
Lou Dellarosa
Cameron Fielding
Alex Fleisig
Ken Fountain
W. Jacob Gardner
Maciek Gliwa
Ryan Gong
Tomoyuki Harashima
Martin P. Hopkins
Mankio Hoshi
Jim Hull
Jeffrey K. Joe
Morgan Kelly
Tommye Lofqvist
Stephen Melagrano
Irene Parkins
Gabriele Pennacchioli
Rebecca Perez
Tyler Phillips
Antonin Plante
Ron Pucherelli
David Rader
Luke Randall
Mark Roennigke
Cory Rogers
Ben Rush
Kevan Shorey
David Spivack
Dane Stogner
Eunjin Suh
Philip To
Nara Youn
Production Co-ordinator:
Andrea Spediacci
Effects
Artistic Supervision:
David Lipton
Production Supervisors:
Trinity L. Murphy
City Development Supervisor:
Jonathan Gibbs
Effects Leads:
Antony Field
Greg Gladstone
Greg Hart
Fangwei Lee
Krzysztof Rost
Jason Waltman
Andrew Wheeler
Effects Animators:
John Allwine
Ben Andersen
Greg Beckman
Julie Anne Branne
Markus Burki
Robert Chen
Alan Cheney
Wes Chilton
Alain De Hoe
Tyson Erze
Ian Frost
Shaun M. Graham
Yi-Wen Hung
Yujin Ito
Tobin Jones
Carl Kaphan
Tim Keenan
Laurent Kermel
Bob Kopinsky
Olive Lin
Kyle Maxwell
August Meredith
Toshiyasu Otsuka
Alex Patanjo
Nikita Pavlov
Devon Penney
Scott Peterson
Sheldon Serrao
Stephanie Siebert
Song Joon Taik
Stuart Telt
Matt Titus
Katie Van Maanen
Jihyun Yoon
Production Co-ordinators:
Reny Jane Preussker
Character Effects
Artistic Supervision:
Damon Riesberg
Production Supervisors:
Meredith Narro
Alison Fredrick Donahue
Character Effects Leads:
Kristopher Campbell
Monika Erande
Steve Tommy
Rembuskos
Character Effects Animators:
Jesse Carlson
Kevin Carney
Aaron AC Conover
Jon Farrell
Mariana Galindo
Uma Havaligi
Joe Hughes
In Soo Lee
Philip Kent Livingston Jr
Adrian Pinder
Max Rodriguez
Timothy Steele
Kemer Stevenson
Panat
Thamrongsombutsakul
Paul G. Timpson
Ron Williams
Ken Yao
Nate Yellig
Alon Zaslavsky
Production Co-ordinators:
Lauren B. Blackshear
Lighting
Artistic Supervision:
Laura Grieve
Head of Lighting:
Laura Grieve
Artistic Supervision:
Stephen Bailey
Ken Ball
Annamarie Koenig
Robert Luyke
Michael McNeill
Betsy Nofsinger
Pablo Valle
Production Supervisors:
Heather Field
Robyn Mesher
Steven Schweickart
Production Co-ordinators:
Matthew C. Campbell
Jack Lilburn
Nichole Wong
Surfacing
Artistic Supervision:
David Doeppe
Production Supervisors:
Robyn Mesher
Ryan Genji Thomas

CREDITS UPDATE

Production
Co-ordinator:
Yimi Tong
Layout
Head of Layout:
Nol Le Meyer
Final Layout
Artistic Supervisor:
David Murphy
Production Supervisor:
Carmille C. Leganza
Rough Layout Artists:
David Juan Bianchi
John Braunreuther
Todd Heapy
Todd Jansen
Ewan Johnson
Mike Leonard
Scott McGinley
Keith Reicher
Andrew Titcomb
Henry Vera
Heather Davis Wang
Aaron Weldon
Jason Wesche
Final Layout Lead:
Brian E. Newlin
Final Layout Artists:
Matthew Bain
James T.T. Bird
Brian Jude Danker
Christopher Ell
Matt Eskew
Sue Gleadhill
Jon Gutman
Stan R. Haptas
Pamela Hu
Fadi Basem Kandah
David Nix
Brian Riley
Steven Sorensen
Joseph Thomas
Pete Upson
Production
Co-ordinators:
Christine T. Nguyen
Shane Mulholland
Matte Painting
Artistic Supervisor:
Michael Coltery
Production Supervisor:
Heather Field
Co-ordinator:
Nichole Wong
Paint Fix
Production Supervisor:
Danielle Helsaple
Production
Co-ordinator:
Rachel H. Slansky
Editorial
Production Supervisor:
Erik Pope
Associate Editors:
Christopher Knights
Michelle Mendenhall
Lynn Hobson
Art Director
Timothy J. Lamb
Modelling
Artistic Supervisor:
Bill Stahl
Production Supervisor:
Diana Keika Lee
Modellers:
Min-Yu Chang
Cristian Dumitriu
Angela Ensel Firebaugh
Stevens McGrath
Andre Rodriguez Sr
Paul Schoeni
Armando Sepulveda
Hyun Jeong Shin
Benjamin Williams
Production
Co-ordinator:
Jeremy Labrador
End Titles
Ariandy Chandra
Choir
Metro Voices
Choir Master

Jenny O'Grady
Drum/Guitar Solos
Tom Holkenborg
Bass Guitar Solos
Luis Jardim
Saxophone Solos
Chris 'Snake' Davis
Score/Choir
Conducted by
Gavin Greenaway
Supervising
Orchestrator
Bruce Fowler
Soundtrack
"Itsy Bitsy Spider"; "A
Little Less Conversation
(Junike JXL Remix)" –
Elvis Presley; "Highway
to Hell"; "Back in Black"
– AC/DC; "Miss
America"; "Alone Again
Naturally" – Gilbert
O'Sullivan; "Mr. Blue
Sky" – ELO; "Metro
Man's Song" – Brad Pitt;
"Bad" – Michael
Jackson; "Bad to the
Bone" – George
Thorogood & The
Destroyers; "Stars and
Tights" by Hans
Zimmer, Lorne Balfe –
John Burroughs High
School Marching Band;
"Lovin' You" – Minnie
Riperton; "Crazy Train"
– Ozzy Osbourne;
"Welcome to the
Jungle" – Guns n' Roses
Music Consultants
Bob Badami
Chris Douridas
Choreographer
Fatima Robinson
Sound Mixers
Andy Nelson
Anna Behlmer
Supervising Sound
Editors
Ethan Van der Ryn
Erik Aadahl
Character Technical
Direction
Artistic Supervisor:
Lawrence D. Cutler
Lucia Modesto
Technical Direction
Artistic Supervisor:
Corban Gossett
Production Supervisor:
Jannette Eng
Character Technical
Directors:
Drago Avdalovic
Dominic Blodeau
Shaun Budhrum
Donald Campbell IV
Gilbert Davoud
Peter Farson
Hyun Seung Kim
Penny Leyton
Cara Christeson Malek
Cliff B. Mitchell
Tom Molet
Stephan Osterburg
Sven Pohle
Sebastian Potet
Luca Prasso
Kendal Sager
Nico Sanghrajka
Thomas Lance
Thornton
Adrian Tsang
Chiu Yee Priscilla Tsang
Robert Vogt
Dick Walsh
Jeff Wang
Guido Zimmermann
Production
Co-ordinator:
Brian Missey
Technical Direction

Lead Technical Director:
Kaishin Kam
Technical Directors:
Eli Bockel-Rivele
Matt Brnsbin
David S. Cheng
Scott Douglas
Michael Duffy
Crystal Fong
Adam Gaige
Daniel Gallagher
Shaila Haque
Masato Ikura
Jung Hyun Kim
Patrick Paul Ku
Josiah Larson
Nick Lupinetti
Dennis Lynch
Steve Petterborg
Michael Ross
Bonnie Tai
Matthew Terito
Matthew A. Wang
Michael J. Wilhelm
David D. Wilson
Ting Ting Wu

VOICE CAST

Will Ferrell
Megamind
Tina Fey
Roxanne Ritchi
Jonah Hill
Hal, "Tights"
David Cross
Minion
Brad Pitt
Metro Man
Ben Stiller
Bernard
Justin Theroux
Megamind's father
Jessica Schulte
Megamind's mother
Tom McGrath
Lord Scott
Emily Nordwind
Lady Scott
J.K. Simmons
warden
Ella Olivia Stiller
Quinlin Dempsey
Stiller
schoolchildren
Brian Hopkins
prisoner
Christopher Knights
Tom McGrath
prison guard
Mike Mitchell
father in crowd
Jasper Johannes
Andrews
crying baby
Jack Blessing
newscaster
Stephen Kearin
mayor

Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS
In Colour
Prints by
DeLuxe and Technicolor
3D
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Paramount Pictures UK

8,599 ft +0 frames

Neds

United Kingdom/France/Italy 2010
Certificate 18 123m 41s

CREDITS

Directed by
Peter Mullan
Producers
Alain de la Mata
Marc Missonnier
Olivier Delbosc
Written by
Peter Mullan
Director of
Photography
Roman Osin
Editor
Colin Monie
Production Designer
Mark Leese
Music
Craig Armstrong

@blueLight, Fidelity
Films, Studio Urania
SRL, Channel Four
Television Corporation
and UK Film Council
Production Companies
Film4, UK Film Council,
Scottish Screen and
Wild Bunch present a
blueLight, Fidelity Films,
Studio Urania
production
A Peter Mullan film
Made with the support
of the UK Film Council's
New Cinema Fund
Developed with the
support of Film4
Supported by the
National Lottery through
Scottish Screen
With the participation of
Orange Cinema Series
Executive Producers
Peter Carlton
Carole Sheridan
Brahim Chioua
Co-producers
Conchita Airolti
Peter Mullan
Lucinda van Rie
Line Producer
Robert How
Production
Co-ordinator
Victoria Dabbs
Accountant
Jennifer Booth
Location Manager
Miguel Onchito
Assistant Directors
1st: David Gilchrist
2nd: Mark Murdoch
Script Supervisor
Dolma MacFarlane
Casting Director
Lenny Mullan
Script Consultant
blueLight:
Geoff Cox
Camera Operators
Jamie Harcourt
Julie Bills
Steadicam
Alan Glover
Alf Tramontin
Gaffer
Phil Brookes
Visual Effects Designer
Paul Docherty
Visual Effects
Union Visual Effects
Special Effects
Artem
Art Director
Caroline Grebbell
Set Decorator
Elaine McLenachan
Prop Master
Bob Orr
Construction Manager
Phil Bowen

Costume Designer
Rhona Russell
Costume Supervisor
Elaine Robertson
Hair/Make-up
Designer
Tahira Herold
Main/End Title Design
ISO
Mark Breslin
Additional Music
Scott Fraser
Music Supervisor
Dan Rose
Soundtrack
"That's What I Want to
Be" – Neil Reid;
"Mhairi's Wedding" –
Dougie MacDonald;
"20th Century Boy" – T.
Rex; "Bring Me
Sunshine" –
Morecambe & Wise;
"See My Baby Jive" –
Wizard; "Teenage
Rampage" – Sweet;
"Emma" – Hot
Chocolate; "We've Got
the Whole World in Our
Hands"; "Cheek to
Cheek" – The
Sensational Alex Harvey
Band; "Nobody Loves
Me"; "You Won't Find
Another Fool like Me" –
The New Seekers; "This
Town Ain't Big Enough
for Both of Us" –
Sparks; "November" by
Craig Armstrong, Scott
Fraser – Craig
Armstrong, Scott Fraser
Supervising Sound
Designer
Douglas MacDougall
Sound Mixer
Colin Nicolson
Re-recording Mixers
Chris Sinclair
Iain Anderson
Stunt Co-ordinator
Paul Heasman
Fight Arranger
Paul Donnelly

CAST

Conor McCarron
John
Gregg Forrest
young John
Joe Szula
Benry
Mhairi Anderson
Elizabeth
Gary Milligan
Canta
John Joe Hay
Fergie
Christopher Wallace
Wee T
Richard Mack
Gerr
Paul Smith
key man
Khari Nugent
Tam
Ryan Walker
Sparra
Lee Fanning
Minty
Ross Greig
Filey
Greg McCreadie
Tora
Scott Ingram
Casper
Cameron Fulton
Crystal
Craig Kerr
Rebel
Martin Bell

Julian
Kat Murphy
Claire
Stefanie Szula
Linda
Annie Watson
Agnes
Zoë Halliday
Mandy
Sara MacCallum
Shelagh
John Forrest
McCluskey boy
Louis McLaughlin
Robert
David O'Brien
Bernard
Ross Weston
Danny
Claire Gordon
Louise
Marcus Nash
Patrick
Victoria Rose
Carole
Chelsey Hanratty
Eileen
Peter Mullan
Mr McGill
Louise Goodall
Theresa
Marianna Palka
Aunt Beth
Steven Robertson
Mr Bonetti
Leigh Biagi
Mrs Cassidy
Laurie Ventry
Mr Gallagher
Alex Donald
Mr Halligan
Paul Donnelly
Mr Hendry
David McKay
Paul Barry
Mr Holmes
Peter Lochburn
Mr Johnstone
Frank Miller
Mr Maloney
Stephen McCole
Mr McLeod
Gary Lewis
Mr Russell
Kenny Ohara
Mr Maskell
Joe Cassidy
janitor
Lori McLean
Mrs Brown
Linda Cuthbert
Mrs Matherson
Jason Harvey
bus driver
Alex McSherry
school bus driver
Gordon Brown
gamekeeper
Bob McDevitt
Father Cronin
Sam Hayman
Jesus
Douglas Russell
PC Connelly
Gary Hollywood
PC Muir
Wendy Crosby
Mrs Graham
James McAnerney
singing DJ
Jamie Campbell
desk sergeant

Dolby Digital/SDDS/
Colour by
Technicolor
[2.35:1]

Distributor
El Films

11,131 ft +8 frames

Skyline

USA 2010
Certificate 15 92m 25s

CREDITS

Directed by
The Brothers Strause
[ie Colin Strause,
Greg Strause]
Produced by
The Brothers Strause
Kristian James
Andresen
Liam O'Donnell
Written by
Joshua Cordes
Liam O'Donnell
Director of
Photography
Michael Watson
Editor
Nicholas Wayman
Harris
Production Designer
Drew Dalton
Music Composed by
Matthew Margeson

@Black Monday Film
Services, LLC
Production Companies
A Hydraulic
Entertainment
production
A Transmission
production
In association with Rat
Entertainment, IM
Global
A Brothers Strause film
Executive Producers
Brian Tyler
Brett Ratner
Brian Kavanaugh Jones
Co-producer
Paul Barry
Line Producer
Tracey Landon
Associate Producer
Liz Dean
Unit Production
Manager
Tracey Landon
Production Supervisor
Colin Hudock
Production
Accountant
Judith Smith
Location Manager
Dave Conway
Post-production
Supervisors
Ed Chapman
Pascal Vaguelys
2nd Unit Director
Joshua Cordes
Assistant Directors
1st: Kristian Andresen
2nd: M. Ryan Traylor
Casting
Liz Dean
2nd Unit Director
of Photography
Additional Photography:
Shaun Mayor
Aerial Directors
of Photography
Douglas S. Holgate
Aerial Unit Las Vegas:
Aerial Unit NY:
Steve Koster
Aerial Unit Hong Kong:
Michael Watson
Aerial Unit London:
Jeremy Braben
Chief Lighting
Technicians
Eric Ulbrich
Additional Photography:
Brandon 'Phish' Alperin
Key Grips

Timothy Wallner
Additional Photography:
Steve Albovias
Visual Effects by
[hy*drau*ix]
Visual Effects
Supervisors:
Colin Strause
Greg Strause
Miniature Supervisor
Patrick McClung
Additional Editor
Mohen Elettrey
Art Director
Patricia Dalton
Set Decorator
James Tindel
Creatures Designed by
Alec Gillis
Tom Woodruff Jr
Alien Creature/Ship
Design
Kino Scialabba
Original Artwork
Provided by
Shannon Crawford
Property Master
Chad Bell
Costume Designer
Bobbi Mannix
Make-up Department
Head
Shyama Gero
Title Design
Federico Aragon
Music Performed by
The Slovak National
Symphony Orchestra
Score Conducted by
Allan Wilson
Supervising
Orchestrator
Dana Niu
Soundtrack
"Where My Money At";
"New Money" – Royce
Da 5'9"; "Supersonic
Skyline"; "Drop Skyline"
– Mr. Robot; "Kings
and Queens" – 30
Seconds to Mars; "One
Two Three" – Buchman;
"Sine Language
(Metasyn Remix)" – The
Crystal Method
featuring LMFAO;
"Something 2 Ride 2"
– Royce Da 5'9" featuring
Phonte; "The American
Way" – The Crystal
Method; "Hiding Out"
– Alexandra Sargent,
Christian Saint-Louis,
Chris Kinney, Stephen
Franks; "Downwards" –
Buchman featuring
Ursula Rucker; "The
Blues" – Baggsman
featuring Sweet U Turn
Jenkins; "Damage
Control" by Matthew
Margeson – Madsonik
Production Sound
Mixers
Reza Moosavi
Bob Twana
Barry Neely
Sound Re-recording
Mixers
John Ross
Michael Keller
Supervising Sound
Editor
Gary L. Krause
Stunt Co-ordinator
Mark Norby

CREDITS UPDATE

CAST

Eric Balfour
Jarrod
Scottie Thompson
Elaine
Brittany Daniel
Candice
Crystal Reed
Denise
Neil Hopkins
Ray
David Zayas
Oliver
Donald Faison
Terry
Robin Gammell
Walt
Tanya Newbould
Jen
J. Paul Boehmer
Colin
Phet Mahathongdy
O'Donnell
airplane mom/
bartender
Byron McIntyre
limo driver
Jackie Marin
girl in pool
Tony Black
guy at party
Eliza Till
girl at party
James Huang
soldier 1
Erik Rondell
soldier 2
Johnny DeBeer
rocket soldier
Lauren Marin
abducted girl
Matt Frels
abducted guy
Pam Levin
pregnant abductee

Dolby Digital/DTS/
In Colour
[2.35:1]

Distributor
Momentum Pictures

8,317 ft +13 frames

True Grit

USA 2010

Certificate 15 110m 9s

CREDITS

Directed by
Joel Coen
Ethan Coen
Produced by
Scott Rudin
Ethan Coen
Joel Coen
Written for the screen by
Joel Coen
Ethan Coen
Based on the novel by
Charles Portis
Director of Photography
Roger Deakins
Edited by
Roderick Jaynes
[i.e. Joel Coen,
Ethan Coen]
Production Designer
Jess Gonchor
Music by/Orchestra
Conducted by
Carter Burwell

@Paramount Pictures
Corporation
Production Companies
Paramount Pictures and
Skydance Productions
present a Scott
Rudin/Mike Zoss
production
Executive Producers
Steven Spielberg
Robert Graf
David Ellison
Paul Schwake
Megan Ellison
Unit Production
Manager
Robert Graf
Production Supervisor
Karen Ruth Getchell
Production
Co-ordinator
Rachael Lin Gallagher
Production
Accountant
Cheryl Kurk
Location Managers
Supervising:
Tyson Bidner
Austin Unit:
Robbie Friedmann
Post-production
Supervisor
Catherine Farrell
Assistant Directors
1st: Betsy Magruder
2nd: Bac DeLorme
Script Supervisor
Thomas Johnston
Casting
Ellen Chenoweth
Austin Unit Director
of Photography/
Operator
Sprinter Unit:
Paul Elliott
Camera Operator
Roger Deakins
Chief Lighting
Technician
Christopher Napolitano
1st Company Grip
Mitch Lillian
Visual Effects
Luma Pictures
Special Effects
Co-ordinator
Steve Cremin
Associate Editors
Katharine McQuerrey
Neil Steilner
Supervising Art

Director
Christy Wilson
Art Director
Stefan Dechant
Draftspersons/Set
Designers
Adele Plauché
John Frick
Jeff B. Adams Jr
Set Decorator
Nancy Haigh
Property Master
Keith Walters
Construction
Co-ordinator
Tom Ward
Costume Designer
Mary Zophres
Costume Supervisor
Lori DeLapp
Department Head
Make-up Artist
Thomas Nellen
Key Make-up Artists
Beate Petrucci
Troy Breeding
Mechanical Horse
Effects
Creature Effects Inc.
Mark Rappaport
Todd Minobe
Robert Newton
Corpse Creation/
Effects Make-up
Tinsley Studios
Christien Tinsley
Jason Hamer
Department Head
Hairstylist
Kay Georgiou
Key Hairstylist
Geordie Sheffer
Title Design
Big Film Design
Randy Balsmeyer
Orchestrations
Carter Burwell
Sonny Kompanek
Soundtrack
"Leaning on the
Everlasting Arms"; "The
Glory-Land Way"; "Hold
to God's Unchanging
Hand"; "Talk about
Suffering"; "What a
Friend We Have in
Jesus"; "Leaning on the
Everlasting Arms" - Iris
DeMent
Sound Designer
Craig Berkey
Production Sound
Mixers
Peter F. Kurland
Douglas Axtell
Re-recording Mixers
Skip Lievsay
Craig Berkey
Greg Orloff
Supervising Sound
Editor
Skip Lievsay
Head Horse Wrangler
Rusty Hendrickson

Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS
In Colour
2.35:1 [Super 35]

Distributor
Paramount Pictures UK

9,913 ft +8 frames

CAST

Jeff Bridges
Master Reuben
"Rooster" Cogburn
Matt Damon
LaBoeuf
Josh Brolin
Tom Chaney
Barry Pepper
Lucky Ned Pepper
Hailee Steinfeld
Mattie Ross
Dakin Matthews

Colonel Stonehill
Elizabeth Marvel
40-year-old Mattie
Domhnall Gleeson
Moon (The Kid)
Paul Rae
Emmett Quincy
Leon Russom
sheriff
Jarlath Conroy
undertaker
Roy Lee Jones
Yarnell
Ed Lee Corbin
bear man
Bruce Green
Harold Parmalee
Candace Hinkle
boarding house landlady
Peter Leung
Mr Lee
Don Pirl
Cole Younger
Joe Stevens
cross-examining lawyer
David Lipman
1st lawyer
Jake Walker
Judge Parker
Orlando Smart
stableboy
Ty Mitchell
ferryman
Nicholas Sadler
repentant condemned
man
Scott Sowers
unrepentant
condemned man
Jonathan Joss
condemned Indian
Maggie A. Goodman
woman at hanging
Brandon Sanderson
Ruben Nakai Campana
Indian youths at Bagby's

Dolby Digital/DTS/
SDDS
In Colour
2.35:1 [Super 35]

Distributor
Paramount Pictures UK

9,913 ft +8 frames

The Way Back

United Kingdom/USA/Polish/

United Arab Emirates 2010

Certificate 12A 132m 32s

CREDITS

Directed by
Peter Weir
Produced by
Joni Levin
Peter Weir
Duncan Henderson
Nigel Sinclair
Screenplay
Peter Weir
Keith Clarke
Inspired by the book *The*
Long Walk by Slavomir
Rawicz
Director of
Photography
Russell Boyd
Film Editor
Lee Smith
Production Designer
John Stoddart
Music by/Music
Produced by
Burkhard Dallwitz

@Siberian Productions,
LLC
Production Companies
Exclusive Media Group,
National Geographic
Entertainment,
Imagination Abu Dhabi
present an Exclusive
Films production
A Peter Weir film
Co-financed by The
Polish Film Institute
(Agnieszka Odorowicz)
and Monolith Films
(Mariusz Lukomski)
Point Blank Productions
Super Crispy
Entertainment
Executive Producers
Keith Clarke
John Ptak
Guy East
Simon Oakes
Tobin Armbrust
Jake Eberts
Edward Borgerding
Mohammed Khalaf
Adam Leipzig
Scott Rudin
Jonathan Schwartz
Co-executive Producer
Alex Brunner
Co-producer
Roe Sharon Peled
Line Producers
Morocco:
Karim Aboubayd
Jimmy Abounouom
R.J. Mino
India:
Dilip Singh Rathore
Robert Huberman
Associate Producer
Mariusz Markiewicz
Unit Production
Managers
Jonathan Tzachor
Duncan Henderson
Roe Sharon Peled
Production
Supervisors
Morocco:
Sana El Kilali
India:
Emmanuel Pappas
Production
Co-ordinators
Stasi Petrova
LA:
Laura Dodd
Morocco:
Houssna Choukri
India:

Suzanna de Miranda
Chief Production
Accountant
Michael Frayeh
Location Managers
Michael John Meehan
Bulgaria:
Ivo Simeonov
Morocco Supervising:
Christian McWilliams
Morocco:
Abdelhafid Balafrej
India:
Bhawani Singh
Post-production
Supervisor
Jane Maguire
2nd Unit Director
R.J. Mino
Assistant Directors
1st: Alan Curtiss
1st: Robert Huberman
1st: Todor Chapkanov
2nd: Richard Goodwin
2nd: Sylvia Asenova
2nd: R.J. Mino
Morocco
1st: Nouredidine
Aberdine
2nd: Mustapha Grumij
India
1st: Raj Acharya
1st: Rebecca Strickland
2nd: Ahilya Akoi
Script Supervisor
Sylvie Chesneau
Casting
Lina Todd
Judith Bouley
Bulgaria:
Mariana Stanisheva
UK:
Vicky Wildman
Buffy Hall
Australia:
Ann Robinson
Poppy Bouchier
Camera Operators
A: Lorenzo Senatore
B: Mark Vargo
Morocco
B: Ivo Peichev
Steadicam
Lorenzo Senatore
Gaffers
Hristo Idakiev
India:
Mulchand Dedhia
Key Grips
Ian Bird
India:
Sanjay Sami
Digital Visual Effects
Rising Sun Pictures
Additional:
Visual Symphony
Crazy Horse Effects
Efilm Australia
Special Effects
Supervisor/
Co-ordinator
Jason Troughton
Art Director
Kess Bonnet
Set Decorators
Goro Deyanov
Morocco:
Menouer Samiri
Prop Masters
Dirk Buchmann
India:
Sunil Chhabra
Construction
Managers
Dean Minchev
Morocco:
Lazar
Costume Designer
Wendy Stites

Costume Supervisors
Bridget Ostersehite
Joseph Cigliano
Bulgaria:
Ina Damianova
India:
Mandira Shukla
Key Make-up
Department Head
Edouard F. Henriques
Make-up Artists
Gregory Funk
Yana Stoyanova
Robin Beauchesne
Make-up Effects
Matthew Mungle
Key Hairstylist
Department Head
Yolanda Toussie
Hair Stylist
Kathe Swanson
Title Design
Belinda Bennetts
End Titles
Optical & Graphic
Music Performed by
Sydney Scoring
Orchestra
Synthesizer & Sampler
Burkhard Dallwitz
Music Conducted by
Brett Kelly
Sound Designer
Richard King
Production Sound
Mixer
Martin Müller
India Sound Mixer
Nakul Kamte
Sound Mixing
D.M. Hemphill
Ron Bartlett
Supervising Sound
Editor
Richard King
Stunt Co-ordinator
Kalayan Vodenicharov-
Kala
Technical Adviser
Cyril Delafosse-
Guirmand
Historical Consultant
Anne Applebaum

CAST

Jim Sturgess
Janusz
Ed Harris
Mr Smith
Saoirse Ronan
Irena
Colin Farrell
Valka
Dragos Bucur
Zoran
Alexandru Potocean
Tomasz
Gustaf Skarsgård
Voss
Sebastian
Urzedzowsky
Kazik
Mark Strong
Khabarov
Zahari Baharov
interrogator
Sally Edwards
Janusz's wife, 1939
Igor Gnezdilov
Bohdan
Deyan Angelov
Andrei
Stanislav Pishtalov
commandant
Marii Grigorov
Lazar
Nikolai Stanoev
Yuri

Stefan Shterev
cook
Yordan Bikov
garbage eater 1
Ruslan Kupenov
garbage eater 2
Nikolai Mutafchiev
guard 1
Valentin Ganev
guard 2
Anton Trendafilov
steam man
Pearce Quigley
the professor
Satar Dikambaev
Mongolian horseman
Temirhan
Tursungaliyev
young Mongolian
horseman
An-Zung Le
shepherd
Haruhiko Hal
Yamanouchi
official
Meglena Karalambova
Janusz's wife, 1989
Irinei Konstantinov
Janusz, 1989

Dolby Digital
Colour/Prints by
DeLuxe
[2.35:1]

Distributor
E1 Films

11,928 ft +0 frames

Polish theatrical title
Niepokonani



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**"DOES FOR CANNIBALS WHAT
LET THE RIGHT ONE IN
DID FOR VAMPIRES"**

DAVID HAYLES, THE TIMES



THE GUARDIAN



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Anusha Rizvi
Peepli Live

A poverty-stricken farmer hatches an extreme plan to pay off his debts in this riotously entertaining satire of modern-day India, produced by Bollywood megastar Aamir Khan.

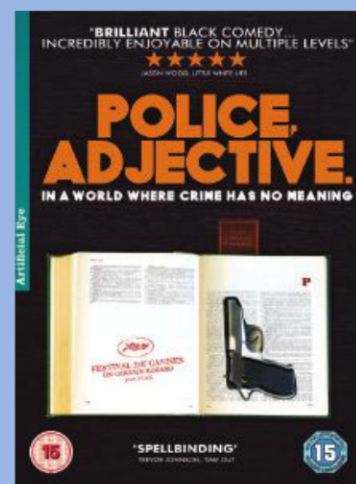
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Rafi Pitts
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Hollywood takes a trip

Michael Atkinson on how BBS went from making 'The Monkees' to leading the American New Wave

America Lost and Found: The BBS Story

Head/Easy Rider/Five Easy Pieces/Drive, He Said/A Safe Place/The Last Picture Show/The King of Marvin Gardens

Bob Rafelson/Dennis Hopper/Bob Rafelson/Jack Nicholson/Henry Jaglom/Peter Bogdanovich/Bob Rafelson; US 1968/69/70/70/71/71/72; Criterion/Region 1; Aspect Ratio 16:9; Features: audio commentaries, interviews, outtakes, trailers, screen tests, 112-page booklet

Every new wave has its myths and legends, and arguably the paradigmatic tale of the American New Wave is the arc of BBS Productions. Beginning, improbably enough, with the success of the manufactured teen-pop absurdity of the Monkees' television show, Bert Schneider and Bob Rafelson's mini-empire expanded in the heartbeat of 'Easy Rider', a low-budget project beginning as a quasi-Corman biker film with pretensions towards social profundity and, it was thought, little chance of doing more than earning its six figures back. A stunning 10,000 per cent box-office return later, BBS was riding the Yankee Wave as pointman, splitting the difference between Cassavetes and Penn, and defying the already dissolving wisdom of Hollywood by making money with small, cool, despairing slices of Fringe America that never resorted to violence or action but instead took the nation's pulse in a time of cataclysmic unease.

Because this wave made landfall in Hollywood itself, unchallenged capitol of cinematic orthodoxy (BBS's films were set everywhere, but the company's building squatted off Santa Monica Boulevard), the films themselves were not merely shocking but strived to out-neorealist the neorealists. (The lumbering epics, musicals and dated bestseller-derived melodramas of the 1960s were, for the new generation of cineastes, simply another version of the bourgeois 'white telephone' movie that peeved Italian filmmakers after the war.) BBS, and specifically 'Easy Rider', paved the way stylistically; J. Hoberman, in this Criterion set's jaunty historical essay, describes the visual template: "Giant close-ups, sudden zooms, leisurely rack focusing and ecstatic sunbursts." BBS dispensed with the glossy 'Bonnie and Clyde' look and TV staging and instead made films that actually reflected the French and Czech yen for grit, natural light and offscreen life, inspiring and paving the way for imitators from Martin Scorsese and Monte Hellman to Sidney



Born to be wild: Jack Nicholson in 'Easy Rider'

Lumet. (Lumet, like many, didn't make movies the same way after 1969 as he did before.) Quite suddenly, after some 65 years of conscientiously mustering implausible daydreams, Hollywood was in the truth business, and it seemed that American movies had finally grown up.

As epitomised by the BBS films, the New Wave sought to cater to the youth market, but did so with stories about lost and disaffected Americans in their thirties and beyond; anything less would've been pandering, and anti-commercial integrity was the era's primary selling-point. Rafelson's 'Head' was the exception, focusing baldly on the intersection 'The Monkees' had with teenagers, and it bombed – although, truth be told, the film's trippy fragmentation ('written' by Rafelson during acid-fuelled sessions with Jack Nicholson), genre-tourist skit comedy and fourth-wall decimation remain irritating and inconclusive, albeit so rife with allusions and intentions that there seem to be as many ways to think about 'Head' as there are scrambled ideas in it. Chuck Stephens's essay passionately enumerates several, though Hoberman might hit the bull's-eye when he notes that, aside from John Wayne's

'The Green Berets', "no Hollywood movie produced during the Vietnam War referenced that war more than 'Head'."

'Easy Rider' was the blast-off mark, and what made the film's seditiousness so seductive to so many ticket-buyers may have been the basic fact that it was obviously an act of sky-high improv, shot on the road across the real landscape, and offering up an anti-establishmentarianism with authentic lifestyle, not just with cant. In a 1969 filled with gurus and pontificators yowling about turning on and dropping out and standing up to The Man, Hopper's inarticulate characters just rode, got high, observed their country's forgotten stretches, and asked the silent questions. There were no sets in 'Easy Rider', and no artifice; the making of the film was the story of the film. What many moviegoers got for the first time was a glimpse of a national cinema having spirited and unimpeachable intercourse with the nation itself.

Rafelson's 'Five Easy Pieces' cut deeper across American grain, and Nicholson's nowhere man, caught between high culture and wage slavery, between desert and mountains, between rebellion and self-pity, became the new decade's iconic pilgrim, identifiable to all age groups and, for all his antiheroism, pre-eminently desirable. Nicholson, behind the camera or in front of it, figures prominently in six out of these seven BBS films (brightening up even the dreary stasis of Henry Jaglom's 'A Safe Place',

and ferreting out small-town textures as the director of the still-underseen 'Drive, He Said'), and his demiurgic life force was clearly instrumental in forming the decade's distinctive identity. The Nicholson-free film here, Peter Bogdanovich's 'The Last Picture Show', was simultaneously 'square' by BBS standards and a rueful masterpiece that didn't need Jack to authenticate its arid corner of a vanishing civilisation.

True to its title, the Criterion set tells the BBS story in fabulous detail, via hours of new interviews and archivals and an expansive battery of filmmaking effluvia. The stories evoke a Hollywood that young filmmakers can still dream about, where indie producers like Schneider will cut a \$400,000 check on impulse, and where films can be made without planning or scripts but rather with only the moment-to-moment creative juices of whosoever is around, and if they're pharmacologically influenced, more's the better. It seems in outline to be a dubious way to run a studio, and indeed by 1974 the company fell apart, after Schneider accepted an Oscar for 'Hearts and Minds' and outraged Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope by publicly endorsing the revolutionary 'provisional government' of South Vietnam. By then the New Wave was a sprawling zeitgeist destined for a countercharge date with Lucas/Spielberg, Hopper had gotten lost in Peru, Rafelson was quietly pegged as a hard-to-employ rogue with rage issues, and Jack had become Jack.

BBS made money with small, cool, despairing slices of Fringe America

NEW RELEASES

Black Orpheus

Marcel Camus; France/Brazil/Italy 1959; Criterion/Region A Blu-ray, Region 1 NTSC DVD; 108 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: alternative English dub, interviews with Marcel Camus and Marpessa Dawn, 'Revisiting Black Orpheus'; 'A la recherche d'Orfeu negro'; 'Black Orpheus and That Bossanova Sound'; trailer, booklet

Film: Marcel Camus's Palme d'Or winner, a striking contrast to the then nascent *nouvelle vague*, has worn its years well. If its Brazilian revamp of the Orpheus myth initially seems a little too self-consciously knowing (some characters are aware of the story, while simultaneously blind to its re-enactment playing out in front of them), this Rio-set restaging ultimately packs a real emotional wallop, not least because the scenes in which a devastated Orfeu (Breno Mello) searches for the already dead Eurydice (Marpessa Dawn) through eerily deserted corridors and rooms crammed ceiling-high with anonymous government records are such a contrast to the garishly Eastmancolored carnival clamour of the rest.

Disc: Originally released by Criterion in 1999 as a barebones edition, this revamp is a substantial improvement even as a DVD (the Blu-ray wasn't supplied for review). Picture and sound are now virtually flawless, while extensive extras cover every base, not least the film's importance as a Brazilian/bossanova cultural ambassador (one of the documentaries runs 89 minutes). The booklet features a lengthy essay by *S&S* contributor Michael Atkinson. (MB) (MFB 318)

Films by Luis Buñuel

Susana

Mexico 1951; Mr Bongo Films/Region 0; Certificate 12; 82 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1

The Brute

Mexico 1953; Mr Bongo Films/Region 0; Certificate 12; 77 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1 (MFB 256)

Films: Susana and Pedro would make a terrific couple. She's a reformatory fugitive with enough sexual savvy to service a regiment, while he's a hulking slaughterhouse worker (nicknamed 'the Brute') with a well-hidden heart of gold. Unfortunately, they're the protagonists of their own films, so they have to make do with what's on offer there. In the case of Susana (Rosita Quintana), she shacks up with a well-meaning farming family who believe her sob story about escaping a vicious pimp, and proceeds to work her way through two generations of its menfolk plus the charmingly roguish foreman. Buñuel described *Susana* as "perfectly routine", and it's not hard to see why he might have had misgivings about adapting a novel whose most outspokenly religious character winds up firmly on top. The ending is intentionally parodic, but Buñuel later said that he wished he'd made this more obvious. However, there's much for devotees to enjoy, from



Decision Before Dawn A striking post-war study of anti-Nazi espionage, with resonances for McCarthy-era America in its positive reading of treason

Susana's grotesquely vermin-infested cell (rats, bats, huge hairy spiders) to her surprise seduction by the foreman when carrying a box of eggs – crushed by his sudden embrace, the whites trickle down her thighs in an image that's outrageously Freudian even by Buñuel's standards.

The fact that the films bookended the masterly *El* (1952) emphasises their also-ran status in Buñuel's canon, but *The Brute* in particular transcends its cheap melodramatic roots to deliver a ferocious blend of cutting social commentary and sweaty sexual tension, especially between Pedro Armendáriz and Katy Jurado. He's hired by a Rachmanesque landlord to evict troublesome tenants (going a little too far with his fists when one of them puts up a fight), while she's his boss's equally amoral daughter, casually snipping flower-stems to demonstrate how easy it is to dispose of troublemakers. The moment where she's out-stared by a chicken forms one of the most inexplicably unnerving conclusions to any Buñuel film.

Discs: It's unrealistic to expect pristine prints of Buñuel's Mexican films but the relatively minor damage is easy enough to tune out. Transfers are fine (a definite advance on the US Facets editions), subtitles optional, releases separate – though they're well worth double-billing. (MB)

Decision Before Dawn

Anatole Litvak; US 1952; Optimum/Region 2; Certificate PG; 117 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: trailer

Film: Russian émigré Anatole Litvak has a reputation as a solid, mid-ranking Hollywood craftsman offering a steady hand with women's pictures and thrillers, possibly explaining why this striking post-war study of

anti-Nazi espionage isn't as well known as it might be. Scripted by Huston and Hemingway associate Peter Viertel (Dresden-born himself) from George Howe's novel *Call It Treason*, it shows the US military sending captured Wehrmacht soldiers back home on spying missions, hoping to facilitate the push towards Berlin. Gary Merrill and Richard Basehart prove fairly anonymous American handlers, but Litvak makes excellent use of a youthful Oskar Werner's characteristically haunted quality as the volunteer questioning his skewed ideals and fearing for his life deep inside the Fatherland. The Munich and Mannheim locations show a country of bombed-out ruins, yet equally startling is the film's compassion for the suffering ordinary German populace – and indeed the unspoken resonances for McCarthy-era America in the story's positive reading of treason. Look out for Klaus Kinski's

Cossack tales: 'Zvenigora'



first English-language appearance, uncredited as a moaning POW.

Disc: Pristine print, solid transfer, but a disappointing lack of further documentation. (TJ)

Films by Alexander Dovzhenko

Arsenal

Russia 1929; Mr Bongo/Region 2; 87 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3

Zvenigora

Russia 1928; Mr Bongo/Region 2; 91 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3

Films: Dovzhenko plunges into the maelstrom of the Ukrainian civil war in *Arsenal*, his bloody historical drama set in the aftermath of the First World War. The Soviet director has a reputation for lyricism but what is just as often striking in *Arsenal* is the imagery of cruelty and violence. In one extraordinary late scene, a Bolshevik revolutionary is cornered at gunpoint by an elderly bourgeois man, who prepares to shoot him but loses his nerve when he looks into his adversary's eye. The Bolshevik has no such compunction, plucking the pistol from the man's hand and turning it on him. There are several intertitles in which the revolutionaries and their supporters debate whether they can "kill bourgeoisie and officers if you meet them outdoors". Yes you can, is the verdict. The ending of the film, in which the heroic worker stands up to the enemy's guns and the bullets bounce harmlessly off him as if he is some superhuman golem, is shamelessly and absurdly propagandistic, especially in a film that otherwise aims for documentary-like realism. Dovzhenko shows an extraordinary flair for filming action, whether horses galloping across icy landscapes or street battles, and for marshalling crowds, but he is also fascinated by faces; the film is full of vivid close-ups of conniving bourgeois politicians, martyred mothers, gimlet-eyed priests and heroic workers.

Discursive and very disconcerting, the previous year's *Zvenigora*, Dovzhenko's epic 'cinematographic poem', throws together wildly opposing storytelling styles and motifs. The opening section plays like a Ukrainian version of the Nieblungen, following Cossacks and a Ukrainian grandfather as they venture into the mountains in search of hidden treasure, confronting the devil and killing enemy Poles as they go. This mythic overture is followed by sections that are very different in visual style. The storytelling is impressionistic and hard to follow, even if the imagery itself is often awe-inspiring, including war sequences, surrealist interludes and Wagnerian dream sequences. Perhaps the most striking is the scene showing the Ukrainian 'suicide artist' who pretends that he is going to kill himself on stage. Dovzhenko caricatures the audience with a relish worthy of George Grosz: the spectators are corpulent and corrupt bourgeois figures with

NEW RELEASES

an evident bloodlust, their decadence contrasted with the wholesomeness of the farmers, living off the land and growing "the way corn does in the field". **Discs:** Mr Bongo excelled itself with the release of Dovzhenko's *Earth* last year, but the image quality on *Arsenal* is very variable, with flickering and scratches sometimes evident. Frustratingly, there are no contextualising essays about the film and the complex events it depicts. *Zvenigora* is a barebones package too. Given how enigmatic and deeply layered the storytelling is, this is surely a film that demands contextualisation. (GM)

Duffer/Moon over the Alley

Joseph Despins and William Dumaesq; UK 1971/75; BFI Flipside/Region B Blu-ray, Region 2 DVD; Certificate 15; 75/108 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: booklet

Films: This latest BFI 'Flipside' rediscovery unearths the two long-forgotten London-shot features of Canadian expats Joseph Despins and William Dumaesq, who came separately to Britain to teach and study in the early 1960s before gravitating towards the independent filmmaking community.

The micro-budget *Duffer* certainly comes out of that field, a defiantly idiosyncratic coming-of-age tale in

which a callow American youth flees from his psychotic older male lover into the arms of an amply proportioned female prostitute. While the borderline homophobic contrast between masculine sexualised sadism (worms on the naked body, barely consensual sodomy) and fluffy matronliness starts weird and gets weirder – male pregnancy, anyone? – the post-synched sound, heavy on stream-of-consciousness monologue, only intensifies this peculiarly self-involved psychodrama. Closer to celluloid Warholian than anything else from Britain at the time, it gets more compellingly claustrophobic as it goes along, benefiting significantly from the stately, blues-inflected solo piano of *Hair* composer Galt MacDermot on the soundtrack.

His presence looms larger in *Moon over the Alley*, where songs transform a rather soapy ensemble drama about a multi-ethnic Notting Hill rooming house into a low-key musical. Hovering twixt show tunes and white soul, the numbers serve little dramatic purpose, though they do stop the film becoming a rerun of Bryan Forbes's *The L-Shaped Room*. Forget the awkward performances, however, and the location footage is priceless (including a trip to legendary rep house the Electric Cinema), while the ominous prospect of urban redevelopment



Song and dance: 'Moon over the Alley'

emphasises a sense of a time and place now long gone. An uneven achievement, but certainly worth reviving.

Disc: Excellent transfers from original 16mm sources. The Hi-Def option effectively showcases the evocative black-and-white cinematography, while the booklet offers valuable background and a note from Despins himself. Sadly, Dumaesq succumbed to cancer in 1998. (TT)

Edan's 'Echo Party' Movie

Tom Fitzgerald; US 2010; Five Day Weekend; 29 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3

Film: In 2010 American rapper/DJ Edan Portnoy toured his third album *Echo Party* with a superbly spliced collage of old movie clips assembled and directed by LA-based film archivist Tom Fitzgerald. The album – a mix of 1980s hip hop overdubbed with eclectic instrumentation and effects – has now been packaged with Fitzgerald's film and released as *Edan's 'Echo Party' Movie*. The resulting DVD is a choice clash of obscure 1960s, 70s and 80s pop culture and an exuberant reminder of hip hop's essence.

Fitzgerald and Edan's skill is in blending familiar images of the 1980s New York rap scene against a curatorial arsenal that includes forgotten psychedelia, documentary curios and battered movie clips. Graffiti writers, rappers and body-poppers punctuate the movie between sequences of cool 1960s kitsch, bygone Bollywood dances, scratched kung fu, risqué cartoons, faded commercials and old children's TV. Visual signifiers are cut and cross-faded until they pile up like a semiotic soup of trashed culture: jazz drummers, New Wave Super 8, weird folktales, Japanese Pac-Man, cheap sci-fi, James Chance, the Fat Boys.

The technique brings to mind 1980s Scratch Video, the British video-art movement that often used film clips to accompany industrial bands such as Cabaret Voltaire and 23 Skidoo. *Echo Party* eschews the political edge of that movement's outsider status, however. Here, the emphasis is celebratory: the universal pleasure

of rediscovering the past through found footage or stacks of old vinyl.

DJs have been including movie clips in their acts for a few years now, and artists such as DJ Spooky and DJ Yoda have performed new scores for films as diverse as *The Birth of a Nation* and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. Like those performances, *Edan's 'Echo Party' Movie* fits somewhere between the nightclub, the archive and the cinema – moving the body with the wonders of digital but capturing the heart with an ode to analogue.

Disc: No extras, but each of the 1,000-only DVDs is packaged in hand-printed artwork by Edan. (DC)

The Fish Child

Lucia Puenzo; Argentina 2009; Peccadillo Pictures/Region 2; Certificate 15; 96 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1; Features: 'The Making of The Fish Child', 'The Legend', storyboards, production stills, behind-the-scenes, theatrical trailer

Film: Writer/director Lucia Puenzo's febrile, fractured lesbian *noir* is fearless if not entirely sure-handed in its genre mix, twisting a criminal, faintly Chabrolian affair between a Buenos Aires schoolgirl and the family's Paraguayan maid into dual timelines studded with murderous melodrama and magic realism. The shadowy shooting style and ambiguous plotting complement a tense central love story, powered by the hungry, thin-skinned performance of Inés Efron (just as good here as she was in Puenzo's delicate debut *XXY*) as the desperate teenager. Markedly less successful are the film's attempts to resolve its thriller elements, culminating in an overcooked, bullet-ridden sequence that sits slightly oddly in such a slippery, supernaturally fixated piece. **Disc:** Despite some muddy blacks, an acceptable transfer with a well-thought-through extras package. (KS)

Flying Scotsman

Castleton Knight; UK 1930; Optimum Releasing/Region 2; Certificate PG; 57 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1

Film: An often delectable British curio from that frequently neglected

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transitional period between silence and sound. Much of the first half of this railway-set thriller is a conventionally intertitled silent melodrama that parallels the rivalry between railwaymen Bob and Crow (sadly, potential for unintentional humour/uncanny prescience is undermined by RMT union boss Bob Crow not exactly being the type for anguished internal wrangling) with a meet-cute romance between Bob's daughter and his unwitting new engineer Jim (a boyish Ray Milland). Then the sound kicks in, and so does some impressively high-speed action – handily, given that the acting and accents are as stilted and mismatched as those in many other early 1930s British features. But the climax aboard the Flying Scotsman (the genuine article) is authentically thrilling, not least because the train-surfing stunts were clearly done for real – as tacitly confirmed by the film opening with a sternly self-admonishing message about LNER's normal safety standards. **Disc:** Clearly restored, the source print is in spanking shape, and the muffled soundtrack is no worse than one would expect from its era. Disappointingly, given the potential (not least the real-life history and proven popularity of the film's locomotive star), there are no extras. (MB)

Freud

John Huston; US 1962; Universal/
Region 2; 134 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1

Film: Constructed as a psychoanalytical detective story, John Huston's intense biopic, set in an 1880s largely recreated at the Bavaria Studios, makes for engrossing drama as Sigmund Freud (Montgomery Clift) battles the medical establishment, deeply disturbed patients and even his own subconscious. Although spread across five crucial years, the original timeframe has nonetheless been greatly condensed to focus predominantly on a single composite patient (a feverish turn by the late Susannah York) who is burdened with a superabundance of ailments resulting in a case history that is often too simplistic to be truly persuasive. There's no denying the power of Clift's fine central performance, however, his eyes brimming with intelligence and pain as his investigation takes him forever inwards, greatly serving Huston's characteristic fascination for depicting the marginalised in their isolation.

In October 1947, Huston led a group of Hollywood notables to Washington DC to protest against the HUAC hearings, but soon returned chastened and rejected; he would leave the US shortly afterwards. It's tempting to think of this as a 'primal moment,' one that may have led the director to make *Freud* (or as it was unhelpfully retitled, *Freud: The Secret Passion*), a notion bolstered by the presence of third-billed Larry Parks as Freud's mentor Joseph Breuer. Parks was blacklisted during the McCarthy witch-hunts, and this was his first film in a decade – a fact that gives ➔

1966 and all that

Paul Tickell on a decade of counterculture and class change – and the Karel Reisz movie that defined it

Morgan: A Suitable Case for Treatment

Karel Reisz; UK 1966; Optimum/
Region 2; Certificate PG; 93 minutes;
Aspect Ratio 1.66:1

Nineteen sixty-six was a cusp year: the Beatles' songwriting was becoming marked with studio experiment, and LSD, not just cannabis, was becoming the order of the day – and night. There was also an urgent sense of social transformation, of some coming upheaval great enough to blow away the British class system. In short, revolution was in the air and pop culture was restyling itself as the counterculture. It's this moment – to a Johnny Dankworth score rather than the sound of incipient psychedelia – that Karel Reisz's *'Morgan: A Suitable Case for Treatment'* captures so accurately and so comically, though its humour is tinged with melancholy.

Reisz had already shown himself adept at picking up on the signs of the times. In *'Saturday Night and Sunday Morning'* (1960), factory worker Arthur Seaton sticks two fingers up to authority and takes a rollercoaster ride into the kind of hedonism that would come to define the Swinging 60s. Arthur is derailed, of course: the British class system knows how to deal with upstarts.

But by the time of *'Morgan'*, the rebel's yell was music to the ears of the Establishment: it could be packaged and sold – rather like the paintings of the film's antihero Morgan Delt (David Warner). Wearing his alienation and working-class origins on his sleeve, Morgan's been doing rather nicely out of a fashionable gallery, whose upper-class owner Napier (Robert Stephens) barely bats an eyelid when Morgan turns up with a pistol. For Napier, such menace is all part of Morgan's charm as a 'with it' commodity who can be bought and sold; it's a 'repressive tolerance' that goads Morgan all the more, especially as Napier is having an affair with his wife, the monied Leonie (Vanessa Redgrave). Much of the film's episodic plot revolves around Morgan seeking to regain entrance to the Kensington home from which he's been ejected, and his desire to reassert his conjugal rights.

'Morgan' started life as a 1962 BBC television drama written by David Mercer, who is as much the film's auteur as Reisz. Mercer is a writer adept at laying bare – even in the midst of such zany farce – the psychic wounds and even violence at the heart of bourgeois marriage (his 1968 TV drama *'Let's*



Fighting mad: David Warner in *'Morgan: A Suitable Case for Treatment'*

'Murder Vivaldi' was another exploration of this theme). The knockabout, absurdist humour of Morgan's antics occasionally sours; there are rape 'jokes' (as in the previous year's *'The Knack'*) and a relish in uncomfortable physical detail such as the smell of Napier's hair-cream around the house.

Disturbingly, Morgan seems to rather enjoy licking his wounds. The masochism is there in his politics too. He pines for Leon Trotsky not because of his philosophy of Permanent Revolution (which so chimed with the 1960s, from Maoist Red Guards in China to student radicals in Europe and the US) but because he suffered exile and death in Mexico. Morgan lives in his own little Mexico – a car parked outside the marital home complete with a poster of his hero. But Trotsky as romanticised by Morgan is not the only revolutionary figure to feature. During a visit to Marx's tomb in Highgate, the film has a scabrously funny take on the generation gap, as Morgan's mother reminds him that his dead father would be very disappointed at how he's turned out – a narcissist who's prey to lunatic nonsense instead of a young revolutionary shooting the Royal Family and putting public schoolboys in chain gangs.

Narcissist or not, Morgan does actually do things – even if, rather than changing the world, it's kidnapping Leonie and then, after a spell in prison, crashing her wedding to Napier. Starting out as a hipster holy fool in dark glasses, by the end Morgan dresses in a gorilla suit – a last gesture before the straitjacket...

The film concludes in full hallucinatory mode, with montages from *'King Kong'* and the zoological documentaries that have featured throughout the film. These inserts are highly subjective because they represent

Morgan's dreams and fantasies and a point of view that screams: "It's the world that's insane, not me; and if I am then the world made me so." It's the point of view of a cartoon Marxist gorilla/guerrilla, but one steeped in the 'anti-psychiatry' of R.D. Laing and David Cooper, whose work Mercer was to draw on in a far more realist way in the 1967 TV drama *'In Two Minds'*, which later became the Ken Loach film *'Family Life'* (1971).

On one level, *'Morgan'* can seem very dated; on another, it's of its time in an exhilarating way – a bit like one of its closing sequences, in which Morgan rides his motorbike through the streets of an eerie, somnambulist London: uneasy rider meets William Blake.

It's testimony to Reisz and Mercer that their experimentalism resides not just on the technical level (the film uses freeze-framing and speeded-up action) but also on the philosophic plane: they are fearless about ideas and the comedy to be had from them. There's nothing tentative about *'Morgan'*, from the clarity of its black-and-white image and the energy of the editing to the powerfully direct acting of the whole cast. It's unheard of to find such confidence or this degree of the fantastical in today's British film comedy, where arch plots often revolve around social and romantic embarrassment, and where it's all about the makers' very repressed way of talking, or rather not talking, about class: don't mention the (class) war.

'Morgan' has no such inhibitions and lets it all hang out. Morgan the character indulges in a provocative early form of street theatre, his prankster's tools – his agitprops as it were – the analyst's couch and confessional as much as the soapbox. No wonder the film became a favourite of the young Malcolm McLaren, who even took to living in a car for a while in tribute.

Matters of life and death

Jean Rollin was best known for his erotic vampire flicks. But, argues **Tim Lucas**, he was also one of cinema's great surrealists

La Nuit des horloges ('The Night of the Clocks')

Jean Rollin; France 2007; X-Rated Kult DVD (as 'Die Nacht der Uhren')/Region 2 PAL; Aspect Ratio 1.77:1; Features: trailers for other X-Rated Kult DVD releases

At the stroke of midnight, a vampire woman climbs out of a grandfather clock as it tolls the hour. A bride strolls through a cemetery, her white veil giving her the appearance of a ghost. A castle tower reaches up to the night sky, its stonework transformed by gel lighting to the complexion of rock candy. A man pursues the woman he loves, someone without identity who cannot remember her past, and is shot in the head, leaving them both to totter like zombies towards an abyss, holding hands. These are among the many indelible images found in the works of writer-director Jean Rollin, who passed away last December aged 72.

Best known for a series of erotic vampire films, Rollin triumphed over a career strapped with low budgets and enforced non-sequitur sex scenes by becoming, for me, the screen's most important surrealist of the past quarter century. A disciple of Gaston Leroux, Louis Feuillade and Georges Franju, and therefore a man out of his own time, Rollin often worked with non-professional actors and sometimes had to make do with what happened, rather than what was intended. All his films are thereby flawed to some degree, yet all of them contain scenes, images, moments as memorable as any by cinema's great masters – and because such moments were the point of his art, his oeuvre offers them in brilliant abundance.

Because Rollin's films were so inexpensively made, he had the luxury not only of auteurism but authority – in other words, he had the freedom to make uncommonly personal films. Nearly all his movies feature the beach at Pourville-sur-Mer near Dieppe, a vista painted before his birth by Gauguin and Monet, which he first visited at the age of eight. In one of his best films, 'Lips of Blood' ('Lèvres de sang', 1975), he became more brazenly recursive when his protagonist entered a theatre playing two of his earlier films and was summoned behind the screen by a female spectre who first appeared to him in childhood – one of the most thrilling proscenium-breaking moments in the fantastic cinema.

As Rollin got older and sicker, his films became more preoccupied with his own demise and, in the process, made it more obvious that all his earlier work had been a rumination on his own time of dying, a fretting about what his absence would



Dead rising: 'La Nuit des horloges'

mean to the world, to his fans and, perhaps most of all, to his characters.

Nowhere are these concerns more overt than in his final feature, 'La Nuit des horloges' ('The Night of the Clocks', 2007), which was filmed in Super 16mm with Rollin's knowledge that it would be his last. (He made one further film on video, the documentary featurette 'Le Masque de la Méduse', in 2010.) Unlike anything else in cinema apart from Cocteau's 'Testament of Orpheus' (1960), 'La Nuit des horloges' tells an original story while also serving as a eulogy to the artist, an essay about his creations, and a footnote to his oeuvre. Ovidie, one of a few French porn actresses Rollin cast in 'legitimate' roles, plays Isabelle, a young woman mourning the recent death of her favourite uncle, the filmmaker 'Michel Jean'. Using the talisman of a vintage pulp paperback he once gave her (Gustave Gailhard's 'Lluya, la fille des lacs'), Isabelle summons a character from one of Michel Jean's unfiled scripts, who informs her, "It is the dead who dream of the living, not the other way around," and teaches her how to use grandfather clocks as passageways to other dimensions. These portals lead Isabelle to various locations from her uncle's films – such desolate places as a burned forest, a disused railway, and even the famous Père Lachaise cemetery where Rollin himself is now buried. From this moment on, she embarks on a spiritual journey of communion with Michel Jean's anima, meeting other characters and actors from his past films (including Jean-Loup Philippe from 'Lips of Blood' and Dominique from 1971's 'The Shiver of the Vampires'), who involve her

His films are flawed, yet all contain scenes, images and moments as memorable as any by cinema's great masters

in a poetic scenario that resonates with inserted clips from a dozen of Rollin's earlier works. The most poignant of Isabelle's encounters is with an elderly woman identified as Madame Bezet, played by Rollin's longtime costume designer and script girl Nathalie Perrey, who mourns a deceased artist and friend who is, in fact, standing just to the side of camera as she gives her moving performance.

The film achieves its greatest beauty in an extended sequence where Françoise Blanchard, the star of Rollin's 'The Living Dead Girl' ('La Morte vivante', 1982) guides Isabelle on a tour through the realm of "the skinned ones" – in fact the Salone degli Scheletri, a remarkable wax museum of flayed anatomical figures in Florence, closed to the public as of last year and thus now another of Rollin's enchanting dead places that exist only on film. (His first film, 1968's 'The Rape of the Vampire', contains the only footage ever shot inside the legendary Théâtre du Grand-Guignol in Paris.)

'La Nuit des horloges' is the only film in Rollin's entire career to convey a sense of absolute artistic freedom, with some ornamental nudity but without any trace of exploitation, a fact that makes it a kind of bittersweet happy ending to the body of work it annotates. In some ways, it seems deliberately to hold us in suspense for the moment when Rollin will step on screen, alive and well, in a manner at least consistent with his previous cameo roles, but he never does; nevertheless, he feels more present than in any film in which he actually appears. It may be either daunting or an intriguing introduction for viewers unfamiliar with Rollin, but for anyone able to connect the dots, it's a farewell whose magnificence elevates the status of his whole achievement.

This PAL Region 2 German import disc is anamorphically enhanced and presents the film in its native French with a choice of English or German subtitles. A French import release is also available from LCJ Editions, but without English subtitles.

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extra poignancy to the scene in which Breuer is forced to denounce his friend, mirroring Parks's own sad and ultimately futile real-life recantation to the Committee.

Disc: The film has long been unavailable on video, but Universal has now released this DVD in Spain (*Freud: Pasión Secreta*) in a bilingual edition that sports a decent if non-anamorphic widescreen presentation of the full 140-minute release length. (SA)

Films by Samuel Fuller

Shock Corridor

US 1963; Criterion/Region 1 NTSC; 101 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.75:1; Features: new interview with Constance Towers, Adam Simon's documentary 'The Typewriter, the Rifle and the Movie Camera' (1996), essays by Robert Polito, excerpts from Fuller's autobiography 'A Third Face'

The Naked Kiss

US 1964; Criterion/Region 1 NTSC; 90 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.75:1; Features: new interview with Constance Towers, essays by Robert Polito, excerpts from 'A Third Face', three television profiles/interviews with Fuller

Films: Few auteur-gods are as retrospectively appreciated as Samuel Fuller; we kvell over his hyperbolic, hardboiled narrative drive and yet have a difficult time understanding what mid-century audiences could have made of this rampager's utterly distinct, often insanely overwrought movies. Certainly, the two classic Fuller masterworks here (released separately) are watershed moments in his well-storied career; made independently for an unscrupulous producer, they not only failed at the box office but made Fuller something of an industry pariah. (His filmography wouldn't recover until 1980's *The Big Red One*, when his 40-year career was already being re-evaluated.) It may have been the mid-1960s, several years after *Psycho*, but neither *Shock Corridor* nor *The Naked Kiss* was allowed into British theatres at the time (not, in fact, until 1990). Anyone with eyes can see why, whatever the official reason: the movies are dynamite sticks, seething and fuming with rage and impolitic idealism and suggestions of things that weren't acceptable Hollywood fodder at all.

Designed as assaults, Fuller's twin missiles aimed at American complacency could hardly be mistaken for 'issue' films 'about' racism or sexual predation or institutional injustice. They're far too blunt, in the manner we've come to understand as Fulleresque, expressions of an unfettered tabloid persona terrified that unless it screams it will be ignored. The scenarios are famous: in *Shock Corridor* an amoral journalist (Peter Breck) fakes his way into a mental hospital to solve a murder and trips down a hall of mirrors that looks increasingly like a 1960s America in miniature; and in *The Naked Kiss* the pristine Constance Towers plays a hooker who fights back and tries to reinvent herself in a small town, only to be compelled to kill a paedophile.

As often with Fuller, his images punch a hole in your memory, from *Corridor's* hallucinated indoor rainstorm and hooded black meta-Klansman to Kiss's spectacular pre-credit opening in which a shaven-headed Towers beats her pimp with her handbag like somebody putting out an oil fire. Fuller's over-the-top style was always conscientiously calibrated to reflect the size and ferocity of the American social conflicts he took on, and these films – along, perhaps, with 1982's *White Dog* – provide the clearest access to the man's sometimes troublesome, sometimes crass and simplistic, always outrageous sensibility.

Discs: Typically seamless Criterion transfers of Stanley Cortez's stark black-and-white cinematography, and a somewhat typical but entertaining battery of extras (episodes from the *South Bank Show* and *Cinéastes de notre temps*, on the *Naked Kiss* disc) in which Fuller is never less than a self-mythologising one-of-a-kind movie-town gadfly. On the *Shock Corridor* disc, Adam Simon's hour-long documentary *The Typewriter, the Rifle and the Movie Camera*, which features among other things Quentin Tarantino and Tim Robbins rummaging through a Fuller storeroom of memorabilia, is infused with the genuine love of a fan. (MA)

Films by Grzegorz Królikiewicz

**Through and Through/
Endless Claims/**

Dancing Hawk/Killing Auntie

Poland 1973/75/77/84; Telewizja

Kinopolska/Region 0; 70/70/93/100 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: short films, booklet

Films: The most confrontationally experimental of the directors who emerged in Poland in the 1970s (no mean feat against Zbigniew Rybczynski, Wojciech Wiszniewski and Andrzej Zulawski), Grzegorz Królikiewicz initially built a reputation as a documentarist and film theorist before making his feature debut. *Through and Through* drew on both roots in its fractured reconstruction of a genuine 1930s triple murder case, though Królikiewicz is less interested in physical than psychological aspects, utilising what would become a familiar arsenal of unconventional camera



Once upon a Time in America This is the gangster epic as fractured opium daydream... an autumnal saga filthy with shootouts and betrayals

angles, unexpected sound effects and jarring cutting to get inside the heads of the pathologically alienated couple at its heart. It's initially highly disconcerting, especially since many key events happen off screen (though Królikiewicz's approach to sound is more overtly expressionist than Bresson's), but the lead performances by Franciszek Trzeciak and Anna Nieborowska rivet the attention even when the film is at its most hermetic.

An archetypal 'difficult second feature', *Endless Claims* is markedly less accessible – though this is understandable given that its story of the relationship between a thirtysomething failure (Trzeciak again) and a zealous slaughterhouse inspector (Bogusz Bilewski) tackles issues of corruption, incompetence and official sanctioning of lies that would have been completely off limits to Polish filmmakers not much earlier.

The masterly *Dancing Hawk* dissects the psyche of an impoverished peasant turned amoral petty bureaucrat (Trzeciak on lipsmackingly creepy form) with such dementedly satirical vigour that it's hard to believe it was ever given the greenlight, much less actually

screened in communist Poland. With animator and future video virtuoso Zbigniew Rybczynski behind the camera and an extreme wide-angle lens in front, almost every shot is calculated to look as startling as possible. The set pieces have a Rabelaisian gusto, often using initially innocuous objects as their focal point – most memorably a bar of soap, the revelation that it's made of human fat shocking its user into premature labour.

After that full-on sensory assault, *Killing Auntie* is almost conventional, albeit still out on a limb by the standards of the martial-law era. Królikiewicz riffs on Dostoyevsky (and his own first feature) in a study of all-consuming guilt on the part of a young man over the murder of his suffocatingly clingy aunt, starting with a meticulously detailed confession to a troubled priest. But did he actually kill her, or was this just one of his increasingly hallucinatory fantasies? By the time a river starts flowing with red parcels exactly like the one in which he's just (allegedly) packaged one of her body parts for randomly addressed dispatch, we're none the wiser.

The features are bookended by a film-school exercise in Królikiewicz's then-nascent film language, *Everyone Gets What He Doesn't Need* (1967), and the unexpectedly elegiac documentary *Go* (1989), about the intense, mutually dependent relationship between a man and his horse on a mountain expedition.

Discs: The latest in Telewizja Kinopolska's admirable series of box-sets devoted to neglected Polish auteurs (other recent releases include Filip Bajon, Wojciech Marczewski and Kazimierz Kutz), this maintains typical standards. Reel-change marks and proximate damage betray that these transfers came from cinema prints, and the crepuscular *Killing Auntie* in particular is somewhat muddy. However, they're entirely watchable, and the subtitles are perfectly adequate

– but it's a pity that the extensive booklet is in Polish only, because these films are crying out for context-setting extras. (MB)

Once upon a Time in America

Sergio Leone; US/Italy 1984; Warner/Region B Blu-ray; 229 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1; Features: audio commentary by critic Richard Schickel, making-of excerpt, trailer

Film: Never a subtle or insightful filmmaker, Sergio Leone represents a beloved strand of cinematic excess – a bust-the-bank ardour for scale, lasciviousness, totemic masculinity and ironic tragedy, always located in familiar American film genres – and which of his biggest, baddest mock epics is the *ne plus ultra* of Leonian extravagance is still open to debate. For each of us, the question may be how much raw spectacle cinema is enough – and, perhaps, which Ennio Morricone score moves us the most. *Once upon a Time in America* – a misdistributed, mismarketed monster – has a substantial club, doubtless smitten by the film's martyred history (the producers cut it down to 144 minutes for its American release, which was roundly booed). Leone spent over a decade getting this juggernaut off the ground, enlisting scores of writers (including Norman Mailer) and soliciting virtually every actor alive, including an ailing James Cagney. Every movie is the result of stray decisions and luck, but Leone's is more than most a movie that could've been a hundred different movies instead.

The 'final' version (Leone bemoaned the loss of several hours) nears four hours and is thus more-is-more ordeal by movie-ness; life-stuff accumulates with the hours. (Once a movie passes the 200-minute mark, it might as well not have an ending, a point made by Jacques Rivette as well as Andy Warhol.) This is the gangster epic as fractured opium daydream, tripping back and forth from the early 20th century to the 1960s, in the stoned skull of a Jewish hood (Robert De Niro) in New York, until the past, present and future more or less mush into a mournful opera of betrayal and guilt. Morricone's surging chords make it clear that something is to be mourned in this erratic tapestry, but it's difficult to tell exactly what, and so the film comes off as an epic experiment, a jumble of breathtaking set pieces and moments and chronological leaps that completely clear key incidents we never see.

Clearly influenced by Bertolucci's 1900 and *The Godfather* movies, Leone may well have let his mega-film get away from him (his famous overstuffed westerns are, by comparison, narratively concise), and in a narrow-minded film culture concerned only with efficiency and clarity, that might be a problem. But Leone's world is one of elephantine follies and bursting ambition and the Griffithian idea that a movie can and should be a world unto itself. This autumnal gangster saga – filthy with shootouts, betrayals, rapes and



Close shave: 'The Naked Kiss'

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turnabouts, as well as more than its fair share of melancholy lacunae – may not follow the rules, but it epitomises something essential about The Movies. **Disc:** The Blu-ray transfer is mercilessly sharp, while Richard Schickel's Herculean, non-stop critical commentary (recorded for the 2003 DVD release) happily lets the film's elusiveness and ambiguities stand. (MA)

Private Road

Barney Platts-Mills; UK 1971; BFI Flipside/Region A Blu-ray, Region 2 DVD; Certificate 15; 89 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1; Features: 'St Christopher' 1967 documentary by Barney Platts-Mills, 'The Last Chapter', 1974 fiction short by David Tringham, essay booklet

Film: Though its Notting Hill locations and the counterculture dilemmas of its bohemian hero feel a world away from the 'suedeheads' and raw naturalism of Platts-Mills's award-winning first feature *Bronco Bullfrog* (1969), this idiosyncratic, subtly satirical drama is similarly fascinated by generational conflict and escape from conformity. Bruce Robinson's affable young writer Peter, vacillating between being a creative free spirit or a copywriting sell-out to support his pregnant girlfriend, neatly embodies the early 1970s slide from hippie to salaryman. Unusually for its time, the film is also acute about the stifling effects of domesticity on Peter's girlfriend Ann, though Susan Penhaligon's unworldly dolly bird, the subject of bouts of Godardian camera-gazing, doesn't command the same level of interest as Robinson in their playful exchanges.

It's a film whose charming and diffident tone belies a sharp topical eye, as Peter's flatmates flirt with heroin or revolutionary politics, and ad execs praise his reluctant pitch for vitaminised 'doggie desserts'. Poised between the class-obsessed British New Wave and the Me Generation cinema to come, it mocks both the bourgeois expectations of Ann and her parents and the aimless country sojourn that Peter forces on her, where his ineffectual rabbit-shoots are a foretaste of the rural hell of Robinson's *Withnail and I* (1987). A gently original and beautifully realised film, very much of its time (those droopy acoustic ditties haven't worn well), but well worth watching in ours.

Disc: An impressive transfer, created with the director's input, featuring gorgeously damp green Scottish landscapes as well as the era's obligatory red London buses. Platts-Mills's early documentary *St Christopher*, which patiently examines the work of a Steiner school for mentally handicapped children, adds an interesting dimension. But David Tringham's groovy 1974 featurette *The Last Chapter*, in which Penhaligon's pert schoolgirl lays siege to Denholm Elliot's waspish writer, sits slightly oddly in this company, despite brave attempts at creative parallels in the accompanying booklet essay. (KS)

Johnny Staccato

Revue/NBC; US 1959-60; Timeless Media/Region 1; 730 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3

Programme: The classic phase of *film noir* came to a close in the late 1950s with the release of Orson Welles's *Touch of Evil* and Robert Wise's *Odds Against Tomorrow*, thrillers whose focus on race and sexuality signalled a more adult mode that seemed to reflect a shift away from the fading patrician values of the crumbling Hollywood studio system. *Johnny Staccato* lasted one season during this transitional period, offering mini-*noir* adventures shot partially on location in New York and featuring New Wave star John Cassavetes, who at the time was completing his groundbreaking indie directorial debut *Shadows*.

The show was made in clear imitation of Blake Edwards's hugely popular *Peter Gunn*, in which Craig Stevens's clean-cut, super-smooth sleuth used a bar as his operational base in a series of half-hour adventures backed by the smooth jazz of Henry Mancini. With its East Coast setting requiring a more uptight sensibility, *Staccato* has Elmer Bernstein providing the hot big-band sound for a moodier and more soulful private-eye series reflecting Cassavetes's intense persona as the eponymous Greenwich Village jazz pianist who makes a living sorting out other people's problems. These range from baby-trafficking and intimidation by crooked fight promoters and blackmailing scandal-sheet owners to over-zealous cops, drug pushers and several unhinged war veterans (*Staccato* was a soldier in Korea).

Jazz is central to the show, with musicians such as Pete Candoli, Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne, Red Mitchell and even cellist Fred Katz all performing on screen. New York's melting pot is primarily represented in musical terms, even for stories set in the black, Hispanic and Japanese communities, though it's the beatnik generation that gets the most coverage, with the hardboiled dialogue usually laced with hipster argot ("Play it cool, man").

The show is almost permanently penumbral and beautifully shot in black and white (cinematographers include Lionel Lindon). The most visually dynamic episodes are the five directed by Cassavetes himself; these include a story about a crooked evangelist, which opens with an unbroken two-minute reverse tracking shot, and a three-hander about a pacifist (Cloris Leachman) who murders her gay husband, which co-stars *noir* legend Elisha Cook Jr and which is often visually startling despite taking place in only two sets.

Cassavetes makes for an engaging and unusual hero, frequently impatient, agitated and exasperated by the insanity that surrounds his clients and friends (played by many of the actor's close associates, including



Walter Powerful and unsparing... Ian McKellen, with his gangly limbs and toothy smile, gives a remarkable performance in the title role

Gena Rowlands, Val Avery and John Marley). In his final case *Staccato* fails to protect his client and swears off his trade as a PI, heading off uncertainly into the dark for a perfect *noir* finale.

Discs: This set provides very strong black-and-white images; the audio is a little harsh and loud in the upper register on occasion but is otherwise fairly decent. There are a few noticeable instances of music replacement throughout due to rights problems. (SA)

Walter

Central/Randel Evans Productions/Channel 4; UK 1982; Network DVD/Region 2; Certificate 15; 238 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: 'Walter and June' (1986), 'Loving Walter' movie-length re-edit

Programme: Trenchantly directed with an unflinching eye for telling detail by Stephen Frears, the first segment of this drama was part of the line-up of Channel 4's opening night on 2 November 1982. It remains as engrossing today as it was then, though it is hard to imagine it being given a similar chance to be shown in primetime now. Ian McKellen, with his sallow complexion, gangly limbs and secret toothy smile, gives a remarkable and completely credible performance in the title role. In David Cook's powerful and unsparing script we meet the mentally handicapped Walter as a youth in the early 1960s, trying the patience of his embittered mother (who in the opening scene tries to kill her boy), and follow the

cruel fate that awaits him when she dies. The extended sequence in which he finds her dead in her bed and then turns the room into an aviary is truly agonising, as are the scenes in the mental hospital he is sent to – his experiences are harrowing in the extreme and deeply affecting as we see him beginning anew by starting to take care of some of the other patients.

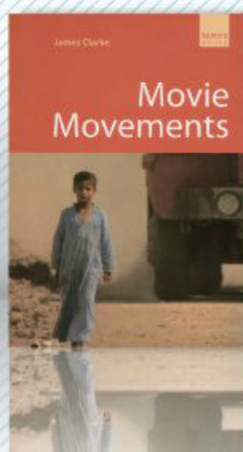
The second part of the story, *Walter and June* (also included with this release) is set two decades later and co-stars Sarah Miles as the ultimately tragic woman who briefly provides Walter with an emotional release from the institution before he returns to it like his beloved homing pigeons. While this second film is perhaps more conventionally plotted and played in comparison with the first, the introduction of a sexual dimension to the character's odyssey provides some desperately needed happiness, summed up by the beguilingly simple smile on Walter's face after his first night with June.

Discs: Chris Menges's delicate cinematography is smoothly preserved. The DVD also includes *Loving Walter*, a fairly effective re-edit of the two films. (SA)

This month's DVD releases reviewed by Sergio Angelini, Michael Atkinson, Michael Brooke, Dylan Cave, Trevor Johnston, Geoffrey Macnab and Kate Stables

Reviews in *Monthly Film Bulletin* and *Sight & Sound* are cited in parentheses

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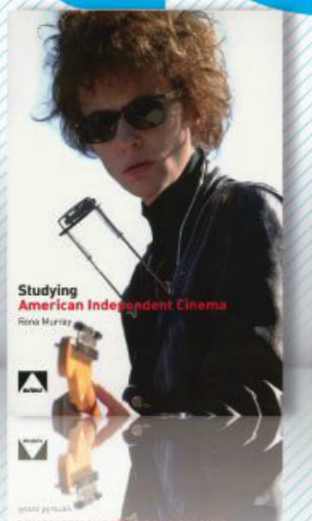


Movie Movements: Films That Changed the World of Cinema

By James Clarke, Kamera Books, 160pp, paperback, £12.99, ISBN 9781842433058

A guide to the major movements that have shaped our sense of what cinema is, this introduces the reader to film-studies definitions such as authorship and genre, technological impacts and the rise of digital cinema, social influences and notions of the avant garde. Considering cinema's emergence as a major artform that reflects and shapes the world, it discusses films as divergent as *Metropolis*, *Rome Open City*, *La Règle du jeu*, *Shoah*, *Seven Samurai*, *Into Great Silence* and *Pan's Labyrinth*. This is a book for both the film enthusiast and the film-studies student.

www.kamerabooks.com/movie-movements

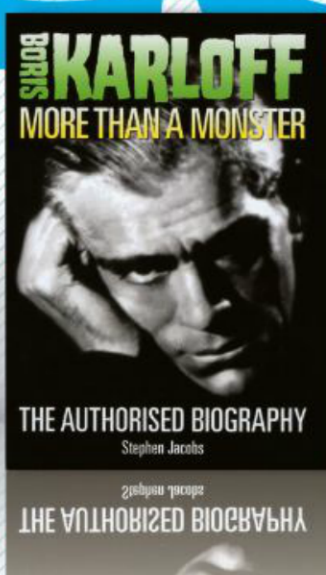


Studying American Independent Cinema

By Rona Murray, Auteur, 336pp, paperback, £16.99, ISBN 9781906733179

This student-focused guide explores modern US independent cinema in depth. Starting with Cassavetes and *Shadows*, it focuses on case studies of key films, blending detailed textual analysis with an exploration of each text's wider theoretical and historical contexts. Discussions of Miramax and the Sundance Film Festival are paired with case studies of, amongst others, Steven Soderbergh, the Coen brothers, Quentin Tarantino, Todd Haynes, Gus Van Sant, David Lynch, John Sayles, Kimberly Peirce, Spike Lee and Paul Thomas Anderson. Rona Murray examines their diverse inspirations, such as European cinema aesthetics, earlier independent filmmakers and the wider film history.

www.auteur.co.uk

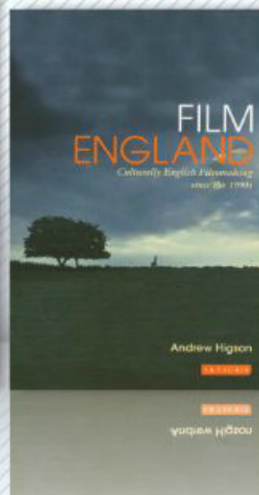


Boris Karloff: More Than a Monster

By Stephen Jacobs, Tomahawk Press, 568pp, illustrated, hardback, £30 (US \$50), ISBN 9780955767043

Probably the most important film biography of recent years, *Boris Karloff: More Than a Monster* casts much-needed light on the life of one of the cinema's most enduring icons. Drawing on detailed research, previously unpublished letters, and interviews with those who knew him, this new biography dispels the often repeated myths associated with the star – many perpetuated by Karloff himself. Although forever associated with his breakthrough role of The Monster in *Frankenstein* (1931), Boris Karloff had a career that spanned almost 50 years and more than 150 movies, from the era of the silent picture to the Swinging 60s. For the first time the full story is told!

www.tomahawkpress.com



Film England: Culturally English Filmmaking since the 1990s

By Andrew Higson, I.B. Tauris, 296pp, illustrated, paperback, £16.99, ISBN 9781848854543

This groundbreaking book demonstrates how a variety of forms of Englishness have appeared on screen since 1990. Andrew Higson examines several contemporary 'English' dramas that embody the transnationalism of contemporary cinema, from *Notting Hill* to *The Constant Gardener*. He surveys the array of contemporary fiction that has been reworked for the big screen, and the pervasive – and successful – Jane Austen adaptation business. Finally, he considers the period's diverse films about the English past, including big-budget, Hollywood-led action-adventure films such as *King Arthur*, and films about the very recent past, such as *This Is England*.

www.ibtauris.com



From IBM to MGM: Cinema at the Dawn of the Digital Age

By Andrew Utterson, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 172pp, illustrated, paperback, £18.99, ISBN 9781844573233

At once both timely and historically grounded, *From IBM to MGM* explores the history of cinema's earliest encounters with computers as filmmakers responded to the flurry of digital devices that emerged in the post-war decades. Capturing the fervour and fears, hysteria and hyperbole, technophilia and technophobia of a crucial period of digital revolution, filmmakers in a range of contexts sought to respond to the computer as a new technology, one with profound significance for cinema and the wider world.

www.palgrave.com/bfi

Don't call me Humphrey

Lee Server enjoys a smart but slim addition to the pile of Bogart biographies

Tough Without a Gun: The Extraordinary Life of Humphrey Bogart

By Stefan Kanfer, Faber and Faber, 288pp, £14.99, ISBN 9780571260720

Every year on his birthday, Humphrey Bogart would screen a copy of 'A Star Is Born', view again the decline and fall of dissolute movie actor Norman Maine, and cry his eyes out. To his friend Richard Brooks, he once explained a melancholy mood: "I expected a lot more of myself. And I'm never going to get it." Some of that must have been the Scotch talking, but even so, he was holding himself to a very high standard.

Most would agree he had done pretty well: the actor who dominated, perhaps defined, the cinema of the 1940s; who in 1952 took away a Best Actor Oscar from the upstart Marlon Brando; who, according to the American Film Institute (kind enough to keep track of such things) is ranked the Greatest Male Star in movie history. One of the singular icons of his profession, in trench coat and fedora he was as recognisable as Chaplin's tramp, his lisping tough-guy cadence the favourite of impressionists and parodists, his style the influence on a thousand acolytes. (What would Sinatra the saloon singer have been without him?)

He was the idol of schoolboys, convicts and intellectuals; a grown-up star in a way that could hardly exist today; an embodiment of complicated things like wisdom and moral uncertainty. The critic André Bazin said of him that he defined an "existential maturity which gradually transforms life into a stubborn irony at the expense of death"; and he could pull a gun and mean it, and make love to Ingrid Bergman – and give her up, too, if the cause was right.

Still more to his credit, he achieved most of this in the brief period of time allowed him. Major stardom came only after he had turned 40, and was ended by a premature death 15 years later – half the career spans of Cagney, Cooper, Gable or Tracy. So indelible is his mark as a performer, it is hard to believe that for nearly two decades the quality of his talent remained mostly unrecognised, and in truth barely cultivated.

The young actor who began his career in the New York theatre in the 1920s was a figure only vaguely connected to our knowledge of the mature man. A lightweight preppy personality, he was a perpetual male ingénu of the 'tennis, anyone?' sort, evidently stiff and not very interesting on stage, but physically attractive. His actress friend Louise



Tough with gun: Humphrey Bogart in his trademark fedora as DA Martin Ferguson in 1951's 'The Enforcer' (aka Murder Inc.)

Brooks would recall the extreme sensuousness of his face in those years, highlighted by what she startlingly described as his "nigger lips". Stage work led to a modest Hollywood contract in the talkie days – which led to nothing. Back on Broadway, he had his breakthrough in 1935 as the grim, fatalist killer Duke Mantee in Robert E. Sherwood's play 'The Petrified Forest'.

The play's star, Leslie Howard, is said to have been a transformative influence on the supporting player, with his controlled, realistic acting technique. And it was Howard who got Bogart his second chance in Hollywood, insisting on retaining his friend for the movie adaptation, against Jack Warner's wishes. For the next five years Warner Bros kept Bogart on screen but, with few exceptions (1936's 'Black Legion' is one; or the next year's 'Dead End', on loan to Goldwyn) confined him to cheap programmers and generic bad-guy roles; he repaid them with mostly cheap and generic performances (in 1936's 'Isle of Fury' he is out-acted by an octopus). He sulked, drank, collected his pay cheques.

When his big chance came, he was more than ready. His guardian angel was John Huston, whose screenplay for Raoul Walsh's 1941 adaptation of the W.R. Burnett novel 'High Sierra' caught the poetry in Burnett's prose, giving aged

bank robber Roy Earle a heroic/tragic dimension to which Bogart responded with brilliance. Later the same year, Huston's directorial debut 'The Maltese Falcon' unveiled the actor's wit and speed and sexiness. 'Casablanca' (1942) – in which he played the cynical idealist, the weary romantic in a white dinner jacket – sealed the deal, securing stardom for the rest of Bogart's life.

His life – and "Extraordinary Afterlife", says the curious subtitle of the US edition – is the subject of 'Tough Without a Gun', a new biography by Stefan Kanfer, a former film critic and author of previous well-regarded books about Lucille Ball and Groucho Marx. At 255 pages of text, it is a slim volume for such a major filmic figure, but a good effort, somewhere between the exhaustive A.M. Sperber/Eric Lax bio or Nathaniel Benchley's insider's study, at the top, and Richard Schickel's banalities, at the bottom.

Written in a smart and readable style, Kanfer's book whisks the reader through highlights and low points: birth in New

He was a figure full of contradictions, a serious drinker who was a scrupulous professional

York to a wealthy doctor father and celebrated illustrator mother, pampered childhood, unremarkable months in the Navy, the early years on stage, the becalmed years in Hollywood, the ultimate success, and the final battle with oesophageal cancer. Kanfer outlines a not entirely likeable figure full of contradictions: innately rebellious but consigning himself for long years to slave contracts and the assembly-line studio system; a lazy man and a serious drinker who was a scrupulous professional in his work, a needler and a "coward" (per Billy Wilder), but whose courage at the end of his life was legendary.

As to that "afterlife", Kanfer's relatively lengthy post-mortem examination of the star's influence on popular culture is meandering enough to include mentions of a namesake pizza joint in Veliko Tarnovo, Bulgaria, a New Orleans piano bar once managed by Bogart's former mistress and toupee-maker, and the gross box-office profits of 'Avatar' and 'Shrek 2'. More regrettable, though, is Kanfer's decision to refer to his subject by his first name, a flat note that sounds throughout the book. To those who knew him in the flesh or only on the screen, he was – always will be – Bogie, and he remains, in the words spoken by John Huston at his funeral 53 years ago, "quite irreplaceable".

BETTMANN POSTERS AND DESIGNS (3)

FURTHER READING

Shadows of Progress: Documentary Film in Post-War Britain

Edited by Patrick Russell and James Piers Taylor, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 429pp, £19.99, ISBN 9781844573219

What is film history? For most purposes it means the record of entertainment feature films – the stuff of theatrical exhibition, endlessly chronicled in encyclopaedias and websites. But there's a strong case for seeing this as no more than the visible tip of a very large iceberg, which consists overwhelmingly of non-fiction films – 'documentaries', as these are inadequately termed. In the United States, they're often called 'industrials', which sounds even less enticing, but reflects the fact that most are sponsored by businesses. Patrick Russell and James Piers Taylor, along with their collaborators, want to argue that this is no iceberg, but a whole neglected landscape awaiting exploration. Their book is the story of what happened next, after the much-mythologised creation of the 'documentary movement' in the 1930s and the stirring exploits of World War II, when Britain and its filmmakers had to start earning their living.

Documentary, if we must call it that, has always needed sponsors. Grierson had the Empire Marketing Board, the GPO and the Gas Council for his 1930s classics. Twenty years later, Lindsay Anderson had a regional newspaper, the NSPCC and (like Karel Reisz) the Ford motor company, from which emerged British documentary's second defining moment, Free Cinema. Russell and Taylor feel strongly that these two moments have received undue attention, leaving an enormous number of films and filmmakers almost totally



On your bike: East End kids visit Southend in 'Sunday by the Sea' (1953)

unknown. Those who do have some reputation in feature-cinema circles – James Hill, John Krish and Anthony Simmons, for example – are more often regarded as semi-successful minor figures. Unlike Anderson, Reisz or John Schlesinger, they failed to move smoothly from sponsored documentary to feature careers.

What *Shadows of Progress* celebrates instead are the miniature masterpieces they and others did manage to make. Hill's *Giuseppina* won the Academy Award for Best Documentary (Short Subject) in 1961 with a touching story about a day in the life of a BP filling station in an Italian village – entirely fictional, it transpired, but excellent

PR for the oil company as film societies fell over themselves to show the film. John Krish's nostalgic celebration of the end of London trams in *The Elephant Will Never Forget* (1953) apparently got him fired from British Transport Films for making the film against orders, but it remains as fresh and warmly evocative of London's past as ever, as do Simmons's *Sunday by the Sea* (1953) and *Bow Bells* (1954).

But these are among the best-known names, and most of the 16 chapters on individual filmmakers will be breaking fresh ground for almost all readers, with a mass of unfamiliar detail: so many companies, large and small; the disappeared world of nationalised

industries; the forgotten acronyms for transient groupings that sought to unite the documentary industry as a movement. However, the scale of its post-war production, and its ability to reach audiences in a wide variety of contexts, should not be underestimated. Cinemas, film societies, festivals and pioneer film educators all made enthusiastic use of these free films. As late as 1975, the Coal Board's *Mining Review* could still accompany a blockbuster like *Jaws* on general release.

Thanks to the accompanying DVD set (which John Wyver wrote about in *S&S*, December 2010), together with the BFI's Screenonline and YouTube, many post-war documentaries can now be rediscovered. But *Shadows of Progress* also wants to change our attitude more fundamentally towards this undiscovered country. Acknowledging the dimension of sponsorship, enlightened and otherwise, is one of its core aims. Patrick Russell's highly engaged essay on the "idiosyncratic career" of John Krish poses interesting questions about how we value films which are neither subversive nor 'hip', but can be highly engaging and effective, like Krish's various road-safety films. And Erik Hedling invokes a recent study of 'industrials' by Vincenz Hediger and Patrick Vonderau, *Films That Work*, to challenge the continued dominance of auteurism in thinking about film.

Shadows of Progress might have benefited from summary biographies and filmographies, but perhaps its more important achievement is to remind us of the complexity that governs all filmmaking, from the smallest to the largest scale. ♦♦ Ian Christie

Alice Guy Blaché: Cinema Pioneer

Edited by Joan Simon, Yale University Press in association with the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, 148pp, £28, ISBN 9780300152500

Last year was a significant one for the profile of women directors in the film business. While Kathryn Bigelow won the Oscar as Best Director, in a slightly less trumpeted way 2010 also saw the rehabilitation of the world's first woman director, Alice Guy Blaché, with the culmination of the first major retrospective of her work, including a programme of some 80 extant films – all of them, like Bigelow's films, produced within the commercial mainstream.

Curated by Joan Simon, the exhibition 'Alice Guy Blaché: Cinema Pioneer' was an unusual choice for New York's Whitney Museum of American Art, which generally only concerns itself with contemporary art film. This accompanying anthology of essays is valuable in reigniting interest and debate in a key figure in the development of cinema. As with Bigelow, we can – if we choose – survey the career of Alice Guy (as she was

born) outside issues of gender. When she made her first film in 1896 and became head of production for Léon Gaumont, the issue simply didn't arise. The making of little films to sell camera equipment was initially an extension of her role as typist and stenographer – using technology and organising people had become a young woman's speciality.

Alison McMahan's excellent essay (based on her 2002 book *Alice Guy Blaché: Lost Visionary of the Cinema*) charts Guy's extraordinary 28-year career in film, from those one-shot films of the 1890s to the exciting days of the 'mixed programme', when she produced and directed a great range of genres, comedies, dramas, westerns, fairy films and the groundbreaking 34-minute *Life of Christ* (1906). During this time she trained many of Gaumont's star filmmakers of the future – Louis Feuillade, for one – and specialised for a number of years in synchronised sound films (the Chronophone). As the wife of director and producer Herbert Blaché, she later went to the US and became owner of the Solax Company, before the cutthroat nature of the industry and her



"Midwife" of cinema: Alice Guy Blaché

husband's poor financial decisions combined to put her out of business.

Questions about whether her gender showed in her films or affected her professionally are inevitable, and both Charles Musser and Jane Gaines tackle such issues: the dangers of ghettoising her as a woman filmmaker, the female perspective in her films, the detrimental

effect of her marriage on her career. Alan Williams's essay examines Guy's role as "midwife" of early cinema, making full use of her autobiography (a rare and wonderful resource), and analysing the reasons why she has been almost written out of US film history: being French, being a woman, being an East Coast not a West Coast filmmaker.

Elsewhere in this slender volume, Kim Tomadjoglou (in her capacity as preservation consultant of the Whitney project) updates us on the restoration of the extant films, while also addressing the reasons why Guy's films have not been seen as a contiguous body of work, falling as they do between various categories of genre and film-history periodisation. In fact Alice Guy's career can help us make sense of the radical transformations of this turbulent period of film history; almost no other filmmaker working at the very dawn of the business was still working in the very different industry of the 1920s. The study of her career is thus a key part of an ongoing international effort to examine the role of women in film, past and present. ♦♦ Bryony Dixon

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Library matters

The British Film Institute is the custodian of one of the world's great collections of books and periodicals about cinema and television. Generations of critics and scholars have enjoyed the priceless resource of the BFI Library and benefited from the expertise and dedication of the Library staff. But now the policy of the senior management of the BFI is to remove the collection from an accessible site in central London to the BFI's archive store in Berkhamsted – with no public transport running between the archive and the nearest railway station. A few selected items may be retained for consultation at the BFI's site on the South Bank; as for the rest of the material, we are offered 'digitised delivery'. But what can this mean when the many thousands of books in the BFI's collection do not exist in digitised form, nor is the BFI likely to ensure that they do so? It's as if the British Library were to move to bosky Hertfordshire, leaving behind in London only a few of its most popular works.

The BFI National Library has underpinned the growth of UK film and moving-image scholarship – which has in turn supported the UK's thriving cultural and creative industries. The Library attracts significant numbers of overseas scholars, testifying both to the excellence and comprehensiveness of its collection and to the contribution its users make to the 'tourist' economy. We are told that the BFI 'cannot afford' to offer its previous level of service to researchers. Instead, it will reorient itself to servicing 'audience development'.

No one would deny the BFI has a responsibility to the general public. But the best way of serving that public is not to cut off the root that has fostered and sustained the UK's lively moving-image culture. We are not aware of any consultation with Library users (who, incidentally, pay an annual fee for the service), still less with donors to the collection – some of whom made gifts

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Much ado about 'about'

Not a big fan of the word 'about'. Nick James (as reported in *The Guardian*, 15 January 2011) says that Oscar front runner *The King's Speech* is "about" royalty, then that it's "about" World War II and rationing, resonant to people suffering today's cuts. To me, however, what the film is clearly 'about' – or at least reflects, especially in its climactic scene – is the importance of appearance rather than substance in politics. All too evident this week, when Sarah Palin and President Obama have been making what might prove to be career-changing speeches in the aftermath of the Arizona shootings. British cinema is traditionally castigated for being not very cinematic, so it's fitting that its current big hit is about talking.

Stephen Volk
Bradford-on-Avon



because the BFI offered central London access. Another solution must be found if the BFI insists on curtailing access to one of the UK's key intellectual resources. Merger with the British Library seems the most promising solution. And the BFI must talk to users who are most directly affected by this disastrous decision and who, like us, can see the long-term damage done by such a decision.

From the following UK Professors of Film and Media Studies: **Tim Bergfelder**, University of Southampton, **Charlotte Brunsdon**, University of Warwick, **Robert Burgoyne**, University of St Andrews, **Edward Buscombe**, former head of BFI Publishing, **John Caughie**, University of Glasgow, **Richard Collins**, The Open University, **Pam Cook**, University of Southampton, **Elizabeth Cowie**, University of Kent, **John Ellis**, Royal Holloway College, University of London, **Christine Geraghty**, University of Glasgow, **Christine Gledhill**, University of Sunderland, **Mark Jancovich**, UEA, **Dina Iordanova**, St Andrews, **Annette Kuhn**, Queen Mary College, London, **Dr Barry Langford**, Royal Holloway College, London, **Laura Mulvey**, Birkbeck College, London, **Stephen Neale**, Exeter, **Geoffrey Nowell-Smith**, Queen Mary College, London, **Murray Smith**, Kent, **Dr Peter Stanfield**, Kent, **Sarah Street**, Bristol, **Yvonne Tasker**, UEA, **Terry Threadgold**, Cardiff, **Ginette Vincendeau**, King's College, London, **Linda Ruth Williams**, University of Southampton

Heather Stewart, cultural programme director (BFI UK-Wide) replies:

I'm very glad to see that so many professors recognise the value of the BFI Library collections and staff. But they seem to have misunderstood a critical element of our proposal to move the Library from one central London location (office block at Stephen Street, closed at weekends) to another (BFI Southbank, a public venue with cinemas and Mediatheque, open at weekends) by 2012. Our collections, which are

accessed through the Library and Research Viewing Service, have always been and will continue to be split: 100 per cent of the film and TV collections, 100 per cent of Special Collections (company and personal papers, scripts, posters, designs), 100 per cent of 3D collections and 20 per cent of Library collections (books and periodicals) are held at our Conservation Centre at Berkhamsted or our site at Gaydon in Warwickshire. A fundamental principle in caring for the collections is passive conservation, storing the collections in appropriate environmental conditions to minimise damage and deterioration. The collections also need to be assessed, catalogued, researched, cared for by our curators, who do this work on site. It is a waste of precious resources to try and house all materials in prime London real estate, especially if they are rarely accessed. Our stills collection is held in central London in an office block (cramped storage conditions, large sunny windows, no adequate environmental controls) and we will seek investment to move this collection to the Conservation Centre too.

What we do not yet know, but your correspondents assume, is exactly how much of the existing collections held at Stephen Street we will be able to store at Southbank, but it will certainly be most of it. We have yet to start design-feasibility work, which will involve looking at modern, space-efficient storage solutions, and we cannot say precisely what percentage of the materials may need to be held at Berkhamsted. However, we know that 20 per cent of the material that is housed in the Stephen Street basement (also an issue: basements are always susceptible to leaks, and this one has been no exception) is largely unused (99 shelves of biographies, 25 shelves of novels and plays, etc) and could transfer to Berkhamsted with very little impact on the Library user.

We currently have a one-day turnaround to bring materials – from the Film & TV and Special Collections – from Berkhamsted to London. We will continue to do this. But bringing materials back and forth daily in a van is neither cost effective nor the best way

to care for our collections. We are investing now in new telecine and scanners and intend to scan key collections that are regularly accessed and also digitise materials on demand, if appropriate. For example, researchers cannot view nitrate materials, but if they were digitised on request (for a fee) and made available at BFI Southbank, this would improve access, not diminish it.

Recent government capital investment in the Screen Heritage programme means that by this summer, for the first time, we will have our database online, where anyone can see what is held in the BFI National Archive. In the course of the next business year we intend to merge the Library and Special Collections catalogue, so finally researchers and the general public can see what is held simply by looking online. Until now it has only been possible to find out this information by calling or emailing BFI Library staff, or by coming to London and visiting the Library in person.

On a final point, we do intend developing a study space at Berkhamsted where both our curators and external researchers will be able to work. This is to augment not replace our Library proposal. We do have people every year who want and need to conduct extensive and in-depth research, and who come to Berkhamsted to be near the collections. However, the current working conditions are inadequate and need to be improved in order for us to be able to offer this more widely.

I would like to reassure your correspondents that we are not planning on "curtailing access" to the BFI National Library by moving the books and periodicals collection to Berkhamsted. We are simply trying to improve the service and make our collections more widely accessible. We will be relocating as much as possible of the Library collection to BFI Southbank and continuing our existing arrangements with the Research Viewing Service, with the usual one-day turnaround. In time, we aim to deliver some materials to the desktop digitally. Currently our proposals are being worked up, and once we have determined the feasibility, we will then consult publicly on all of them.



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archipelago

ar-chi-pel-a-go

1. *n.* – a group of scattered islands in a large body of water.

2. a film by **Joanna Hogg**, director of *Unrelated*
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